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Vol. 217 JANUARY, 1923 No. 1

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The Future of British Industry . . B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE
"The Dial Plate Of Time" . . . . . HENRY W. BUNN
The Outlook for the Merit System . . ROSCOE C. E. BROWN
Civilization and the French Theatre . . . . . STARK YOUNG
Aftermath . . . . . MILDRED BLUMENTHAL
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"Just One Thing After Another"

MR. KIPLING long ago reminded us of the folly of lamenting "Farewell, Romance!" when that adorable youngster is at our side in the workshop and on the railroad train just as truly as he was in the rose gardens and the courts of honor of old times. So, as the first number of another volume and another year of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is sent to press, we are reminded of the equal folly of thinking that with the past year the day of great things was ended, or that there are no more commanding and urgent topics to discuss. A few years ago the World War was the one transcendent theme, after which it seemed that everything else must always be commonplace and empty. Today the travail of the Nations reminds us that Peace not only "hath her victories" but also has her problems and her agonies no less intense and crucial than those of war.

¶ Testimony to that effect dwells in the minds of the multitudes who read the recent series of articles on World Restoration; a series not surpassed in the long history of this REVIEW in authority, in timeliness or, we are gratefully constrained to believe, in usefulness to humanity. Yet we closed that series with no fear of a decline in the interest of our pages, for before it ended we had begun another group of articles fully worthy of the succession, as the thousands of appreciative readers of Professor Erskine's masterly essays on *The Literary Discipline* will cordially testify. And when, two months hence, the end of this current series is reached, there will be no disappointment to the confident expectation of our readers of another worthy successor.

¶ Meantime month by month there is and will be maintained the unbroken array of individual articles, of prose and verse, of exposition and criticism, in all but infinite variety yet all alike in the qualities of timeliness, of real importance, of authenticity, of catholicity, and of legitimate appeal to genuine human interest. Life, to amend a colloquial expression, is just one great thing after another. It may indeed seem filled with small things to those who look for the petty. To those who look for the great, the sequence of great things — events, interests, themes for discussion, food for thought — is never ending and never slackening.

¶ Whatever degree of satisfaction our readers may have felt with the contents of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW during the last year may prudently be matched and more than matched by the confidence of their anticipation of more than equally sustained interest during the year which is now begun.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JANUARY, 1923

ITALY'S BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

BY JOSEPH COLLINS[1]

No one can have lived much in Europe during the war and after without having heard criticism of Italy. It was often bitter, violent and prejudiced; oftener selfish, biased and unjust. That Italy exposed herself to criticism, particularly in the conduct of her internal affairs, cannot be denied. While, however, such conduct may have been a legitimate subject for comment on the part of foreigners, to Italians alone belonged the right of criticizing. They did it, and to some purpose, since from their criticisms and their consequent conduct has flowed a stream which, to the observer without the country, seems to be health giving should they drink of it, and sanity giving should they bathe in it. The Fascisti have made the first substantial contribution to world ordering since the war, and should it prove permanent it will rank second in importance only to Italy's most noble gesture of 1848—the Risorgimento. History may one day bracket Mussolini's name with Garibaldi's, just as it has bracketed Lincoln's with Washington's.

The purpose, significance and phenomena of what is called Fascismo are well understood by many in this country. But there is also much ignorance of it. Otherwise a newspaper of Boston, a city which smugly and stolidly admits she is the radiating cultural center of the country, would not announce the decisions of the recent Fascisti Congress in Naples beneath the head-

[1] I acknowledge the service rendered in the preparation of this article by Mr. Francesco Baldasseroni, who was associated with me in my work in Italy during the war.

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line *Italy's Anarchic Descent.* Moreover there is a widespread belief that Fascismo is a toxic ferment, a guerrilla movement, an experiment in the craftsmanship of government without plan or precedent. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Fascismo is the expression of a spiritual condition brought about by the war, a reaction of the middle classes chiefly, against the demoralization of the Italian people by Radical Socialism and threatened Bolshevism that flourished in the aftermath of war. Although new in name, it is not new in nature, purpose or inception. Other countries have suffered from the same malady as that which so recently afflicted Italy—revolution—and have sought cure in remedies without the Government, as did Italy in Fascismo. It is unique only in that it has departed so speedily and so successfully from its original mission, or at least has developed a larger one; has outgrown its self-appointed task of coercive peacemaker or spanker-in-chief to the great rampant and unspanked pet child of the Government; has exchanged its modest garments of private life for the regalia of officialdom; and has broadened its scope until it has persuaded or forced the Government into official recognition of it as the favorite son who has now assumed control in his father's house. Today, with its leader as Premier, an active membership of more than a million drawn from all classes, with a legion of sympathizers and its ranks constantly growing, it is in danger of being considered in its present and most obvious aspect only, i.e., merely as the newest Italian political party, while the inspiration and plan that brought it into being and supplied the dynamic power for the accomplishments of the modern knight errant upstart are liable to be forgotten or ignored.

To do justice to the Fascisti one must briefly recall the conditions which brought about a reign of lawlessness in Italy in 1920 and 1921, and especially the activities of the Radical Socialists against whom the Fascisti were chiefly measuring their strength. Until 1914 the Socialists of Italy had been troublesome, aggressive, but not dangerous. During the war they displayed an anti-patriotic activity which not only embittered the conduct of the war but sowed the seeds of false hopes and class antagonism which bore so riotous a harvest after its close.

Who are the Fascisti, what does the word mean, and what are the aims and purposes of Fascismo? are questions one frequently hears. The Fascisti, now a political party, was at first a disciplinary order or body. It was procreated before the war, gestated during the war, and born on Armistice day. It was called at first "*Fasci di Combattimento*". Its nucleus was composed mainly of young men, former combatants who had banded together for the purpose of protecting the material and moral interests of discharged soldiers and officers, of championing the war and of chanting the victory. It was formed "to keep alive among the people the spirit of unity which they had acquired through common sacrifice". It considers itself the guardian of the nation, superior to class; and it aims to conciliate and to coördinate the classes. From its inception the ranks of the Fascisti included "*Arditi*", Legionaries of Fiume, university students, Government officials, a sprinkling of the lower middle class and laboring men, and a few of the upper classes.

The movement developed most rapidly in Northern Italy, particularly in Bologna, Modena, Milan, Genoa, Turin, Florence and Ferrara. In a general way it has been considered to be an outgrowth of the Nationalist Party, but in the beginning it was frankly pacifist, calling for disarmament and "declaring war on Italian militarism". Its sympathies have been frankly with the working classes and with Syndicalism in some phases, with Republicanism in others. Its membership increased rapidly, and in 1918–1919, when Italy became threatened with Bolshevism the Fascisti took it upon themselves to tear down the red flag wherever it was unfurled and to raise again the tricolor.

Fascismo takes its name from the Latin *fasces*, the name given to the bundle of elm or birch rods wrapped around an axe and bound by a red strap, which the lictors of ancient Rome carried when they appeared before kings, emperors or consuls. It was the emblem of the ruler's authority over life and limb.

The phenomenon of Fascismo appears upon first contemplation to be a consequence of the war. In reality it is a phase of the spiritual crisis with which the Italian people have been grappling since the war. No historian who reviews European events during 1914–1919 will be able to deny that Italy was aroused,

pushed to the trenches, and kept there by a minority—the middle classes, the *borghesi*, the classes of culture and of ideals, capable of enthusiasm for noble causes and abstract ideas. In this portion of the Italian people patriotism was truly alive and the spirit of intervention broke out, which carried the country to new alliance and finally brought honor and glory to Italy's annals.

The majority of the laboring classes, rural and industrial, were antagonistic to war, because they were incapable of comprehending its higher values and because they were embittered by the hardships and restrictions to which war subjected them. Unrelieved as it was by an inner light, war appeared to them horrible darkness. During the struggle this darkness was illuminated by an artificial light which every now and then went out and disaster followed. Personal interest was the light that was constantly focussed before combatants at the front and at the rear. Month after month peasants were told, "Thou shalt own the land which thou shalt have saved and which thou shalt work".

The same alluring promise opportunely adapted to include factory ownership was used to dazzle industrial workers. These were the only ideals which could be understood by people who had grown up cherishing the Socialist dream of "away with all masters". The propagandists' mistake was to believe the laboring class would suffer, after the war, the delusion in silence, and that the high priests of Italian Socialism would not endeavor to regain their diminished prestige by taking up such propaganda themselves. Another winning card in the hands of the Socialist leaders was the delusion of which the laboring classes were the victims: that they and not the *borghesi* and the upper classes had won the war. The fact is that the laboring classes emerged from the war with an exalted idea of their own worth and importance, convinced that they had been the saviors of the *borghesi*, more imbued than ever with Socialistic class hatred, resolved that the promises which had been made to them should be redeemed, and determined to take matters into their own hands.

The disappointments which followed Italy's diplomatic efforts after the war filled the lower classes with even greater contempt for the intellectual classes, who in the field of diplomacy had sustained humiliating defeats. The demoralizing spectacle of those

who had derived power and wealth from the war made the *contadini*, laborers and artisans, skeptical of the "ideal motives" of those who had promoted war, and it increased class hatred. The ranks of Socialism swelled. The belief became widely held that it was necessary to upset the social applecart and to fill it with fruit cultivated and picked by the proletariat. Soon even the doctrines of Socialism began to be regarded as too mild and obsolete. The most extreme ideas gathered a tremendous impetus, and Communism created from a rib of the Socialist Party waxed lustily and talked loudly.

By the end of 1919 revolution had actually broken out in Italy. Strikes in all the most vital public services, the nervous system of a nation, were nearly permanent. In Turin and other large cities army officers were frequently assaulted, often killed, in the streets. Barracks and forts were attacked and army magazines blown up. Trains were stopped in transit and general railway strikes were declared without notice merely because a few *carabinieri* were on them. Life in the harbors was paralyzed. In many provinces a state within a state was formed. Portraits of the King were removed from the municipal schools and the national colors were replaced by red flags on town halls. Land owners were compelled to employ Red union men according to a certain ratio of the land owned, even in the dead season. If they took their own produce to market in their own cars or carts, they were condemned by Red tribunals to pay fines, often running as high as thirty thousand lire. The Red law gave the monopoly of such transportations to local Red coöperative organizations. Refusal to pay fines resulted in abandonment of rural work at critical times of the year, destruction of crops and provisions, arson of hay deposits and houses, abandonment of cattle leading to death, and even murder. Fear reigned supreme. The victims, surrounded by a barrier of hostility and hatred, soon found that no one would sell them food or other necessities. Even physicians were prevented from ministering to their sick or injured. Submission was the only way out. The demand of all classes of workers for higher wages was insistent and mandatory. Indiscipline and disorder were rife. Land owners could not discharge their help without the approval of the Red organizations

nor employ extra help. The peasants' forcible seizure of lands from their legitimate owners, the anxieties connected with all sorts of activities, the uncertainty of the morrow, drove many proprietors and factory owners to sell their property or business as the only escape from their dilemmas. And conditions in the industrial field were no better.

The authorities seemed either powerless or unwilling to restore order. Nitti, then Prime Minister, was openly accused of favoring the advent of revolution and of planning a change of régime. The Nationalist party was loud in denunciations of his policy. Rarely had such a cloud of hatred collected around the head of any man. The mildest name he was called was "enemy of the country". His sympathy and leniency with those who had opposed the war won for him the charge of being a tool in the hands of Italy's enemies. Frequent hostile demonstrations were organized against him and the Roman police had to be mobilized to protect his house. For half a century Italy had not been swept by such a wave of wild passions. The whole social order was on the verge of collapse, and the Government was supine, apathetic, impotent. The fundamental law of the State guaranteeing private property was no longer enforced.

There were many other vistas of discontent. For instance, many held it a mistake of the Government to conduct so early an inquiry into the conduct of the war, which threw discredit on many generals who, when all was said and done, had done their duty to their country to the best of their ability. The time was not propitious for such proceeding. A general pardon which had been granted at about the same time had set free thousands who had deserted from the front, many of whom had been condemned to death, as was the case with Misiano, whom the Communists later sent as representative to Parliament.

Another mistake had been that of changing the electoral law at such a critical time: a jump into darkness, the change was styled by the farsighted. The new law based on the proportional principle favored by the Socialist proved a useful instrument in the hands of the Extremist and enabled them to capture an unprecedented number of seats—nearly 156—in Parliament, and to gain great advantage in the political game.

The majority of the lower classes, most of whom were Socialists, were encouraged by the impotence of the Neutralist Government, Orlando, Nitti, Giolitti, and the despair of the middle classes. Overwhelmed by revelations of the incapacity of the country's diplomats relative to war settlements, and encouraged by the Government's spinelessness, they began revolution on their own account, a revolution without ideals. From the beginning the middle classes looked on indifferently, almost with a secret hope that something better than that which was being vouchsafed them might come from it. But soon they were convinced that such hope was ill founded. What could they legitimately expect from the ignorant classes tutored by weak Government and lessoned by bad example in which thirty years of Socialistic propaganda had caused them to lose every faith and every ideal? It was soon apparent that the revolution would be based on class hatred and the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Within less than two years Socialism in Italy had grown into a tyranny which was operative against its members, the great majority of whom, however, continued to remain in the ranks of the party beçause of fear. The *borghesi* had a premonition of their impending ruin. Amid rampant lawlessness, with all the organs of Government paralyzed, the situation appeared hopeless. At this juncture they began to stir, and the spirit of reaction against repeated outrages developed. They would no longer be gored without resistance. "We are willing to accept you as co-workers, but not as masters," expressed their attempt at conciliation.

The Fascisti came to the rescue, to restore the engine of order and law. Not only those who had property to defend were numbered in its ranks. Mussolini, editor of the *Popolo d'Italia*, had organized his groups into a disciplined army, with its General Staff, its officers, and ranks, its code of discipline and its decorations. From the beginning it appealed to and later enlisted the sympathies of the sane, serious well-wishers of the country of all classes from the highest to the lowest. The majority of this civilian army, however, were youths for whom the word *patria* had not become mockery, youths who clung to the illusions and

ideals which ennoble life and were ready to give their lives for Liberty and Justice. And many of them, by falling victims to Communist ferocity, made the sacrifice. Wherever there was an act of lawlessness, an insult to the flag or to the army, an offense to mitigate, a wrong to right, in country or in town, a band of Fascisti would be rushed to administer adequate punishment, varying from the arson of the local Socialist headquarters to burning of red flags, from bodily castigation to compelling offenders to shout "Long live Italy!" or to drink a glass of castor oil in public. Blood was shed only when the murder of Fascisti was to be avenged or resistance was offered, or in case of self-defense.

Fascismo gradually undermined the reign of terror which the Extremists had succeeded in establishing. It soon became evident that the Socialists and Extremists were not as courageous and terrifying as they had appeared to be when they were sure of immunity. When they felt that Fascismo was gaining favor in public opinion and was sufficiently strong to guarantee them protection, they began to leave the Socialist Party, at first little by little and finally in great numbers. A number of towns and cities passed *en masse* to Fascismo, and the Italian flag, which had been ostracized in them, was again saluted deliriously. Moreover the King of Italy was able to visit these cities with safety and with welcome.

By a sort of natural selection, the red flag remained in the hands of the most fanatic enemies of social order. Some parts of Italy where specially favorable conditions prevailed became their citadels, ill-famed theatres of their worst revolutionary outbursts. The invasion of factories; the organization of the revolutionary and blood-thirsty Red Guards; bomb outrages like that at the "Diana" of Milan, where innumerable innocent spectators, women and children, lost their lives; the barricades of Florence; the organized slaughter of Palazzo Accursio in Bologna, where several city councillors were murdered by their Communist Colleagues; the outrageous murder of Scimula and Soncini, condemned to a barbarous death by a Red tribunal in which some women acted as judges; the wholesale slaughter of the sailors at Empoli; the frequent attempts against express trains; the revo-

lutionary movement at Ancona, where the rebels had seized the forts and could be subdued only after systematic siege and the free use of artillery by the regular army, were the desperate convulsions of a party conscious that the ground was rocking under its feet and in panic lest its edifice should topple.

Nitti's government was swept away by a wave of indignation caused by his wavering policy. Giolitti followed with Enrico Corradini as Under-Secretary for the Interior. Giolitti had been suspected by the Socialists of having secretly encouraged Fascismo. Nothing can be said at this time with certainty, but those who have been witnesses of the ineptitude of Italian Government agents in times past doubt it. It is likely that he was in no way responsible for the organization and subsequent rapid growth of the movement. But he permitted it to develop without interference by either the civil or the military authorities into a great private army. Fascismo was a natural phenomenon of reaction, nourished by idealism and motivated by patriotism. The violent offensive of the Nationalists against Nitti is a proof of the internal vitality of that party which afterwards revealed itself in the birth of Fascismo. Giolitti must have sensed it as a force antagonistic to Socialism. With his fine intuition he must have seen the chance of restoring equilibrium by the play of opposing forces, and he probably hailed the Fascist movement as an unhoped-for aid from heaven, and decided to use it as a tool for saving a tottering régime—*Fra due litiganti il terzo gode.*

Giolitti's premiership lasted nearly a year. Toward the end, when he found it impossible to govern with the House which had been elected by Nitti, he dissolved it and called new elections. The result was not what he had hoped, as Nitti's proportional law was not as easy a tool in the hands of the Government to influence elections as the old electoral law. Such, at least, proved to be the case in these first two experiments, perhaps because, being a new tool, the Government, i.e., the bureaucratic organs which are at the Government's service, had not learned to handle it efficiently for its own purpose. At any rate the Socialists returned to Parliament in considerable force, having lost but few seats. The actual result of the election was that 156 seats were held by the Socialists, 106 by the Catholics and 34 by the Fascisti.

Benito Mussolini, leader of the Fascisti, now Prime Minister, received at these elections the greatest number of votes of all of the 535 members of Parliament. His election was styled "*un' elezione plebiscitaria*". Giolitti recognized defeat but claimed that the quality of the Socialist element in the House had greatly improved. However, he soon resigned. In these elections the Fascisti came forth for the first time as a regularly organized political party. In Parliament their representatives, backed by the Nationalists and other fractions of the never united Liberals, assumed the mission of acting as a check to the influence of the Socialists and the Popolari, and of preventing the Government from being too remissive with these parties. Although the Fascisti had declared against Bolshevism, the party had not yet succeeded in enlisting the active support of a large part of the middle classes, as was shown by the election returns. About sixty per cent of them did not go to the polls.

In the new House, with Bonomi as Premier, verbal violence and foul language on the part of the Extremists were adequately met by the Fascisti. After a prolonged struggle, the latter succeeded in scoring a victory over the Extremists when they brought about the expulsion of the deserter Misiano, whose election was finally annulled. The pressure of Fascismo within the new Parliament and without, in the whole country, compelled the Socialists to change their tactics and to pose as victims. After laborious negotiations presided over by the Speaker, Signor De Nicola, a truce between the Fascisti and their opponents was concluded and signed. The Communists, however, refused to be a party to it. It was a piece of trickery destined to tie the hands of the Fascisti who, despite the truce, continued to be murdered by both Communists and Socialists. The leaders of the latter always washed their hands in innocence, shifting the blame to the shoulders of their Extremist brethren, who had not subscribed to the pact. But who can tell where Socialist ends and Communist begins? In Italy, at least, with few exceptions, they are like the finger and the finger-tip; the syndical revolutionary army. When the game became apparent the Fascisti had to call the truce off. Guerrilla warfare was resumed, but meanwhile the Government had recovered strength and some courage, and the Socialists had

become weakened by internal dissensions, especially on the question of participation or nonparticipation in the Government, for the reports made by Socialists returning from Russia had exploded many illusions concerning that Garden of Eden. When the ranks of Socialism began to thin from the passing of many Socialists to the Fascisti labor organizations, Socialism began to lose its primitive character of extreme virulence and its outbursts became less and less frequent and violent.

The immediate results of the activity of the Fascisti were far from ideal, but the threatening clouds of an impending social cataclysm were dispelled. The lure of Bolshevism vanished. The Socialists were compelled to put water in their revolutionary wine and to turn to the Government for protection, forgetful of the days when they clamored for the abolition of the Guardia Regia. Strikes decreased and travel became safe and pleasant. Thousands of visitors reveled in it. Milan, one of the citadels of Socialism, the city whose administration is entirely in the hands of the Socialists, greeted the King with enthusiastic manifestations of loyalty, and the Crown Prince received quite as warm a welcome in Florence, another hotbed of Communism.

Alarmed by the continued thinning out in the Socialistic ranks, some of the leaders of the party in Parliament decided that the only remedy was to coöperate with the Government, to enter the Cabinet and renounce that systematic opposition which had been the dogma of Italian Socialism from the time of its birth. From 1900 the Socialists had often been invited to participate in the Government. They always refused so that they might not lose caste with the masses. The tactics of constant opposition to the Government was pleasing to the masses and was the strength of Socialism. It was sufficient for the Socialist Deputies to absent themselves from voting. The Government thus did not have them against it. In compensation the Socialists received laws agreeable to them, concessions of public work, or other favors, and when these laws were being enacted they were present and voted for the Government.

This change of tactics on the part of the Socialists had for its purpose, once they had entered into the Government, the use of the armed forces of the State against the Fascisti in order to ex-

terminate them. It would have been civil war. The Fascisti, the Nationalists, the Liberals and some part of the Democrats in Parliament prevented the Government from accepting the collaboration of the Socialists until they recanted their past and swore to be faithful to the State and its institutions. This neither Turati nor Treves nor Modigliani nor others, about fifty in all, were willing to do. Moreover they were condemned not only by the other half of the Socialists in Parliament, but by the Maximalists and by the Communists who were opposed to collaboration, and favorable to violence and revolution. Finally Turati and others, in alliance with the part of the democracy that followed Nitti, and with the Popolari, sought to compel the collaboration which they had offered and which had not been accepted. This led to the fall of the Facta Cabinet and destroyed the hope of forming a new Cabinet in which this hybrid alliance might be accomplished.

This crisis provoked great discussion in the *Popolari* camp, in which there were found Conservatives and Bolshevists, like Signor Miglioli. Popolari Senators criticized the Government for its alliance with the Socialists, whose motto was always "Neither God nor master nor country". The better part of the Liberal press was against the Socialists, who, when they saw that a new Government would be formed without them, ordered a general strike in all Italy. The strike was partial only because many of them did not obey. The Fascisti proclaimed an ultimatum, commanding the workers in every public service to resume their labors in not later than forty-eight hours. Contemporaneously they mobilized their squadrons of action. There were 400,000 enrolled adherents, without counting the millions of sympathizers outside the party. The corps of action wore shirts similar to the red ones of the *Garibaldini*, but black. The Nationalistic corps which always coöperated with them wore blue shirts. In case of war Italy had thus another army outnumbering the standing army. On September 20, 1922, at Udine, Mussolini in a discourse to the mobilized Fascisti, said, "We are not only a party, we are an army"; and a conquering army they have shown themselves to be.

When the ultimatum expired the Fascisti entered into action,

to put a violent end to the strike. The rout of the Socialists was complete, and from that day the defection in the ranks of the Socialists increased, and soon there was a real débâcle. At the Socialist Congress of Rome, in early October, 1922, it appeared that the party which once numbered half a million adherents was reduced to seventy thousand.

The new Government reconstituted by Facta was without Socialists. From that day there was in Italy much discussion of the advisability of proclaiming a dictatorship for the purpose of putting the house in order. The *Giornale d'Italia* and the *Messaggero*, and a great number of other journals throughout Italy, were favorable to Fascismo. For many years before the birth of Fascismo, "Rastignac", an exceptionally well informed observer and critic, insisted in the *Tribuna* that parliamentarianism was the source of all corruption, an injury and obstacle to the progress of the nation, and the threatened ruin of Italy. The Fascisti, seeing that the new ministry of Facta would continue to make the usual beautiful discourses, and be weak and undecided when confronted with the great problems that tormented Italy, began to proclaim the necessity of an electoral reform and of a new election because "The present Parliament does not any longer represent the country, a country spiritually and profoundly changed from the time of the last election" (1920). Meanwhile the Fascisti proclaimed that the great majority of Italians were in sympathy with them and that they therefore had the right to come to power.

As Facta and his Cabinet, backed by the Socialists, Popolari and Nittians, were hesitating about leaving their offices without a vote of Parliament, the Fascisti demanded a new election and marched on Rome. In asking for this they maintained that they were asking for their right to choose their own representatives. They no longer recognized the present members of the Lower House as their legitimate representatives, but claimed that they were holding their offices illegally—the Facta Cabinet being also illegal, as it had been chosen from a Chamber no longer holding office legitimately. The members tried to avert the dissolution of the House and new elections because they were conscious of having lost their prestige with their constituencies and of having incurred universal reprobation.

The Fascisti's procedure in forcing the Cabinet to resign may not have been orthodox, but they wanted and were determined to bring before Parliament the amendment of the electoral law before election time—a needed reform for which Italy has been clamoring. It is scarcely the Socialists who will dare to find fault with this lack of orthodoxy, when it was their own Karl Marx who, in a deep study concerning certain historical crises, extolled above all else "the courage of having recourse to illegal action in moments of necessity".

Mussolini is recognized as the real organizer and inspirer of the Fascisti. He is an interesting figure—young, intelligent, practical, sincere, with a genius for organization and a worship for discipline. He is loyal to his ideals and to his sovereign. He has reminded his countrymen that Dante asked them, "Know ye the heavenly seed from which ye came?" and he has assured them that they were compacted that their minds and hearts be set aflame. Although a veteran of Socialism, he abandoned its ranks because his conscience prevented him from following its anti-war policy while the enemy was encamped on Italian soil.

The creed of the Fascisti is this: "The interests of Italy are above every other interest, above all competitions and ambitions of a personal nature." It is not a question of monarchy or of republic. They wish to moralize the country and they want a strong Government that knows how to govern without weakness and uncertainty. Italy needs not only a political conscience, but a nation of consciences. They not only demand honesty of government and discipline, but order and justice within the country and respect and fair play without the country. Discipline for everyone and work for everyone, both of which must be accepted and liked, is Mussolini's idea of regenerating the morale and morality of Italy. All thoughtful, right thinking Italy is with them, and in Fascismo it sees the only broom capable of sweeping away the microbes and germs that are polluting and threatening the nation. The slogan in Italy is "New men and new methods for the new times".

This development of Fascismo is surprising when one considers that it promised no material advantages save those that would flow from honest Government, discipline and hard work.

It has cultivated no illusions and it has disseminated no delusions, as did the demagogues of Socialism. On the contrary, it destroyed them. To its adherents it offered danger and sacrifice, in the name of Italy. From the beginning its progress was obstructed by the immense difficulty of combating party resistance and the resistance of individuals and institutions that had the protection of the State. It also had to encounter the apathy, skepticism and ridicule of the greater part of the public. In other words, it had to conquer public opinion. That it succeeded no one need be told.

Had it not been for Fascismo, Italy might have gone to Bolshevism. Many who know little of Fascismo aside from the name have pretended to be scandalized at its methods. Illegality is always shocking—in normal times. But Italy has not been in normal condition for several years. All classes of people save professional politicians and *pescicani* have been dissatisfied. Disgust with the régime was widespread and the men in power, Parliament, the bureaucracy, the institutions, were distrusted and ridiculed. A state of pessimism and skepticism had become prevalent, as it had in France before the great revolution. The war brought them into the limelight. A Bolshevik outbreak would have caused the complete collapse of Italy. The emergency which thus developed required emergency measures and methods. Fascismo came as a salutary reaction; not a new phenomenon, but a common one in life and history. Fascismo arose as a movement antagonistic to the influences which were sapping the State—a movement of self-defense when defensive action on the part of the State was nil.

As for the success that Fascismo will have now that it has assumed the responsibility of the Government, it is well to recall the old saying: "The Tarpeian Rock is next to the Capitol." It is risky to prophesy, and this for several reasons. In the first place: We are confronted with a social compound which is rapidly changing. Fascismo of tomorrow may not be the same as that of today, just as the latter is not the Fascismo of yesterday. The ranks of the party have swollen tremendously with deserters from Socialism and Communism. It has been an abnormal growth, and Fascismo may not be able to assimilate these aliens

without undergoing a change. Men who for thirty years have contemplated and planned the Socialist and Communist Utopia may change their minds in twenty-four hours, but can reliance be placed on these sudden conversions? Some surely are due to fear, some to self-interest, and some are not sincere. And no one is likely to deny that there is danger that the unstable mass which has passed to Fascismo may force the hand of its new leaders as it did with its former Socialist leaders in 1919.

Then again: The Liberal Party, many of whose members had, in this last generation, flirted with the Socialists, has recently sensed the change in the political aura of Italy, and in consequence has reorganized itself "along lines more in harmony with its old glorious principles", that is, turned toward Conservatism. Also recently the Liberals have claimed that Fascismo is the offspring of Liberalism: flesh of their flesh. The political secretary of the Fascisti party recently said: "The Liberal Party was a revolutionary bourgeois party during the Risorgimento. When the task of making Italy was accomplished it became the boss, the owner of the State, the breeding farm of all statesmen. Fascismo, with the whole nation behind it, has now taken its place. The Liberals, who are applauding the defeat of subversionism, fail to see that Fascismo has inherited the Socialist mission and all the problems which Socialism had failed to solve. Forty years of Socialism stand between Liberalism and Fascismo. The latter denies its would-be progenitor.

What Mussolini's foreign policy will be remains to be seen. That it gives much concern even to his admirers cannot be denied. He does not believe in the possibility of coöperation with the Slavs. He looks upon Yugo Slavia as an artificial construction in opposition to Italy; he maintains that the Treaty of Rapallo should be revised; that Italy's aspirations in the Near East are just and legitimate, and that the romantic period of foreign policy must be closed forever and Italy be guided in her external relations by financial and economic considerations. "Nothing for nothing" is the motto of his foreign policy.

His internal policy may be formulated, but it is subject to diurnal modification. He is not going to be a defender of the interests of Capitalism. His ambition is to create the Fascist

Democracy of work. He has declared against the Governmental bureaucracy which has Italy in a Laöcoön grasp. But can he or Fascismo change it, reduce it, get rid of it? That they cannot make it efficient is the belief of many serious students of the science and art of government. It is a tool that they are bound to use without being able to improve or substitute, for even though they had the courage to undertake it a generation would not suffice to accomplish it. Fascismo may become the prisoner of the bureaucracy. Italy's administrative machine is the "*selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte*" of Dante. In the entanglements of that forest Fascismo may lose itself.

When the Fascisti held their meeting in Naples in October, 1922, it was evident that there were two governments in Italy: the Constitutional and the Fascismo, the former of which was trying to preserve its existence and the old political system against threatened extinction by the latter. It was the courageous decision and good sense of King Victor Emanuel, who would not permit the Facta Government to use armed forces against the Fascisti, that precipitated the *coup d'etat.* In the last days of the Congress at Naples, Bianchi, the Secretary-General of the Fascisti, proclaimed that the King should invite Mussolini, the leader of the Fascisti, to form the succeeding Government, this party being stronger than that of the Government. When Facta tried to remonstrate, Riccio, Minister of Public Works, stampeded the Cabinet and resigned, and Mussolini, thirty-eight years old, journalist and agitator, son of an ironmonger, was invited to Rome and became Prime Minister. His first declaration was: "Fascismo is neither revolutionary nor reactionary, but it is against a demagogue State. I am loyal to the Monarchy and to the House of Savoy."

And now Italy awaits the forthcoming election with perfect confidence, while anxiously scanning the horizon for a new Cavour. Meanwhile the outside world waits to see if Benito Mussolini can sacrifice his personality to the public cause.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

DID THE KAISER TELL THE TRUTH?

BY STEPHANE LAUZANNE

The outcome of the treacherous malady which killed the Emperor Frederick III was frankly predicted to me at San Remo by the German physicians who had been called into consultation as experts by the English physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie. My deep grief and sorrow augmented in view of the fact that it was almost impossible for me to speak to my beloved father privately. He was guarded like a prisoner by the English physicians, and although newspapermen from all over the world could look in on the sick man from the physicians' room, all kinds of obstacles were put in my path to prevent me from being at my father's side. I was even prevented from keeping in constant touch with him by writing, my letters being often intercepted and not delivered. Moreover, among the group of observers, an infamous campaign of organized slander was launched against me in the newspapers. . . .

I DO not know why nor how it happened; but when this passage from the ex-Kaiser's *Memoirs* came to my attention, a whole episode, replete with romance and tragedy, came back to me from the reaches of memory. I saw once more in my mind's eye, some thirty years ago, there by the shore of the eternally blue Mediterranean, a white villa lost in a group of flowering orange trees. A man was suffering quietly on the veranda of the villa. A woman, upon whose features pride and energy inscribed themselves, was nursing him, while the doctors standing about discussed and argued the ways and means of saving the man's life. Nearby stood a boy—almost a child—who, eyes wide with curiosity, gazed upon a scene portentous in world history. The white villa was the Villa Zirio at San Remo. The sick man was the Crown Prince Frederick William, father of the future Kaiser William II. The woman was the Crown Princess Frederick, daughter of Queen Victoria of Great Britain. The boy was myself. I was covering the first assignment of my life as a cub reporter.

I was not quite fifteen years old; and I had come that Spring morning of 1888 to visit a man who was my uncle and at the

same time one of the most celebrated newspapermen of the epoch, Blowitz, the well known correspondent of *The London Times*. I found him holding a letter in his hand, written on mauve colored paper. The writing was large but delicate, indicating a woman's hand, and was composed of but a single sentence: "If you want to know the truth about the San Remo tragedy, why don't you see Mme. Zirio?" I naturally asked him whom the letter came from, and who Mme. Zirio was.

"I don't know who sent me the letter," my uncle replied, "but I've often received similar missives since I entered the newspaper game. The mysterious and anonymous suggestions were not always written on mauve paper, nor were they always in a feminine handwriting; but I've always followed them up and never regretted doing so. As to Mme. Zirio, I've met her several times in the South of France. She was married to an Italian, Signor Baptistin Zirio, who was always ill. I can't see what connection there can be between her and the dying heir to the German throne. Yet, I feel a presentiment that it will be worth my while to see her. Will you come with me?"

I was only too glad to do so. We left at once for San Remo, and found the villa of Mme. Zirio, not far from the big white villa occupied by the Crown Prince of Germany. We were ushered into the parlor, where we noted on a stand, well in evidence, a large photograph autographed *Wilhelm*. It was a photograph of the future Kaiser, William II.

The lady of the house, a tall, handsome woman with brilliant black hair, did not keep us waiting very long. After exchanging the usual greetings, my uncle came to the point at once, thinking that the simplest course would be the best, and showed her the letter he had received. Mme. Zirio blushed, and then smiled.

"How strange!" she exclaimed. "I also received a similar letter, yesterday. It contained the single sentence, 'If you receive the visit of the well-known Blowitz, why not tell him the truth about the San Remo tragedy?' "

The three of us laughed heartily at this. But we were not long in deducing that, at any rate, the mysterious person who had written the two missives knew what she was about, for Mme. Zirio, whose name had never been pronounced before in con-

nection with the case, was in reality the proprietor of the white villa, then occupied by the Crown Prince Frederick. It was she who had furnished it, arranged it, and engaged and trained the admirably discreet corps of servants and attendants that surrounded the sick Prince. It was she who had daily access to the interior of the Imperial habitation, and who was consulted hourly, day and night, as to what had best be done or left undone. It was she whom Prince William had visited during his stay of two days at San Remo, and to whom as a token of gratitude and friendship he had given his autographed photograph. Naturally, she knew the truth about the San Remo tragedy; and there, in her parlor, she gave us all the details.

The white villa was indeed the scene of a terrible drama. The sick man had brought with him a suite of German doctors, among whom was Professor Bergmann, and English doctors, the most prominent of whom was Sir Morell Mackenzie. And between these physicians the quarrel was almost tragic in its intensity. The English doctors accused Professor Bergmann of inefficiency; and the Germans accused Sir Morell Mackenzie of speculating in the Stock Exchange on the ups and downs of the Crown Prince's malady. The servants and attendants, who were all either German or English, reflected the dissension that reigned among the physicians. Not a moment of peace reigned between the parties. The struggle was silent but cruel. The two camps attacked and dishonored each other at every turn. They quarreled over everything. The sick man said nothing. He contented himself with gazing quietly upon the Princess, his wife, with his soft eyes, and looking to her for aid with tender confidence. He did not see save through her eyes, nor speak except through her lips. As she had placed all her confidence in the English physicians, he too placed his confidence there; and he often repeated to Sir Morell Mackenzie: "I ask but one thing, that you keep me alive long enough to permit me to give her courage and her devotion a proper recompense."

On November 9, 1887, at about 6.30 in the morning, he, who several months later became William II, got off the train at San Remo. The local authorities, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the

aides-de-camp of the Crown Prince Frederick, met him at the station. With his usual spontaneity, Prince Henry rushed forward to throw himself into the arms of his older brother, as he had not seen him for some weeks. Prince William stopped this fraternal gesture with his usual vainglorious pride. He showed himself proud, official, and hierarchic. In one minute everybody present understood that it was the master of the morrow who had arrived and that the man who had descended from the train was not a devoted child who was anxious to see his sick father, but a visitor who merely desired to see the progress of events for himself. When he arrived at the villa, he was ushered into the sick-room, and remained with his father about ten minutes, showing himself deferential but cold. He then announced: "I want to see the doctors."

He called them into conference and, after listening to the explanations of Sir Morell Mackenzie with indifference, and to those made by the German physicians with interest, he concluded the discussion brusquely: "If my father is suffering from a cancer in the throat," he declared, "it is something that never relents. . . . He cannot survive."

That afternoon he took a walk with his brother and sisters, Prince Henry, Princess Victoria, then engaged to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and Princess Sophie, now Queen of Greece. He walked in front of them, as if he were alone and his companions were but his simple servitors. At times he turned to them and spoke with brief brusqueness in jerky, impatient expletives. He was particularly exalted and animated as he spoke of Bismarck. The name fell ceaselessly from his lips. He professed a profound admiration for the Iron Chancellor, and praised everything he did. He was a great patriot, a grand diplomat, a splendid orator, a wonderful economist, and even an excellent general; he was force personified; he knew everything. "Our mother," he said, "has shown herself strangely short-sighted in placing English science above German science, which Bismarck, who is never mistaken, has placed above all the others." The following day, German science had spoken! At a medical council held under the presidency of Prince William, which lasted two hours, the German doctors had triumphed in

their views. They claimed that the Crown Prince suffered from a cancer in the throat, and that it was necessary to perform the operation of tracheotomy. At the same time that this grave decision had been taken, Prince William announced that he would leave the following day, November 12, at 9 o'clock in the morning. He thus stayed with his dying father but forty-eight hours.

That evening he visited Mme. Zirio in her small villa, near that where his father lay in agony, and at the same time gave her the autographed photo that we had seen in her parlor.

"Your leaving so soon," Mme. Zirio remarked, "is very reassuring. It no doubt means that the condition of the Crown Prince is better, and that the consultation at which you presided this morning was favorable."

The Prince looked at her sternly, and replied in a hard voice: "Not at all. My father, as was already foreseen when I left Berlin, is lost. His trouble, according to the doctors, is absolutely cancerous. His death is a question of several weeks—perhaps days. I am leaving because there is nothing more to be hoped for in prolonging my visit. The Emperor, my grandfather, is very weak. The Czar is coming to Berlin, and my presence there is indispensable. I trust that I shall still have time to come back here." There was silence. Finally, Mme. Zirio asked: "Will your Highness permit me to say, '*Au revoir*, Emperor-to-be'?" "Certainly," he replied; adding: "But, you know that I, when I shall be Emperor—I shall be Emperor." He then left, and the next day quit San Remo.

At 11 o'clock in the morning of February 9, 1888, the Crown Prince and Princess entered an open carriage for a short drive along the coast. Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Bramann, aide to Dr. Bergmann, were standing in the doorway to aid the sick man. The Crown Prince was very pale, almost as white as a sheet. As a blanket was being placed over his knees, he put his hand to his throat and murmured: "I am suffering horribly."

Doctor Mackenzie looked at Dr. Bramann and made a sign to the coachman to wait. "This drive is an imprudence," he remarked. "It will be better for the Prince to re-enter." Then turning to Dr. Bramann, he whispered: "We must decide at once. It may be too late to-morrow. We must operate to-day."

"But," Dr. Bramann objected, "my chief, Professor Bergmann, isn't here. I can never take the responsibility for this operation on myself."

"Well!" Dr. Mackenzie exclaimed, "I'll take the responsibility. We shall operate this afternoon."

The Crown Prince threw aside the blanket that covered his knees, and stepped out of the carriage. He was then helped to his room. An iron bed was brought up, and the head-bar was broken in order that it might not be in the way. The bed was placed in the middle of the room, a red cushion was put on the pillows, and the instruments were prepared for the operation. Calm and energetic, the Crown Princess witnessed all these preparatives.

"I don't want anything said regarding the operation," she ordered. "At one o'clock I want all to be at the table as usual."

Her orders were carried out to the letter, and at one o'clock, all except the doctors were at the table, knowing nothing regarding the impending operation.

At the same time, Dr. Mackenzie asked Dr. Bramann: "Are you ready?"

"Yes," the latter replied.

The operation began; and three-quarters of an hour later, the door of the dining room opened, and the Crown Princess, a bit pale, appeared in the doorway, and exclaimed: "It is over! Fritz has the tube in his throat."

After that day, the Crown Prince no longer spoke. Inarticulate sounds came from his mouth; and when he wanted to express his desires he was obliged to write them out on a piece of paper. The Princess redoubled her tender and devoted care of the sick man. A sort of fever kept her going continually. She remained beside the bed of her sick husband day and night. It was only at dawn, in the dim light of early morning, that the little door that opened on the garden saw the exit of a woman, whose heavy veil hardly hid her eyes red with weeping, and features contracted under the strain of continual mental agony. It was the Crown Princess who took the moment for exercise, while the doctors were changing the bandages and continued their arguments over the sick man.

At eight o'clock she was back, tired and dusty, and from that moment she did not quit her husband's bedside. She tried to endow him with her energy and force. She prolonged the resistance of his body by strengthening his soul. She had but one idea, but one thought—that the dying man might mount the steps of the throne. She wanted him to live long enough to be something else than merely Crown Prince Frederick.

And she succeeded!

On March 8, 1888, while I was sitting in Mme. Zirio's parlor, listening to her story of the tragedy, of which each word still sounds in my ears, a theatrical climax occurred. The parlor door was suddenly opened, and a servant rushed in all out of breath,

"Madame!" she exclaimed. "Do you know the news?"

"No," she replied, astonished at the sudden irruption. "What is it?"

"We received it from the White Villa," the girl continued. "The old Emperor is dead. A grand scene is taking place next to us!"

The three of us left for the White Villa at once. Night had fallen. We entered the big parlor on the ground floor, which was brilliantly lighted up, and where the entire household, now become Imperial, were gathered. Doctors, aides-de-camp, ladies-in-waiting, and servants, were all placed according to rank and honor, forming a circle. In the middle sat the man who was to be Emperor and the woman who was to be Empress.

At this solemn hour, Frederick William was as handsome as in the days of his youth. I still see his tall figure, his calm face framed by a silver beard, his sad blue eyes, and his melancholy smile. A black scarf was thrown about his neck, hiding the tube that had been placed in his throat.

He approached a small table in the middle of the room with a firm and steady step, and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, which an officer read aloud. It was the official announcement of the death of Kaiser William I, and his own accession to the throne as Kaiser Frederick III. The new Kaiser then approached the Kaiserin and made a deep and reverent bow, as if he would pay homage to her valiant courage, and with a grave and tender gesture passed about her neck the ribbon of the Black Eagle.

The Kaiserin, her eyes bathed in tears, threw herself into the arms of Frederick III, and both of them, standing thus in a long embrace, gave full vent to the tears they had heroically held back so long. The entire household then passed before the new Kaiser. When Sir Morell Mackenzie passed before him, Frederick III seized both of his hands, and drew him to the little table, where he had signed his accession to the throne. Here he wrote again: "I thank you for having caused me to live long enough to recompense the splendid courage of my wife."

One hour later, all the lights were put out in the White Villa. The tragedy of San Remo was over—that of Berlin was about to begin.

I have related this tragedy just as I had seen it, and as my uncle had noted it in his account. I do not know whether "all kinds of obstacles were placed in the ex-Kaiser's path to keep him from his father's side"; but I do know that he did not try very hard to remove these obstacles, and that, to the astonishment of all, he came to San Remo not as a loving son anxious over the condition of his dying father, but as an heir desiring to know how much longer he might be obliged to wait before he could enter into his heritage.

I do not know whether, "among the group of observers, an infamous campaign of organized slander was launched in the newspapers" against him; but I do know that some of these observers, gazing upon the accomplishment of the most regrettable of tragedies under the most beautiful of skies, were sadly struck by the fact that, despite the courage and energy of the splendid woman who held the fortress at the White Villa like a man, her son, a man in the full vigor of his youth, acted with the vanity and pusillanimous ambition of a woman.

"A Kaiser has no friends," William II remarked to Theodore Roosevelt, when the latter visited his court. "He is pitiless."

We may add that a Kaiser, apparently, has no relatives—he is heartless!

STEPHANE LAUZANNE.

THE FUTURE OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

BY B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE

In every industrialized country we may roughly test the progress of industry by asking two questions: First, are Capital and Labor fully and efficiently employed? Secondly, is the worker's standard of life gradually rising? In discussing these questions, let us first consider purely economic developments, and then go on to the more human elements.

I do not propose to analyze at length the economic situation as we find it to-day. Probably, however, we all know that the productive power of the world has so greatly increased as a result of the war that production has outrun consumption. Of course, when we say that, we only mean that production has outrun the power to consume at a given price. Directly after the war, people began expanding their factories, not in Great Britain only, but all over the world, laying down plants far beyond what was needed to supply the possible demand. We were passing through a period of fictitious prosperity. Employers were well off, and workers were well off. They had been paid during the war out of capital, and there was a shortage of goods. Thus, with wealthy people on the one hand and a shortage of goods on the other, the natural result followed. Consumers clamored for the goods—they did not much mind what they paid for them, and there was a tremendous boom in trade. We had rising prices, and rising profits, and both employers and workers got into very bad ways. They imagined that they could maintain prosperity without the condition essential to fundamental prosperity—namely, hard work. It was easy to make money in 1919, and we confused making money with the actual creation of fresh wealth, or establishing a pull on the world's wealth. Now the bubble has been pricked. Directly prices began to drop, the depression began, and it descended like an avalanche. Many people saw prices dropping; and refused

to buy one day because they thought to-morrow they would buy cheaper. They still think that, and they only buy what is absolutely necessary. Now, of course, many others cannot afford to buy, and the longer the depression lasts, the larger will be the proportion of these people. The only way in which we can reëstablish industry is to lower the cost of the articles we are selling. There is no other way, and that truth holds good not in Great Britain only but in the whole world. Now comes the question—how can we do it?

There are four possible ways: (1) to lower the overhead expenses in business; (2) to lower the price of raw materials; (3) to lower profits, and (4) to lower the cost of labor. Let us review them briefly.

We can do something when once we get busy, in lowering overhead expenses, though we cannot do it very substantially until we are actually busy. In every large factory there is an enormous overhead outlay, which goes on whether we are working at half speed or full speed or more than full speed. But although we cannot avoid certain parts of it, we can make economies here and there. By more careful planning, we can do with less stock, and turn our capital over more frequently. By careful costing, we can see that waste is eliminated—waste of power, for example, and waste of steam. But when all is said and done, the amount we can save is limited, and in any case such improvements as I have indicated can only come gradually.

Then there are raw materials. Supposing we could obtain our raw materials more cheaply, it would be possible for us to sell our product at a lower price, but the raw material of one industry is the finished product of another. Sugar, for instance, is the raw material of the chocolate manufacturer, but it is the finished product of the sugar refiner. Similarly, iron and cotton are the raw materials of many industries, but the finished products of others. Therefore, since, throughout the whole world, producers of raw materials and producers of goods in their final stages of manufacture are equally suffering from the present trade depression, we can find no solution of our present problem by passing it on to some other party in the same danger as ourselves. Of course, we may really effect something positive by

the application of science. If we can make two blades of grass grow where one grew before; or manufacture something by synthetic means which is at present obtained at high cost in some other way, we can get a reduction in the cost of our raw material. But anyone who has undertaken chemical research knows that this is a slow and costly process. We must work at it constantly, for it is very important, but it is no immediate solution of our present problem.

Then there are profits. Can we get very much out of profits? We have to remember that to-day we have a buyers' market, not a sellers' market. The employer cannot determine the price at which he is going to sell. The buyer has the upper hand, and every employer is anxious to sell even at a very narrow margin of profit, or even at no profit at all so long as he can just turn over his capital. While, then, in a time of trade prosperity, like 1919, it was possible to effect a saving by lowering profits, it is impossible to do so to any extent in a time of trade depression such as this.

There is a good deal of careless thinking on the subject of profits and great play is made by a certain class of writers and speakers, of enterprises which are very successful, but little is said of those which fail. It is well that we should remember that profit is not something stolen from the workers, but it represents the rent paid for the hire of capital, and that an adequate supply of capital is essential to industrial prosperity. It must be remembered that no industrial enterprise can continue for long that is not making enough profit to keep it from becoming financially anæmic. Such a condition is opposed to the interests of Labor just as much as of Capital, for it checks all development, and thus restricts the demand for labor. Now capital in itself is a dead thing. Just like plums, or eggs, or anything else, we go into the market and buy it as cheaply as possible. Its price is mainly regulated by supply and demand, and we need have no compunction at all in getting it as cheaply as we can. But we must have capital under any scheme of industry, syndicalism, socialism, or capitalism. The question we have to ask is whether the price paid for it at the present time is excessive. Here we must strike an average. One company

perhaps is making 60 per cent. But in another company the whole of the capital is lost. We must weigh these two facts against one another. Supposing the means of production were nationalized, the nation would have to bear the losses as well as get the profits, and the question is whether after having borne all the losses, a nationalized industry would obtain capital any cheaper than it is obtained to-day. I do not know what the answer is. It would be a very interesting investigation. We must face facts with regard to this as with everything else, and recognize that we can only get capital either by hiring it, in which case we must be prepared to pay at least the lowest reward for which people will save, or else by making industry provide its own capital as it goes along. In either case, the provision of the necessary capital will figure as an item in the cost of production. So we come to our last item—namely, labor cost.

Let me make it quite clear that when I refer to labor cost, I am not necessarily referring to wages. What an employer pays for is not so many men, or so many hours of a man's time. It is so much productivity. What the employer has to watch is the total cost of his labor in the manufacture of an article. If we leave the productivity of the workers as it is, without attempting to increase it, we can only get industry going again by bringing down actual wages. There is no way out of the impasse. We cannot sell our goods at present prices. Therefore, we must reduce our price, which involves reducing labor cost; and if the productivity per man remains unaltered, we can only reduce labor cost by lowering wages. But why should we not increase the productivity per unit of labor, and thus increase the output? Take a factory in which there are 5,000 workers, and suppose that the management is just able to sell the result of their labor. If to-morrow they began increasing their output by 20 per cent, and the whole 5,000 were retained, they would manufacture 20 per cent more goods. Then the question would arise: "Can this increased output be absorbed? Can it be sold?" The answer, of course, would depend upon the demand. But if increased productivity, and any other saving that could be effected, enabled the firm to reduce the price of the article sufficiently, the increased demand for it at a lower price might

absorb the whole of the surplus goods. On that hypothesis, of course, the workers would produce more per hour of work, for no higher pay. They would be working, not perhaps harder, but more effectively. But they would all be employed, and though the direct result of the increased output would be to benefit the consumer, we must remember that wage-earners are themselves consumers. If a similar increase in productivity per unit, leading to a lowering of the price were obtained in all industries, the whole of the increased output might be absorbed, and consequently, although the workers might receive the same money wage, they would be buying their goods more cheaply. Thus, their real wages, or their actual purchasing power, would be higher.

Now, in most countries there is a very large margin of unemployed workers, and one of the great problems confronting us is to absorb it. Taking England as a unit, if a concerted effort were made to lower production costs more quickly than in other countries, I think there is very little doubt that we could greatly increase our export trade. We should be able to sell a larger amount of goods, and it is possible that we should absorb our unemployed. In this connection we must remember that about 30 per cent of the value of the goods that leave the factory gates of England are sent abroad, and 70 per cent are consumed at home. That shows how largely we are dependent upon an export trade.

Now, we may rightly ask ourselves if it is just materialistic selfishness to advocate an immediate and enthusiastic effort to reduce production costs in this country, and to calculate that if we do so we shall be able to increase our trade abroad. Do we not win our foreign markets at the expense of other countries?

I would like, therefore, to suggest that in all our industrial policy, no matter what it is, we should apply the following tests to our industrial methods.

(I) Industry should create goods or provide services of such kind and in such ratio as may be beneficial to the community taking that word in the widest sense and not losing sight of the interests of humanity as a whole.

(II) In the process of wealth production, industry should pay

the greatest possible regard to the general welfare of the community and pursue no policy detrimental to it.

(III) Industry should distribute the wealth produced in such a manner as will best serve the highest ends of the community.

If our industrial methods fail to pass these three tests, they are wrong.

But I submit that if we maintain free trade, "winning markets" really means rendering the most effective service. In selling manufactured goods more cheaply, we are rendering the world, in that respect, a better service than other nations, and only in so far as we succeed in doing this shall we win foreign markets. There is another point to bear in mind. At the present time, the cost of our manufactured goods is so high that in Australia, in Japan, in South Africa, and in other countries, people say: "We really cannot continue to grow raw materials and exchange them with Great Britain for manufactured goods, because her goods are so dear: we get so little from her in exchange that the transaction is not worth while." So they adopt one of two courses. They either do without the goods, or they begin to manufacture goods themselves. Thus, we are failing to render to the nations the service which we have rendered in the past, namely, to manufacture goods for them so efficiently, so economically, that it pays them to go on producing raw materials where it can be done to the greatest advantage, and then exchanging these raw materials with our manufactured goods. They are obliged to adopt an economically undesirable course and make goods themselves, while we lose our job as manufacturers for the world.

There is, however, one contingency which I must face quite frankly. In spite of the fact that ultimately, the workers can only gain by the increased productivity per unit which enables prices to be lowered, the immediate effect of that increase may be, and probably will be, an increase of unemployment. We cannot refuse to face this possible result of dislocation and of a transitional stage. But I think, in fact I am sure, that it will only be temporary, and it may be brief. The fact is that, speaking industrially, Great Britain and some other countries have had a drunken bout. A drunken man, I believe, passes

through a period of great elation, when all the world looks rosy. Then comes the sobering process—it is bound to come, but it is not pleasant, and it involves a violent headache. We must become industrially sober before we can carry on; and we must pay the penalty of that drunken bout in which we have indulged.

To look back for a moment—how did we in Great Britain secure the world markets? How did we become a manufacturing country? Firstly, we got a start. We had coal and iron and a fine sea coast; we were placed geographically in an advantageous position, and we had the pull of the rest of the world. Secondly—and this was by no means a thing to be proud of nationally—we sold cheaply, in the markets of the world, very largely because we underpaid our labor, in comparison, for instance, with Canada, Australia, the United States and New Zealand. Now, to-day, we have lost both those advantages—I am using the word in its economic sense. First, we have no longer got the start; and secondly, as regards the payment of labor, we are much nearer to Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the United States than we have ever been before. Even if there had been no crisis, no great depression, we should have run the great risk of losing our export market, unless we had regained our lost ground by greater efficiency.

Now, what must we do? We must increase our industrial efficiency. I make no apology at all for reiterating the word "efficiency". We have been discussing various ways in which it may be increased, and we must go on studying those ways with all possible care and earnestness. We must work very hard, and we must be bold and progressive, going right out into the world—into Japan, China, and Mexico, and doing all we can to capture those foreign markets.

I think we might do something towards reducing the volume of unemployment by encouraging emigration. I do not look on that as a policy of despair. Recently there has been a tendency for the processes of manufacture to develop more rapidly than the processes concerned with the production of raw materials, so that the manufacturing population is getting topheavy as compared with the population engaged in agriculture, and the

like. To rectify that lack of balance by getting some of our people to go out and produce raw materials will tend towards industrial stability. I think it is extremely important that we should all of us face the fact that there is no smooth road to good times. It is a hard road that we have to tread, and it cannot be made easy by mere kindly sentiment, or even good will. There are certain economic corners that have to be turned; and there are certain economic laws with which we are bound to comply.

Now, is it not possible for us to arrive at some way of meeting the economic situation without Capital and Labor fighting each other? We need unselfish patriotism in industry to-day, just as much as it was needed in the time of war. Here are we as a nation, and, for the matter of that, as a world community, up against very serious economic difficulties, and we shall never overcome them if each party thinks primarily of itself, and only secondarily of the other parties. Can we not approach the problem in a patriotic spirit that embraces the whole world, and ask what service we can render? What can we all do to help this old world to win through, against the tremendous odds which it has to face? We must get rid of suspicion and selfishness, and all engaged in industry must do their part.

The crux of the matter is the human element in business—the relationship between the employer and the worker. Is it possible, under the existing system of industry, to secure their cordial coöperation? To do so is essential if both Capital and Labor are to be fully and efficiently employed, and if the worker's standard of life is to rise.

Frankly, I think that if, by a process of evolutionary changes, it is not possible to secure such coöperation, the position is absolutely desperate. In a highly industrialized country such as England, dependent for its very life on export trade, which must be fought for, inch by inch, in a keenly competitive world market, to attempt by revolutionary methods to replace the capitalistic system by something else, would be to commit national suicide.

Suppose you overthrow that system to-morrow; what are you going to put in its place? Within a month, if you would avoid starvation, you must substitute a system capable of successfully competing in the markets of the world, and of

getting forty-five million people out of bed in the morning, washed, clothed, fed, and back to bed again every day!

I do not want to shirk any criticism of Capitalism, and certainly not to discourage study and wise experiments as to any desirable changes which may be made in it, but I regard as a dangerous enemy of his country the irresponsible revolutionary whose policy is merely destructive, and who has nothing to substitute for what he takes away. I believe our only hope is to evolve, as rapidly as may be, out of our system as we find it to-day, to something better, and this can only be done by changing men's perspective, their motives and ideals. Change these, and the system will soon remould itself to interpret a new dynamic. The present system, like all others, is merely an instrument for carrying out the desires of the men who made it. Change human desires, replace selfishness by unselfishness; and a spirit of acquisitiveness by a spirit of service, and then, those engaged in industry will develop it in the interest not of a class but of the whole community.

I want to say a few words to employers. Employers are sometimes called captains of industry, and I would like us to regard ourselves as captains. Now, a good Army captain, while doing his utmost to win the war, is ever mindful of his men. He often has to lead them into danger—sometimes to death—yet he seeks, whenever it is possible, to secure their safety and wellbeing. He is more mindful of them than of himself. He does not refuse the privileges of an officer, but neither does he abuse them, or forget that they entail proportionate responsibilities. So I appeal to employers for intense sympathy with the men they are leading.

Now this must take practical form, and I think that there are five things we must do.

First of all, with regard to wages—let us always ask ourselves how much can we afford to give, not how little can we induce men to work for. There is no blinking the fact that the standard of many of our working people is too low. We want to raise it, and we cannot do so with soft words and with kindly thoughts. In the main, we must raise it by efficient administration and organization, and every time we fail, or slack, or do slipshod

work, we are not only cheating ourselves, but our men. We are defrauding them. Let us work, not merely for dividends, or profits, but to make it possible for industry to pay a better wage to its rank and file workers. Perhaps this cannot be done to-morrow. Wages may even have to drop, but let us do all we can to avoid that contingency. If, as a last resort, we cannot help it—well, our men will say: "They have done their best."

I can quite conceive that especially at a time like the present it may be advisable for those responsible for the conduct of industry, to say to their men: "We admit that the wages paid are not as high as we should like to see them, but we dare not make them any higher. We dare not handicap ourselves in relation to our competitors. But let us make a bargain of this kind. We will pay the standard wage. We will pay at the market price for whatever supplies of capital we need for the maintenance and development of our industry. After that, if there is any profit, let us divide it. Let us come to some fair arrangement." That scheme might be a very sound one. If we do not make the profit, the men will not get it, and neither shall we, but if we do, we shall go to the men and say: "Here it is. We have earned it through our joint activities."

With regard to hours, we do not want to go back to the twelve-hour day. But, in existing circumstances, it would be opposed to the interests of the workers to reduce hours below the level which makes for the maximum productivity, assuming, of course, that it leaves a reasonable amount of leisure to the worker.

With regard to security, in outlining the kind of policy which an employer who really recognizes his responsibility as a captain of industry would pursue, I am quite sure that we must do all we can to get rid of the horror of economic insecurity. We ought to have done so decades ago. But here I will only say that industry must accept, unless the State does it, the responsibility for maintaining in periods of enforced idleness the reserve workers who are necessary for the functioning of industry. In some way or other this must be done, and I want to ask all employers of labor who read these words whether they can work out some way of minimizing any risk of temporary unemployment which may be run by their workers if they increase production.

Finally, there is the status of the worker. I look upon this as something which will follow from a real sympathy felt for the worker by the employer. We live in a democratic country, but to some extent democracy has to cease when the worker passes the factory gates. But the sympathy for which I have appealed will make the thoughtful employer ask himself—"Is it reasonable that just because I happen to represent capital, which is only one of the essential factors in successful industry, while the other man represents labor, another essential factor in industry, I should always dictate the terms under which we both work?" It is only fair that working conditions should be jointly agreed upon.

Those are the five practical applications which I think we may give to our sense of sympathy with the workers—Wages, hours, security, a share in the profits, and improved status.

Now I want to ask any workers who happen to read these words, to go half way to meet any employer who is honestly trying to help them. I want to ask them to unite with employers in solving the great difficulties which confront us at the present time. I want them to create a public opinion against the slackers —I want them, like employers, to keep the thought of service in their minds. I want them to spare some sympathy for the industrial administrator who is up against great difficulties. I want them to consider these problems of industry without selfishness and without suspicion, to confer frankly with the employers over the difficult problems which confront both.

On those lines I believe we can get a solution of our present difficulties. But for a country that goes on losing eighty-six million working days in a year—as Great Britain did in 1921, through strikes and lockouts—there is no solution possible. And so, as generally happens when we discuss any political or social or industrial problem, it finally resolves itself into a spiritual problem. Let us be unselfish. Let us keep the thought of the other man constantly in our mind. Let us be willing to spend our lives with unflinching determination in the service of the community, and then we shall win through.

B. Seebohm Rowntree.

"THE DIAL PLATE OF TIME"

BY HENRY W. BUNN

On a nice calculation of the gains and losses, of the good and evil hap, of the twelvemonth preceding Armistice Day, 1922, there is perhaps little to choose between the two sums. There's the Irish settlement—that's to the good; but then there's the resurgence of Turkey—that is (whatever Pierre Loti would have said) to the bad. There's the Washington Conference—beneficent, surely; but put in the opposite scale Genoa and The Hague, with half of the world talking repudiation and the other half concessions, and always the smell of petroleum—Oil, Oil, destined to replace Religion, Backstairs Intrigue and Self Determination as your chief breeder of bate and mischief in the world. There are Everest-scaling heroes, and there are New York landlords. Nothing is but has its opposite. Ormuzd and Ahriman equally divide the universe. One must not be a pessimist, of course; but, looking back and peering forward, I do not feel justified in a cheerful prognostication. Yet man, the everlasting gull, even if he be a Job or a Dean Inge, will always entertain a *soupçon* of a hope that in some unexpected quarter something blithe will turn up.

So I, methinks I behold emerge from the chaos, from the faction, the New China; that is, the Old China with youth renewed. All the arts will revive, and again ye shall see the dewy freshness of Ching and Ch'u, the fierce energy and spiritual power of the T'ang masters, the supple grace, the easy majesty, the supreme elegance of the Sung era. There will be a Renaissance. . . .

Had De Tocqueville been permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon and to dwell amongst us during the twelvemonth ended on Armistice Day, what would that great observer and philosopher have noted as most significant in our history in the making?

I think he would have noted as of chief significance the enormous development since, ninety years ago, he was a "chiel amang us takin' notes", of the tyranny of public opinion—whether the opinion of a majority, or, what is worse, of a highly-organized minority usurping the prerogatives of a majority. The best passages in De Tocqueville's incomparable work are those in which he expresses his apprehension that this tyranny of public opinion, exercised with reference to matters properly left to private opinion, might in time wreck the Republic. He would have noted in this connection the attempt in Kentucky (which barely failed of success, and to which Mr. Bryan lent his prestige and his silver tongue) to procure passage of a law prohibiting the teaching in schools supported or aided by State funds, of "evolution as relating to the origin of man"; he would have noted the popular vote in Oregon ratifying the State Act which requires all children (with certain very limited exceptions) between the ages of eight and sixteen, to attend public school; he would have noted the sundry efforts (not all in vain) to tighten and extend censorship over this and over that, to revive old blue laws and enact new and bluer ones, to send to Coventry whoever should have the temerity to contradict Demos. He would have noted these things, and would eagerly have expected Hermes summoning him back to the Elysian fields.

As I see it, the past twelvemonth in our country has been chiefly remarkable for multiplying instances of the tyranny of public opinion. The best suggestion I can make in the premises is that all our citizens, of whatever sex, age, or color, and especially our legislators, spend their days and nights in the reading of De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America.*

The year saw two great industrial struggles in the United States—one marked by the strike of all the unionized coal miners of the country, the other by the strike of some 400,000 railroad shopmen. After five months, the strike of the miners was ended dubiously and indecisively. Deflation has at least been delayed for the mining industry and the principle of arbitration of wages seems to have received the *coup de grâce.* In the coming spring difficult negotiations will end successfully or in another strike. On most of the railroads hostilities have ceased—ending in vic-

tory for the managements or in cloudy agreements. On the whole, there is peace on the railroads—a peace of sorts, a precarious peace. The miners' strike will forever be remembered for an incident the most hideous and disgraceful in human annals —the Herrin massacre. The behavior of the shopmen justified the President's comment thereon to Congress. "There is," said he, "a state of lawlessness shocking to every conception of American law and order, and violating the cherished guarantees of American freedom."

But, strikes or no strikes, no doubt we shall shog along comfortably enough during the coming year, our food production being far beyond our necessities and our population far this side the saturation point. Our self-love, too, will make shift to explain away the Herrin massacre (that *chef d'œuvre* of a year distinguished for a bumper crop of murders) and whatever else may seem to contradict our boast of being "a people the most moral . . . ", etc., etc.

Of the Federal legislation of the twelvemonth, perhaps the most significant was that affecting our "preparedness". The Army Appropriation Act carries retrenchment to the point of practically nullifying the National Defense Act, and the Naval Act cuts the navy below the strength required for efficiently manning the ships left by the Five-Power Treaty. Reversion to the condition of helplessness which existed before the war seems to satisfy the people.

The Coöperative Marketing Act calls for especial remark as the legislative firstfruits of the activity of the farm *bloc*.

The Republicans, in the delectable vulgar phrase, "got theirs" on November 4. Their majority in the next House will be only 17 instead of the present 165, and in the Senate 10 instead of the present 24. And, what's worse from the Elephantine point of view, the Progressives or Independents and other irregulars or malcontents within the Republican Party will hold the balance of power in the 68th Congress. What that portends, I leave to the quidnuncs. I expect fun and fireworks.

Our foreign policy, apart from the Washington Conference, has been—well, cautious. The latest invitation to be declined was that to the Lausanne Conference on the Near East. Our policy of

"the open door and equal opportunity" has been continued with success. An admirable policy, and admirably urged. But it seems to have struck a snag in the Turk. The Turk has slammed the door tight. "Equal opportunity," yes; but in the sense that there will be no opportunity for anybody unless he be a Moslem, or, maybe, a Bolshevik. What success the Allies may have in extricating our chestnuts, remains to be seen.

The most famous achievement of the Washington Conference —the agreement as to capital ships—was a formal recognition by the Powers of the fact that the capital ship is obsolescent, that money spent on capital ships is so much good coin thrown away, representing a huge economic loss. The world was rightly astonished—one is still bewildered—by such an exhibition of international common sense. But far more significant, though less dramatic, was the decision of the Conference that "it is not at present practicable to impose effective limitations upon the number and characteristics of aircraft, either commercial or military." Our acceptance of the *status quo* as to fortifications and naval bases in the Philippines and Guam, which seemed to some a sublime act of faith, should be considered in the light of the above. Fortifications, naval bases, ships, all are vulnerable to attack by aircraft. The future of war is in the air. "And what prophylactic measures shall we adopt, we, who are sincerely desirous to pacify the world?" said the conferees to one another. "None," was the answer, "for none would be effective."

There seems to be a general opinion that the Conference did little for China. On the contrary, I think the Conference did all that it behooved it to do for China; the China, that is, of the Eighteen Provinces. As to Manchuria, that is another story, too complicated for consideration here; and so is Mongolia, the protégé of Moscow. The conferees concurred, I think sincerely, in a policy contemplating ultimate complete emancipation of the Eighteen Provinces, to be accomplished by discreet stages, and they set on foot certain admirable practical arrangements pursuant thereto. Complete emancipation of China presupposes a Government competent to exercise full sovereignty; a Government not yet in sight. It should be remembered, when consider-

ing what the Conference did for China, that the Shantung negotiation, though nominally apart from the Conference, was really part and parcel thereof.

"Well, then, the Conference broke down on Siberia," a doubting Thomas will say. "The Japanese walked right over us Americans." It did look like that. But it was announced the other day that the Japanese had completely evacuated the Siberian mainland. The Japanese were allowed to "save face" at the Conference; and then they did what we wanted them to do. And, again, the Japanese, without any commitment thereto, have evacuated their principal garrison in China—the Hankow garrison. These be indirect results of the Washington Conference, not less important than some direct results.

The outstanding matter of the twelvemonth in the British Empire was the Irish settlement. To be sure, the settlement is not yet complete, but the leaders of all the British parties are pledged to ratification of the Constitution of the Free State and other necessary consummating legislation. On the day when the Irish Free State acquires full legal status as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the whole world will say, "Godspeed!" except, of course, de Valera and his "irregulars", who continue to carry on a guerrilla warfare against their countrymen, marked by infamous cruelty and wanton destruction.

By the grace of Allah and the British Parliament, Egypt has become a kingdom; but the British gift is not to be considered consummated until enactment of an Egyptian Constitution which shall contain clauses accepting and sanctioning the reservation of certain rights to the British, and until certain indemnity and other arrangements (chiefly for the relief of discharged British officials) have been carried out. Among the rights which Britain stipulates to retain are the right to take such measures as may be necessary to protect the property and personal rights of foreigners in Egypt, and the right to maintain in Egypt the garrisons necessary to safeguard the imperial communications through the Suez Canal and into the Sudan; the latter area to remain under British rule. When the British Government provisionally renounced the Protectorate, it was not thought neces-

sary to set down in writing the well-understood condition that the Egyptian Government must demonstrate the disposition and the capacity to protect foreign lives and property pending fulfillment of the conditions named. About the first of August, Field Marshal Lord Allenby, Lord High Commissioner of Great Britain in Egypt, handed the Egyptian Premier a note from the British Government to the effect that, unless the Egyptian Government should at once take order effectively to protect foreign lives and property, the British Government would resume its former degree of control in the land of the Nile. The news from Egypt since the delivery of that note has been most meagre. Between Lord Allenby, on the one hand, who insists that the conditions of the gift of his royal honors shall be fulfilled, and the Levantine scum of Cairo, on the other, who insist that they shall not, King Fuad is hard put to it. 'Tis a pity he should be unking'd, for never did a king so enjoy kinging it; but, since he assumed the crown, the great British riverine works have been neglected, the desert has begun to encroach upon the sown, and in Upper Egypt the bandits hold full sway. So much for Self Determination, which in Egypt means the turning over of the fellaheen to the tender mercies of the most rapacious and cruel set of landlords and officials in the world, and the renunciation of that unexampled material prosperity which has been built up since 1882 under British direction.

In India the experiment of the "Dyarchy", that is, of a largely increased measure of self-government, is passing through its first critical stage. The joint Hindu-Mohammedan agitation reached its height in the spring. In March, the Viceroy of India, Lord Reading, apparently in a blue funk, sent his famous Delhi telegram to Mr. Montagu, British Secretary of State for India, urging on behalf of the Indian Moslems "evacuation of Constantinople, *sovereignty of the Sultan over the Holy Places*, and restoration of the Turk in Thrace and Smyrna". Note, please, that the telegram demanded more for the Turk than Mustapha Kemal Pasha himself had demanded up to that time. The final sentence of the telegram requested authority from Mr. Montagu for its publication. Mr. Montagu cabled the authority without consulting the British Premier, and thereby of course lost his

official head. The result was happy for the British Raj. Mr. Montagu's successor, Lord Peel, being in the right line of British imperial tradition, instructed Lord Reading to deal firmly with sedition, of whatever religious or racial complexion. Lord Reading obeyed, and clapped into quod the most important agitators, including Mahatma Gandhi, St. Gandhi, the leader of the Hindu "non-violent non-coöperation" movement. Now the Hindu masses expected some manifestation of divine displeasure when Gandhi was incarcerated; none such appearing, Gandhi has lost "kudos", and his Hindu movement has subsided. The Mohammedans likewise reacted, as was to be expected, to firm treatment. The British Raj is more secure than it was a year ago, thanks largely to the Delhi telegram. It is to be remarked that the Moslem leaders of India were not particularly concerned about the Caliph. Their objective was Indian and national—to destroy the British Raj and establish a Mohammedan State in India (involving the subjection of 220,000,000 Indians to 60,000,000 Mohammedans). They were using the Turkish question for propaganda purposes, arousing the wrath of the Mohammedan masses against the British by the charge that the latter had desecrated the Holy Places and contemplated the destruction of Islam; and St. Gandhi was their tool. Now they have no logical leg to stand on, but doubtless will continue to agitate upon their stumps. If you have an Empire and propose to keep it, you must be imperial-minded and act imperiously.

Lack of space compels me to omit discussion of many important matters, such as: the internal political situation in Britain, culminating in the disruption of the Coalition, the fall of Lloyd George, and the dissolution of Parliament; the formal establishment of British mandate rule in Palestine; and the developments of British policy with reference to Mesopotamia or the Kingdom of Irak, which policy has received definition in a recent treaty, and the prospect of which kingdom is clouded by the fact that the Turkish National Pact lays claim to the Mosul oil regions.

The statement made by a British publicist in August that "certainly one-fifth and possibly one-quarter of the British people are economically not only unproductive, but a first charge

and heavy burden on the industry of the remainder," is still very nearly true. There is steady improvement, but very, very gradual. Yet, marvel of marvels, the sovereign is almost back to the equivalent of $4.84.

Italy has had a year of political vicissitudes, culminating in the most remarkable of revolutions; practically bloodless, for not more than fifty lives were lost in connection therewith. Towards the end of October Mussolini, the Fascista leader, demanded that control of the Government be given to the Fascisti. Armed Fascista detachments marched on Rome and encamped just without the city. Premier Facta submitted to the King a decree proclaiming a state of siege throughout the kingdom. The king refused to sign, and sent for Mussolini. Mussolini formed a Government, giving the chief portfolios to Fascisti, himself taking Foreign Affairs and the Interior.

The Fascismo movement was started to rid Italy of the Communist menace. It has grown to represent the will of the Italian middle class, tired of shuffling and inefficiency in Government. But irregular methods of justice are apt to corrupt the justicers; and power achieved by extra-legal means is held by a dubious tenure. It is highly flattering to the genius of the Italian people that one inclines to expect happy consequences from the revolution. The Chamber reconvened on November 16. Much depends on its temper. If it refuses to coöperate in carrying through the Fascismo programme of domestic reforms, including important changes in the electoral law, it is possible that further extra-legal measures will be required to consummate the revolution.

The world is watching for the unfolding of Mussolini's foreign policy; Jugoslavia, at least, not without a certain trepidation. But whereas the other day, being in opposition, the Fascista leaders talked in 'Ercles' vein, already, being in power, they talk of "dignity and expansion within the limits of our possibilities, and of equilibrium"; which is another sort of speech.

A review of the year which omits detailed consideration of events in France, Germany and Russia, is, to put it mildly, incomplete; but such omission is necessary. The most important

German matter is the reparations problem; which calls for subtle analysis. The situation in Russia is of an extreme dubiety and vagueness, enhanced by the deliberate mendacities of Moscow. The dilucidation of recent French history would be a complicated affair, concerning itself chiefly with the reparations problem, the French policy in the Near East, and the French participation in the Washington Conference, so greatly misunderstood and so unjustly condemned.

The German reparations problem cannot be said to be much farther advanced towards a solution than it was a year ago. The most serious element in the situation is the German temper. The Germans obviously lack the will to set their house in order.

The French Government has incurred a domestic debt of the equivalent of $8,000,000,000 for reconstruction, and proposes to expend $4,000,000,000 more; yet has received from Germany no reparations cash and not much in kind. Under the circumstances the French temper is admirable.

Whether that blood-stained crew at Moscow are more or less firmly intrenched in power than they were a year ago, is a question I cannot undertake to answer. According to American reports, the deaths from famine in Russia have not exceeded 500,000. This happy falsification of early estimates was largely due to the work of the American Relief Administration, which for a considerable period fed daily over eight million mouths, and which did an immense medical and sanitary work. The A. R. A. is continuing its mercies, for the famine is not over and disease stalks the land. It expects to feed over two million persons through the coming winter.

Romance is pale beside the true story of events in the Near East since late August. The sudden Turkish thrust at the Greek line at Afium-Karahissar; its success; the retreat of the main Greek forces to Smyrna, of the Greek left wing to Mudania on the Sea of Marmora; the incredible rapidity of the Greek retreat to Smyrna, over most difficult ground; the very skilful conduct of the Greek retreat to Mudania; the skilful embarkations of the Greek forces, chiefly at Smyrna, Cheshme and Mudania; the Turkish occupation of Smyrna on September 9, scarcely two

weeks after the first blow was struck; the destruction of Smyrna by fire on the 14th; the tragedy of the Christian refugees; the herding of the men of military age into the interior and the seizure of the girls suitable for the harem; the evacuation of the rest of the surviving refugees (some 230,000), largely through the efforts of American relief workers; the mutiny of the Greek soldiers at Mitylene; its swift spread to the entire Greek army and navy; the abdication of King Constantine; how the Turks imagined that they had licked the world, and how they proposed to pursue the Greeks into Europe; how they were thwarted by the British commander, General Sir Charles Harington, who reminded them of the neutral Straits zones established under the armistice treaty of October 30, 1918, which was still in force; how the British rushed military and naval reinforcements to the Straits and dug in on the Asiatic side; how the Turk saw a light and consented to negotiation; of the Mudania military convention, signed on October 10, under the terms of which the Greek military forces were required to evacuate Eastern Thrace by October 30, following which the civil administration of the province should be handed over to the Kemalists—the which evacuation was duly carried out; how the Christian civilian population of Eastern Thrace rushed in pell-mell flight westward, northward, southward to the ports, so that now there is scarce a Christian left in Eastern Thrace. All in the space of two months.

On November 20 a conference on the Near East opened at Lausanne. The Turk went thither as a conqueror. Four years ago, beaten and cowed, he abjectly sued for an armistice. The little difference is due to the stupidities and silly jealousies of the Western Powers.

By act of the Angora Assembly the Sultanate has been abolished. Mohammed VI is deposed both as Sultan and as Caliph, and hereafter Caliphs are to be appointed, as required, by the Angora Assembly. There's some consolation in that Act. It may divide Islam and save the Franks in their own despite.

HENRY W. BUNN.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE MERIT SYSTEM

BY ROSCOE C. E. BROWN

THE United States Government is today probably the largest employer of labor in the world. With a civil personnel of more than 560,000 persons and an annual payroll of nearly $750,000,000, it presents a problem of employment administration far more complicated and far more imperatively demanding solution than that of any private industry, to which expert attention is given as a matter of ordinary business prudence. The employees of the States, cities, counties, towns and villages, it is estimated, bring the number of public servants in the United States nearly to three million. About one out of thirty-five persons is on a public payroll of which the total annual charge is over three billion dollars, or more than $100 a family on the pockets of the American taxpayers. This enormous force, its proper recruiting, efficient operation and just treatment, constitute the problem of the Civil Service Reform movement, which this year counts the fortieth anniversary of its great initial success.

The present United States Civil Service law was passed on January 16, 1883. That marked the real beginning of the merit system of public employment in this country; for the earlier legislation was only a gesture of acquiescence to an arousing but not yet dominant public opinion. Perhaps no three words could have been chosen less fitted to inspire public enthusiasm than "Civil Service Reform". They suggested smugness; they were the butt of ridicule; they offered nothing spectacular, or sentimentally inspiring. The movement itself ran counter, not only to political interests, but to popular habit and a natural tolerant attitude toward abuses from which many persons might hope to profit. The spoils system was deeply embedded in American life. Perhaps it was a concomitant of the growth of democracy, without which in the early days of manhood suffrage millions of men could not have been drilled into political

activity. At any rate it and its corollary, "rotation in office," exactly fitted the temper of the times.

In a simple community, where most men were habituated to several callings now specialized, it was natural to think all citizens fit for and in turn entitled to the public places, which were generally within the range of capacity of any intelligent person. But the increasing complexity of government functions would have made the spoils system administratively impossible, even if its excesses had not threatened free government by the use of patronage as an engine of electoral control. The demoralization went so far that after the Civil War wholesale removals were no longer confined to periods of changing administration, but went on all the time in response to the demands of faction and personal rivalry. Four Collectors of the Port of New York, all of the same party, made 1,678 removals during their 1,565 secular days of service. That was typical of the extent to which public service had been prostituted, not merely to party, but to personal ends.

The pioneering work of Thomas A. Jenckes of Rhode Island in forcing on Congress the question of Civil Service legislation in 1868, and the agitation of George William Curtis, Dorman B. Eaton and Charles Sumner, resulted in the act of 1871, allowing the President to make regulations for admission to the service. But after the breakdown of the Liberal Republican movement of 1872, the victorious political machine cut off all appropriations for the commission appointed to enforce the rules. Not until the tragedy of Garfield's assassination by a disgruntled Western office seeker, seizing for an occasion on the President's attitude toward a New York fight for spoils, was the general public aroused to see that Civil Service Reform was something more than a dream of pedants and "man milliners", to recall Conkling's taunt of George William Curtis, and was in fact an imperative though unpalatable remedy for a desperate disease. Then came the Pendleton act of 1883, which is still the basis of the United States Civil Service administration notwithstanding the enormous extension of the classification in after years.

Less than three months later, on May 4, 1883, New York fell in line, with the first State Civil Service law. New York ap-

propriately took this leadership, for in New York the spoils system in American politics had its start. Through its old Council of Appointment, perhaps the worst instrument for the distribution of patronage ever devised by man, the State was kept in a ferment of frequent changes, appointments without responsibility and ruthless, wholesale removals. The Albany Regency lived up to the dictum, which Marcy boastfully proclaimed for it before the whole country, "to the victors belong the spoils." Its Whig rivals under the leadership of Thurlow Weed adopted it, and both handed it on to their successors to use to a practical effect that made them the reproach and the envy of politicians in other States.

Massachusetts followed New York with a Civil Service law in 1884. In the succeeding years the merit system was adopted by various cities and particular services like police and fire departments, but not until 1905 was another statewide application of the system made, when Wisconsin passed a comprehensive law and Illinois made a beginning in the same direction, which has since been greatly improved. Then in rapid succession laws or constitutional amendments were passed in Colorado, Indiana, New Jersey, Ohio, California, Connecticut, Kansas and Maryland. The law has since been repealed by Connecticut—the only State that after adopting the merit system has ever abandoned it. In the cities the movement has spread until 350 of them have a competitive system. Every one of the twenty largest cities has adopted it, and of the hundred largest cities in the country seventy-two operate under Civil Service rules.

At the beginning under President Arthur the classified Federal service was largely clerical, and at the end of his term 15,573 places had been classified. On June 30, 1922, there were 560,863 persons in the Federal service. Just how many of these were classified is not reported, but so far as can be estimated between 425,000 and 450,000 places under the United States can now be filled only through competitive selection for demonstrated fitness.

Such is the advance of forty years, forced in spite of ridicule, the hostility of organized political workers, popular distaste for laws that interfere with largess, and the impatience of some office holders, by the sheer impossibility that Presidents have

found of carrying on successful work without it. But what of the years to come? With the classification of the great body of Federal employees below the grade of Presidential appointments substantially complete, except for the gigantic scandal of a spoils Prohibition enforcement service, and with even important Presidential nominations determined by competitive tests, is the future problem merely one of meticulous attention to details? The merest glance at conditions and the barest realization of the complexities of administration entailed by the recent enormous extension of government activities will bring an emphatic answer.

In March, 1920, a Congressional Joint Commission laid before Congress a report on the condition of the service that showed "gross extravagance and waste," "unbusinesslike handling of service," "poor organization," "divided authority," "much injustice and inefficiency," "serious discontent among the Federal employees," and a turnover of 33 per cent., a rate of change demoralizing to any work, especially as it is due to the steady exodus of the most efficient employees. The Commission reported that the United States was "without a central employment agency having adequate powers; in short without an employment policy". The result is "glaring inequalities and incongruities in salary schedules", much injustice and dissatisfaction, wasted money and failure to get the work paid for.

The Government was a pioneer in seeking to establish merit as a basis of employment. But private industry has learned the lesson, and while the Government has lagged behind, private employers have gone on to systematize their forces, to adopt scientific methods of recruiting, testing and stimulating efficiency, promoting contentment and eliminating waste. The United States is trying to do the work of a twentieth century Government, with its far flung activities in every field of science and industry, by methods inherited from the eighteenth century, by confused, overlapping organizations, by employees whose pay bears little or no relation to the character of their service and whose conditions of labor and chance of advancement for efficiency rather than by favor are such as to discourage energy and loyalty.

As a result, over 75 per cent. of the Federal employees are enrolled in organizations affiliated with industrial trade unions. The failure of the Government to provide any legitimate channel for the presentation of their grievances and the correction of the injustices that are bound to occur in the operation of a great force has naturally driven them to seek in the American Federation of Labor an opportunity for making their demands influential. This affiliation has been frowned upon by many high officials, including President Roosevelt, but since his administration little resistance has been offered to it except by Postmaster-General Burleson. "The National Federation of Federal Employees," declared its official organ, *The Federal Employe*, some months ago, "is a union which does not strike, but it is not powerless, it goes into districts in which it has enemies and works hard to keep them out of Congress." This combination of Government employees and trade unionists to pull each other's chestnuts out of the fire has ominous possibilities. French experience throws light on them. If the danger here seems fanciful in view of federation bylaws forbidding strikes in Government service, consider this hint from the same organ:

> Let us bring the main problem down to practical terms and consider what would happen to a union employe who found his duty to this Government and his duty to his union in conflict. It is to be presumed that he would do precisely what he does when he finds his duty to his Church, to his lodge or to his family to be in conflict with his duty to his Government; that is, he would decide *which is the more important to him.*

We do not need to question the usefulness of the labor union in its field, nor of the association of public employees in its field. But, even though strikes are barred by the latter, such bylaws can be repealed, or may be ignored at a crisis. The existence in Government service of a body of men closely bound to an outside organization, whose interests at any moment may conflict with those of another part of the community resulting in struggle and perhaps even clashes with public authority, invites burrowing within the Government itself for the defeat of its measures, which may be just as disastrous as a walkout from official service. And on the other hand, to put at the beck of Federal employees a great external body able and ready to back up their demands,

reasonable and unreasonable, not only by political pressure but by its accustomed weapons of industrial warfare, is to put the Government itself into a class rivalry with an organized section of its own citizens. Such an association goes far toward turning Government workers into a Prætorian Guard.

In face of this situation the Congressional Joint Commission submitted a bill that failed to provide the much needed comprehensive employment system, but contained what was thought the temper of Congress would stand. Nearly three years have passed with nothing accomplished. Congress is apathetic, departmental jealousies are influential, and the employees' organization, while insistent on redress of grievances, is cold toward thoroughgoing systematization, or anything that promises weeding out of inefficiency. It sees none. And as an organization it flourishes and gains members so long as it agitates for advance to the Promised Land, without entering it.

Shortly before his election, President Harding wrote:

> The time has come for the federal government to organize its agencies of employment in accordance with the principles which have been tested and approved by the best modern business practice. . . . It is outrageous for public administration, which should be an example and a guide to our people, to indulge in waste and extravagant inefficiency. . . . Though the necessity for a budget system is great, perhaps even greater is the need for a system which will give federal employes a square deal in promotions, pay and continuity of service while obtaining for the nation's taxpayers, in return, a high standard of skill and continued loyalty among the employes who serve them.

That is not an extravagant programme. It is perfectly possible of realization, at least so far as a Government, which is not under the necessity of earning profits, can be made to function with the business precision of private industry. First, it is necessary to abolish the divided authority that comes from one body supervising admission to the service while others study questions of efficiency. The United States Civil Service Commission should receive power adequate to the establishment of a national employment system. The whole personnel question should be put in its hands and the various executive officers relieved of having to deal with it piecemeal, just as such officers in great industrial establishments are relieved of it. Then, if

endowed with sufficient power and money, the Commission, always subject to the limits of a budget, could be expected to grade the service so that salaries would be related to the character of employment and equal pay would be given for equal work.

Many salaries are now too low, others too high, and the differences between departments and even different persons in the same office are a galling injustice. At present the work of the lowest grade of filing clerk is carried on under 105 different titles, with 25 different rates of pay. The proper grouping of places would correct this and make for better methods of testing fitness and for economy of examinations. It would provide a standardized, mobile force that could be sent from one department to another as need arose, thus avoiding the extravagant overmanning of offices to meet their peak loads. Great opportunity exists for the development of the examination system in the light of psychologic research and the experience of modern business, but the Commission has lacked funds. The whole matter of Federal promotions is in chaos, and the Civil Service Commission is without authority. A system of promotion examinations should be established and incident to it a system of efficiency records that would open the door to earned advancement or deserved dismissal. The entire task of perfecting entrance tests, determining relative efficiency in the service, providing opportunities for advancement, and discovering the unfit should be brought under one centralized control. The apathy or tenderheartedness of appointing officers, who would not have hesitated to make political removals under the spoils system, with respect to inefficient classified subordinates, brings a heavy burden on the taxpayers and undeserved discredit on the merit system.

All these are necessary preliminary steps toward the development of a really scientific personnel system. The whole field of public service outside of the heads of departments and such subordinates as are concerned in determining public policies must be co-ordinated and taken out of the category of party patronage. Beyond lies the more difficult question of machinery for the redress of grievances. Some believe that the Civil Service Commission should provide this. Others believe that discipline can

only be enforced by leaving arbitrary power with office heads. But whatever mean may be taken between these two extremes, certainly some way must be found to secure fair consideration of the often reasonable complaints of employees, to open the door to suggestions for improvement by them and give them that legitimate influence over the conditions of their employment that enlightened private industry no longer denies. Take away from them pressure to affiliate with outside organizations because no other instrument for self protection seems to be at their hands, and such affiliation can be forbidden. Indeed it will scarcely need to be forbidden, for the alliance is not a natural one. But unless measures are taken to give employees a sense of fair treatment and partnership in their work, so that they are no longer mute and helpless under arbitrary superiors and a far-away and indifferent Congress, this alliance will continue with increasing menace.

The Civil Service reforms of 1883 checked customs that threatened to swamp American statemanship and turn American politics into a mere base struggle for spoils. But the work is not finished. In more than three-fourths of the States of the Union the spoils system still dominates administration and bedevils politics. Down into the city and county services of a larger part of the country the political parties reach for the nourishment with which they build their organizations. There can come no healthy politics of ideas from creatures so fed. President Butler of Columbia University recently declared that "today the division of office holders, office seekers, and the voting public into Republicans and Democrats means little or nothing except struggle for public place and public authority". He strikingly drew attention to the lack of fundamental differences between the parties and made a plea for such reconstruction that they may really function as the exponents of vital and clearly differentiated principles. But how can sincerity and courage in the exposition of ideas, or even an agreement on national party policy, be expected from parties made up of State, county and city organizations dominated by and in turn largely concerned with the patronage of their own localities?

The establishment of the Federal merit system only half

rescues national politics from the dictation of the spoilsmen so long as all these reservoirs of spoils remain. They permit the building up of organizations of voters lacking common principles and held together only by the cohesive power of patronage. These organizations in turn make up the national parties and stand for such small measure of ideas as can be rescued from the conflict of their local opinions, controlled chiefly by an eye on local spoils. Not until the whole field of politics, local as well as national, is freed from this misuse of government to build up party machinery can national parties be made effective instruments for carrying out political principles.

The British parliamentary system facilitates the division of the electorate on single, sharply defined issues. There questions of local administration and struggles for local power are largely separated from national politics and the voter's attention can be concentrated on the single matter of choosing his representation in the House of Commons, while here the voter is confronted by a complication of National, State and municipal considerations and by the necessity of selecting a large number of officials at the same time. Consequently his party alignment may mean little or nothing as an index of opinion. Yet England found the corruption of patronage threatening to destroy the free play of opinion and the achievement of the national political will. Even before the passage of the Reform Bill a beginning of examinations was made in self defense by officers to prevent the destruction of their own administration by the pressure of their own party incompetents. Now the competitive system practically excludes partisanship from administrative work. Far more is it necessary for the United States, with its highly complex political machinery, to free public opinion from the deadening influence of patronage and office from the burden of incompetence.

This is not the fad of Civil Service reformers, a dream of Utopia. It is a programme that, wherever applied, has made for more efficient and more representative government. It must be the vital concern of American democracy, unless democracy is ready to see its ideals stifled and its substance wasted by the administrative machinery created for its service.

ROSCOE C. E. BROWN.

CIVILIZATION AND THE FRENCH THEATRE

BY STARK YOUNG

THE characteristically national art of the theatre in France, which is that of the *Comédie Française*, goes back to the Mediterranean. It derives from the Greek. Its outlines may be less august and spacious; its plastic quality infinitely less magnificent; its religion less profound and less political than the Greek; but the kinship remains. In smaller, and certainly in different, forms its instinct for finish parallels the Greek instinct. Its thinking turns on a sense of forces operant in the universe, or in society at least, that act upon individuals and bring on their struggle with themselves and with law or fate or universal nature. The action of these forces together determines the outlines of life, and within these outlines are included the nuance and detail of every individual and event. Art, following such a conception of the world, goes therefore to types, to large patterns within which are included and expressed the variety of human experience.

This classical conception of living is like those charts of mariners that lead to conceived and desired ends, to harbors and over tracks that have been plotted out. Under these lines of purpose and direction lies the sea, a ceaseless, ungoverned passion of energy and eternal power, an unfathomed and inexhaustible mystery of being, a boundless vitality and danger. But the chart remains and man's navigation may be informed by it. There are ports foreseen and attainable for the voyage he must make, whatever his will is or the weariness and perplexity of his heart. The art that follows such a conception is by its own nature driven to find its charts and possible ways. It plots out, above the immense and inexhaustible sources of human nature and living, an order, a plan, a course in art that will bring us to rational and sweet harbors, and into ports and havens from which we may look out over the ocean with some consolation of under-

standing. From such habits of thought arose the Greek conception of an art of society for the sake of men's existence among themselves and in the midst of nature; the Greek irony when the mind turns on things not as they might be but as they are; the Greek sense of play as a further completion of living and a release of man's redundant vitality. From such conceptions as these derives the simplicity as of the universal soul and the exactitude of mind that characterizes the best Greek art of every kind.

The French classical theatre may be smaller in scope than the Greek. Its quality in general may have been trimmed down to the prose uses of a more limited realm of living. Its sophistication may be more trivial, its emotion often more relaxed to mere excitation, and its idealism too much softened with mere sentiment. It may have specialized itself into a limited channel, and chattered itself into something of an intellectual corner so far as European thought goes. Its whole end may be more petty and commercial than was the Greek. But the resemblance and kinship is there nevertheless. It comes out even in the acting of artists like Mlle. Sorel and her company, none of whom, obviously, are of the rank of the greatest French actors like Bernhardt and Mounet Sully. And it comes out even in so poor an example of French drama as *le Demi-Monde* by Dumas *fils*.

If a young dreamer from Vermont came to see Mlle. Sorel and her company in *le Demi-Monde*—He is a fine instance, the ideal in his kind, not the usual young man from his part of the country. That usual young man is like him at bottom, perhaps; the difference is in sensibility, in exactitude and delicacy of response to experience. This young fellow is poetic. His life has been passed on a farm. He has made up his dreams from the hills and from long hours on winter nights. His mind has shaped itself without sharp and open contact with other minds. His soul is haunted with a reflective and personal relation to God. From him—though his case is limited and extreme and deep—you will get a racial reaction to this Dumas, Sorel and Parisian occasion that will express the fundamental difference and remoteness that lies between us and this French art of the theatre. This young man has an approach to Shakespeare. He does not yet understand, and never will, very likely, Shakespeare's complexity of

ornament and delight in mere mentality. But the core of Shakespeare is close to him. The art of his own race is as close to him as the French is far.

The curtain rises on *le Demi-Monde*. The young man sees a group of persons of Parisian society and the Parisian under-world. The heroine is a woman who wishes to make an honest and profitable marriage and change her way of living. A rich man comes back from Africa; her former lover introduces her to him. There is in the group a young girl, sophisticated but still pure or virginal or whatever may be the way of putting this intact state that she preserves. The older woman's marriage plans all but work out; after lies, evasions, she will tell her lover the truth. But in the end she gives it all up so that the young girl may marry the man who was once her own lover. The Vermonter reads this inconsequent state of affairs in the synopsis that the programme affords; his ear is deaf to the French he hears on the stage. He has no time to be puzzled, for Mlle. Sorel enters. She spreads around her a sensation. Her walk, her manner, her gown, bands of fur and a fabric of dark rose with inwoven gold, are smart beyond words. Even her boots are to be reckoned with. She is the first really *chic* person the Vermonter has ever seen. She talks. Her voice is something he has never heard before. It is practiced, it has a range in pitch, in quality; it is bright, dark, it can be metallic, white; it can think things over without words at all but in an extraordinary humming resonance. The second act comes; more manners. Mlle. Sorel wears now a gown of bluish green gold cloth, with panniers and silver lace, and a cloak hanging back like eighteenth century portraits, of greenish, indescribable blue, with a grey fur collar. She is golden, she is fair, her smile, her hair, her hands, her sitting there listening, everything is heightened with the lustre of Parisian arts. In the third act a marvellous pale gown, then yet another, and another still in the last scene when the tragic renunciation comes, a gown of gold cloth, very dark, and a hat turned up in front with a lace veil over the face, covering the eyes in fact. And more of the glamorous boots. Mlle. Sorel has become the play, almost. She moves in and out there on the scene like a varnished pearl. She is like a *mannequin* from some milliner in heaven.

The young man sees the play, however, though distractedly. It moves evidently in a world made up for the occasion. It patters through a Parisian atmosphere that is depraved and idealistic at the same time. It paints a world that is sordid and eloquent, short-sighted and intelligent, vain and witty. These characters on this stage are hard, they are low, but plainly they love beauty, and especially beauty in ideas. The gamut is run of seduction, compromising letters, *jeune fille*, and a sudden and rather thin rhetoric of self-sacrifice. The conflict portrayed is not human, it is schematic. The struggle is between the author's plan for a plot and the puppets he has invented and intends to make carry the plot through. This play has a certain worldly wisdom. It has no shadows, no flood of unseen living. It has sentiment, logic, but no creation. It has the logic of character, of events, of desire. It does not copy life's externals, the actual surroundings of the world set forth, which the Vermonter might, even without experience in it, recognize in part as true. It does not reveal life's inner truth. And yet, as the young man perceives, this stage piece takes its own course; it winds up, strikes its hour, and unwinds.

In all of it, about the whole business, the young Anglo-Saxon sees no merit whatever. In the face of it he feels rustic, rural, lonely, misunderstood, though he does not precisely recognize these emotions for what they are. He resents this French procedure. It seems to him cruel. It seems hard. It evidently is a result that comes only from long practice, expertness, learned economy. But why work so hard and arrive at such an empty thing as this? This only gets in the way of any truth about life. As for Mlle. Sorel, he sees that she is not beautiful, or young any more. And her face is wide in the cheek bones, her hair thinnish, her mouth large. But there is the effect, nevertheless; there is all the self-possession that implies charm, distinction, beauty. The paint, the blond powder, the black lines running out from the upper eyelids like a languishing portrait, the jewels, the variety of gowns and slippers which he can hear the women in the seats behind him discussing with Mlle. Sorel's every appearance, all these give an effect. But why get an effect that is no longer woman, no longer natural? In the tragic places Mlle. Sorel, and

even these gentlemen taking fate in their hands with their gloves on, do seem to give us tragic emotion. At least Mlle. Sorel describes or indicates movingly the quality of tragic feeling. But, the young man asks himself, if she is a woman who can understand and convey great tragic feeling, why not express it straight; why put it through all this artifice?

So he would feel. And there are reasons for his feeling it, some of which are easily seen. His life, his delicate and manly nature, lead him first of all to think that there is something special about emotion. Only in tacit understandings and in deep and upheaving moments can he share emotion with others. He mistrusts expressiveness and suspects abundance of ideas, theories, conclusions, feelings. His soul has a shy tenderness, his body a diffused, strong and embarrassed sex; his attitude toward his experience has a kind of blunt lyricism. He tends to elude and tremble before his own nature rather than to try to understand it. In this region as in every other he distrusts finality. He insists on seeing life for what it might be rather than for what it is. He dwells more on will, inspiration, energy, than he does on capacity, fruits and ends. He thinks of life as a private affair, of marriage not as a social contract but as love, as a sacrament almost. And the only marked way in which he is a member of a community is through his conscience. The Grange, whose end is to promote the happiness of the community, he understands; in his neighborhood that argument is the one used to encourage the grange plan. And he understands why a community joins together over some question of morals. But the instinct for a group in order to join in play and diversion in ideas, flirtations, art and relaxation remains foreign to his nature.

The young man's theory of art is first of all solitary. He thinks of the ultimate regions of all art as the deep, high region of spiritual solitude. Art, which to him is literature mainly, is a place where you go to be understood, to find companionship, to commune with patron saints, and to share your secret and incommunicable life. He loves that line in Virgil about seeming always to go on a long way unaccompanied,

> . . . *semper longam incomitata videtur*
> *ire viam,*

and no little of the day was said for him in that passage about the owl complaining from the housetops its wild songs *et longas in fletum ducere voces.* He loves in English Shelley and Wordsworth and the sonnets of Shakespeare, with their poignant and intellectual passion. Art for this young man belongs to one's hidden soul. Of music he understands to some extent the pure, abstract experience conveyed; he dislikes to think of music as a technical art. He loves pictures but he asks of them something rather definitely true. Nature is the visual art in which he finds himself; it is the only art that he can evolve in which he is able to accept pure abstraction that can exist without comment. At bottom, where art is concerned, how Anglo-Saxon he is! In his inmost heart he has a chaos that refuses to accept order and type. In art he thinks of all things as coming from within.

It is as well that *le Demi-Monde* is the play that the Vermonter sees. If it were *Tartuffe* or *le Misanthrope* the case might be altered. These classical dramas represent a school, a tradition, and the performance of them in this expert and logical fashion must be expected. But when a modern play is performed after this mode, it represents a deliberate choice. *Le Demi-Monde* is an excellent extreme with which to confront an alien spectator.

What this French art of the theatre is, first of all, is urban. It belongs to the city. Its unreal and typical world is an invention of city minds. The reactions, the emotions, the motives that it accepts as dependable and interesting, have evolved from years of conversation and fads and movements. It is a sophisticated rather than inspired art. It understands the relative place, the sanity and the usefulness of enthusiasms and impulses. It understands the perpetual current of affairs and contacts that blunt the edge of experience and provide substitutes and compensations for many losses and disappointments. It is an art that depends on no illusion. Nobody pretends that this play of Dumas's is true or naïve or to be believed in. As for the necessity of illusions we leave that to the provincials. What is asked of it is a display of themes, emotions, ideas, plots and acting; we can enjoy these without believing that the whole is true. The whole game of this drama, this acting, this art of the theatre is admitted, it is a game with its own creative laws. Beneath its symbols

people who know life and the town perceive its meanings. All things rely on mutual exchanges, common understandings, city usages. The point of view of this art is that of civilization. And civilization implies an intention that will develop in a society of individuals an art of coming together in a way that will be most beneficial to public and private interests; it implies harmony, a discipline of mutual complacency and consideration. A man's private interests are to be pursued only with some regard to the degree of his natural, civilized endowment and the good of the community. This point of view need not imply any heroics or self-sacrificing and certainly no patriotic cult or fanaticism; but it certainly does mean that the competition for honors and good fortune, rewards, riches, office and fame take place under some more or less reasonable scheme of society. With the French it means that they have, on no very necessarily lofty plane if you like, concerned themselves with evolving an art of life that will make human society more tolerable and expert. Such an idea of society must to some extent at least be anti-individualistic. But the very idea of a society at all implies something of that. Under such a theory, things that might be merely personal adventure become contracts under the State. Institutions that we might like to forget or deny are recognized, since they do exist, and are regulated. Not only this art of the theatre but much of all art in France succeeds almost entirely through a devotion to perfecting itself for the general uses of society. Through this, much of French art and French craft as well, though it attains no high distinction, is extraordinarily well adapted to the enjoyment of persons who are not by temperament or gift artistic, and so it is admirably social. It understands the fact that up to a certain point art is not entirely a temperamental matter; a good deal of it can be learned. The general artistic fame of the French derives from this fact. They have talked and chattered till the world concedes them to be its most artistic nation. But that is true only in this sense of a social level, a general excellence. The French achieve no oftener than other races the supreme artist. In the supreme artist the humanity of all men is included, but it is deepened and widened beyond the general into its own eminence. But among the French more than any other

people in Europe the sense of art, or at least of finish, from their soaps to their prose, is widely applied. They make art social. And such a sense of civilization, however vague, affects manners, codes, and men's very speech itself, and not least it affects that mingled restraint and expression that is one of the chief problems of art.

An art like this of the *Comédie Française* is a matter of arrangement. It is all built up. Every part is something accepted as signifying some meaning. It makes no pretension to being natural in the sense of representing nature. Its world is its own. Everything is arranged, true to a special set of principles; and the ensuing work of art has preëminently its own truth. Its triumphs are technical, logical, persuasively moving by means of a special language of emotion. The extent to which nature is drawn upon is arbitrary, as it is in architecture or design. And it is neither greater nor less by reason of the fact that it is consistent only with itself, with its own logic, its own artifices, rather than with some actuality outside itself. It is art first and last if it is anything.

The limitations of such an art of the theatre as that practised at the *Comédie Française* are various enough. Under its scheme of things an exact realism is impossible. We could never in this art penetrate to the last reality of some section of living by portraying the exact and revealing outward elements of it, however painful or brutal or shocking. We could not render chaos as it often stands in human experience, because chaos remains unintelligible. And most of all we are deprived of the widest chance possible to the art of the theatre for more and more inclusiveness in the expression of life. The purpose of art is to express experience, to dilate the reality of the moment, to establish upon the flux and uncertainty of things the eternal and constant fact of the ideal. And it must follow that the greatest art of the theatre, the art most to be desired but never wholly attained as yet, will be that which is most free to express all things whatsoever that are in life, whether beautiful abstractions or exact images or the agonizing or the unsayable itself. The ideal art would allow for all methods of expression. Under its scheme every thought and circumstance would be allowed the

form that is closest to it and that is most nearly its soul. But the very limitations insure in this French art advantages.

The advantages that such an art as this of the French theatre enjoys are such as arise from the fact of its having a basis on which to construct and a more or less definite idea of society from which to observe and regulate its material. This art can fall back upon something that arises in such a society as the mind might create, upon something that we all admit as the general outline within which our experiences happen. These experiences and impulses may be warm, infinitely varied, curious or violent; but within this outline they remain and by it their proportions are measured. As for this art of the *Comédie Française* the control, the theory, the assured method and territory undoubtedly limit. But they afford a security on which the art can build an ordered and elaborate and often noble dramatic structure. By knowing its ground it approaches the ease of the immortal gods; and all that gods work, as Æschylos said, is effortless and calm. And it affords the best possible circumstances for the development of a style. I do not mean style in that perfect sense of a vanishing and wholly revealing medium of expression. I mean that quality in which artifice, intelligence and emotional reality are all at the same time apparent, and all together exercise and delight us with that consciousness of distinction and truth that we call style. And through its very limitations the art of the *Comédie Française*, at its best, forces its material into the region of universal type and high and essential patterns of human thought and experience.

But none of this French art will convince the young Anglo-Saxon from Vermont. He will see its completeness, its entire adequacy to its own ends, its logic, its perfected art. But what it tells him, in so far as it tells him anything, is not what he believes about life. He admits this art and despises it. His mind appraises its skill and social intelligence. But he has no great respect for the mind as such. He prefers the spirit, whatever that may be; he guards the shadow in his soul. And he draws on the mystery of the universe to minister to him.

STARK YOUNG.

AFTERMATH

BY MILDRED BLUMENTHAL

"Why do you lie there stark and dead
With a newspaper under your head?"
"Dead? Look again! This is my bed
And I am alive! Though not well fed,
I feel, I see, taste, smell and hear!
Sometimes, too, I dream, or pray,
But most of all—I fear!"

"What do you feel, you senseless clod?"
"Dying grass that clings to my breast,
Soothing winds that woo me to rest;
Or, a gnawing pain,
A tired, tortured brain,
Hard, close-cuddling sod!
But best of all—I feel at one with Nature and with God!"

"What do you see with eyes half-closed?"
"Sleek, kempt comrades that hurry by,
Millions of brothers more lowly than I;
Or, trenches and sky,
Wreck and carnage that lie
Where once was green grass!
But worst of all—piteous glances of some who pass!"

"What do you taste with lips closed and set?"
"Air, paper, tobacco, dead leaves, or wood,
Dust, stones, or bones. Life is so good!
Or, soup, salmon, and beans
From rolling canteens;
At times, even lead!
But strongest of all—salt spray from seas that wash o'er the dead!"

"What do you smell with each drawn breath?"
"Noisome odors from motors that pass,
Heavy fumes: like oil, smoke, tar and gas;
Or, the dank of morass,

Mold, shot, bloody grass
And powder and fire!
But foulest of all—a sickening stench of dead flesh and mire!"

"What do you hear as you lie on your side?"
"Idle chatter that does not matter;
Noisy traffic; shrill, silly laughter;
Or, machine guns that batter
Amid shrapnel a-clatter
Over comrades who died!
But faintest of all—the words of One who was crucified!"

"And your Dream, and Prayer, and that awful Fear?
Strong, brave man, tell us! We listen and hear!

"My Dream?
'Tis of martyrs and prophets, gone to seed,
Who gave their lives that men should be freed!

My Prayer?
'Tis for the Harvest their death did yield—
That tender seedling!—now naked and seared,
Yet standing erect in a desolate field!

And my Fear?
'Tis that more men will bleed! Lord, is there need?"

THE PLAYTHING

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I do not so much mind that you took my heart of youth away;
  Perhaps it was a foolish thing for me to keep so long;
And I know it was untidy, with its tags of gauze and tinsel
  Spun from scraps of fairy tales and wonderings and song;

But I wish you had not thought that you must take away my laughter;
  Perhaps you thought it silliness, bright beads slid down a string—
I suppose you could not guess it, with its gilt and silver glitter,
  That looked so like a toy, to be a very useful thing:

For hard roads do not matter, nor the tragical great sorrows,
  Nor mile-high hills that weary you, nor stones that cut your feet,
If you can toss it up and down, your glittering bright laughter,
  And mock at all the curious things and stately things you meet;

But now that I have lost it, black and huge beneath my fingers
  Is my little world I played with, that was like a colored ball . . .
And I wish, if you please, that you would give me back my laughter,
  Because I must go on and cannot find my way at all.

THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE—III

BY JOHN ERSKINE

THE CULT OF THE NATURAL

I

It belongs with the confusion of æsthetics in our time that the same people who ask art to be original often ask it to be natural. Being natural would appear at first sight the least original of programmes. Even if by originality we mean personality, yet there still seems some contradiction in the wish at one and the same time to develop a strong personality and to remain in a state of nature. Since it is the thoroughbred, not the wild animal, that is distinguished from his fellows, and the cultivated bloom, not the field flower, that charms by its single self rather than in quantity, a condition of impulse close to the unsifted accidents of life would seem to promise an art notable chiefly for its volume, its indistinction and its insignificance.

But those who ask art to be natural never mean completely natural. In their wiser moments they are only asking art not to be artificial, or at least to help them forget it is artificial. They demand a "realistic and romantic naturalism", or "a world of honest, and often harsh reality", and what they are looking for is indicated by the fact that they find something convincingly lifelike in *Anna Christie* or *The Hairy Ape* or *Kiki*, but something strained and mechanical in a comedy by Sheridan or Oscar Wilde. Art, no doubt, is still desirable in literature, but art shot through with crude material, to reassure us that we are human. At its best, the cult of the natural today may find a satisfying reality in *The Easiest Way* or in *Liliom* rather than in *Dover Road* or *He Who Gets Slapped*. Since all plays are highly artificial, naturalness is hardly the word for the virtue of good plays; they are convincing, rather, they take us frankly into another world, and for the moment make us forget it is not our world of everyday. Yet

those who ask the stage to be natural are apparently reassured when through the imaginary world of art breaks some accent of ordinary speech, some aspect of our common sordidness. Here, it seems, we touch earth and are strengthened. The power of *The Hairy Ape* or of *Liliom* surely comes from no gracious naturalness in the plot—young ladies on ocean voyages do not visit the stokehole swathed in white, nor do philosophical stokers resort to the zoo to get themselves strangled by the ourang-outang; what enlists our credulity is the string of oaths and rough talk which makes us feel at home, and without which the fabric of the drama would reveal itself as flimsier than cardboard.

The cult of the natural at its best asks of the medium of art also, as well as of the subject, that it wear a common aspect, untouched by artifice. Many of the new poets take as their ideal "the sequence of the spoken phrase", with a special dislike of all "inversions"; the "language of common speech" will serve their purposes. Yet most of them are better poets than their theories would indicate, and their practice, like Wordsworth's in a similar predicament, is perhaps sufficient guide to the kind of naturalness they are after. *An Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg* is the kind of naturalness Wordsworth fell into when he was off his guard. "Other poets," says a more modern cultivator of naturalism, "will come and perchance perfect where these men have given the tools. Other writers, forgetting the stormy times in which this movement had its birth, will inherit in plenitude and calm that for which they have fought." Most of us who are convinced that all speech is artful in so far as it is intelligible, can occasionally put up with a bit of fine writing like this, but we note in passing that "perchance" and "plenitude" are not the language of common speech today. As for the fear of inversions and the sacredness of the natural word-order, it is enough for the moment to observe that no one order is natural for all peoples, nor for any one speech at all times; different word-orders express different states of emotion, even different ideas, and one is as natural as the other. "Tell me not in mournful numbers" or "Tell not me in mournful numbers"—which is the natural order? From another and contemporary New England poet, who sticks valiantly for the natural order of speech, we may

examine a characteristic line, which has as high a percentage of nature in it as absence of art can insure—"I must pass that door to go to bed." Would it be less natural to say, "To go to bed, I must pass that door?"

To practice artifice and yet to seem spontaneous, to be natural and yet to achieve art—these ancient paradoxes against which the cultivators of the natural arrive, in both the subject matter and the medium of literature, need to be examined in greater detail, but it is well to observe them first in a general way, in order to mark how much confusion lies on the very surface of such thinking. It is emotion perhaps rather than thinking; it is a protest in another form against what seems old and inherited; it is an impatience with art itself. Yet art exerts its old charm upon us all, and the worshipper of the natural succumbs unawares to every triumph over nature. In American letters we fix on Abraham Lincoln as our type of natural expression; the legend of his humble beginnings and the plainness of his manner deceive us into a conviction that he was less indebted to art than Thomas Jefferson, and we therefore talk of the rhetorical extravagances of the Declaration and contrast them with the Attic simplicities of the Gettysburg Address. Perhaps we see a final proof of our sound taste in the story that Matthew Arnold gave up the Address for lost when he got to the colloquial "proposition"; "dedicated to the proposition," we say, was more than his artificial spirit could bear. Whether Arnold expressed such an opinion, or whether he would have been right in so doing, is of less consequence than our emotional readiness, if we cultivate the natural, to accept the Lincoln speech as an illustration of our ideal, and to set it over against the artifice of Jefferson's great document—to detect a literary manner in such a phrase as "When in the course of human events", and nothing but naturalness in "Fourscore and seven years ago"—or to find an empty and sounding rhetoric in "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness", but only the democratic syllables of common sense in "government of the people, by the people, for the people". Both documents are as rich as they can well be in rhetoric, as all great oratory is, and of the two, Lincoln's as a matter of fact, is rather more artful in the progress of its ideas.

II

Our confusion in the search for the natural in art springs from the many different meanings that attach to both words, art and nature. For most of us, perhaps, art is a decoration, something supplementary to life; art, we say, supplies the defects of nature, when we make grass grow in unpromising soil, or when our neighbor's wife, having by nature a poor complexion, emerges daily with a lovely one. In the spirit of this definition we understand what it is to cultivate the arts—to buy pictures when our means will permit us that addition to more primary interests, or to attend the opera after the preliminary stages of our social pilgrimage. We use the word art so often in this bad sense, with the implication of insincerity, that there is something bracing in any invitation to return to nature and to be once more what we were while we still were honest with ourselves and had a sense of humor.

This nature that we return to, haunts our thoughts as a fixed state in which the wise soul can find enduring refuge. Just how we get the idea that nature is stable, is not easy to see; the notion often exists in our minds side by side with a deep conviction that life is a flux, and that time and space are but relative terms in the universal stream. But perhaps it is the outer appearance of the world, nature as landscape, that first suggests a refuge even against time, mountains are so immovable in their mysterious silence for us as for Wordsworth, the ocean is so untamable for us, as it was for Byron. Perhaps also the contemplation of the changing universe during the past century of daring and imaginative science has endowed nature with a romantic career of its own, such as the old humanists ascribed only to men; perhaps the progress of stars, planets and solar systems, observed or guessed at, suggests in spite of the evolution it illustrates a deeper kind of rest in the laws by which that evolution conducts itself; so that the last result of turning from human art to watch the behavior of inanimate things is the conviction that nothing is really inanimate, but that all move in the wisdom of an art superhuman, in an order peaceful and eternal as only a divine vitality could conceive. When we think of nature in this sense of the word, leaving man out of the picture,

ourselves too as far as possible who do the thinking, we are ready to say with Emerson that art is an impertinent intrusion, nature is all. "Nature in the common sense refers to essences unchanged by man; space, the air, the river, the leaf; art is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture; but his operations taken together are so insignificant,—a little shaping, baking, patching and washing, —that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind they do not vary the result."

We can speak of nature in this all-embracing way so long as, like Emerson for the moment, we lay aside every thought of man and of the moral world which he creates or brings under his control, and in which his responsibility is fixed. But once we resume that human outlook, we begin to use the word natural in at least two other senses. In the first place we use it to describe the process of life, that constant birth or becoming which seems to have been present to the mind of the Greek also when he used his word for nature—as when Aristotle says, in a famous phrase, that art is an imitation of nature, meaning that the process of art is a copy of the processes of birth and becoming, and creates by the same methods that life does. In this sense of the word nature is like art, not opposed to it, and with this interpretation Polixenes tried to rebuke the cult of the natural in Perdita, who would not have in her garden a flower artificially bred:

> Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
> A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
> And make conceive a bark of baser kind
> By bud of nobler race: this is an art
> Which does mend nature—change it rather: but
> The art itself is nature.

We use the word nature also to describe the raw material of life which is the result of a previous birth or becoming. It is what some earlier art, human or divine, has already worked on, and what we must work on now if art is to continue. Nature in this sense is the marble, the color, the language which are to be

the mediums of various arts; human passions and instincts also, the social and the material environments which attend our lives, the accidents of fortune which make up their plots; and since all this is what art must work upon, nature so defined is forever somewhat opposed to art, as inanimate materials are opposed to the workman, as the wood and the chisel are opposed to the carpenter. For art is the use of the materials of life for human benefit, a method employed for a premeditated end in a world which except for art might seem given over to chance. Because it is a rearrangement and a control of nature to effect the will of man, life itself, so far as it becomes civilized, becomes an art. But in a world as old as ours the raw material with which art deals is itself the result of art; the wood has been already shaped into boards, the chisel and the hammer have been made into tools before the carpenter touches them, and the environment in which the carpenter is born, the instincts and passions he inherits, the turns and coincidences of his fate, are all probably the result of what others before him made of their materials and opportunities. Thinking of life so, we see it as an alternation of nature and art, or as an alternation in which what first is art becomes afterwards nature, all the achievement of one generation turning into mere starting point and opportunity for the next; and thinking of life so, we understand how nature, to the true artist, is forever set over against art in a contrast that implies affection rather than antagonism, for those who instead of defining art as a decorative supplement to life identify it with civilization itself, are free to love nature without abandoning an ideal, as a sculptor is free to love fine marble, or the painter to love his medium of tint and tone. With time and by such a process of reworking, nature draws nearer and nearer to art; the raw material is made constantly more orderly by rearrangement, as a field is enriched by plowing in the crops. Even in the sphere of human character this is true, in the very seat of the natural, in our instincts and passions; for though we may agree that character should be measured by a moral career rather than by impulses wholly innate, yet it is well to reflect that your impulses and sentiments, if you are born and brought up in Florence or Chartres, Heidelburg or Seville, are likely to be different from the impulses and

sentiments natural to a child born or brought up in The Bronx or in Hoboken. In the eyes of the naturalist, nature is all, as Emerson said, and art only a little shaping, baking, patching and washing, but to the artist who carries in his imagination something of the scope of agelong growth and creation, the truth is what Nature said to the poet in Voltaire's dialogue—"They call me nature, but by this time I am become all art."

III

The possibility, then, of returning to nature disappears when we realize how long a road we have traveled; all that the most primitive minded of us can do is to stick close to the raw material of his own life, to the circumstances with which the art of his predecessors surrounded him. This is the nature which the realists cultivate today. They report those facts of life from which art might take its beginning, but they report them as much as possible in an arrested state, for fear they might pass on into art. Mr. O'Neill gives us this kind of nature in his plays, Mr. Sinclair so reports the Middle West in his novels, Mr. Frank so studies New York City for us. Among the poets Mr. Frost, catching the accent of the spoken language, gives us the language of one phase of New England; Mr. Robinson, with a like faithfulness to the natural cadence, gives us another kind of New England speech; Mr. Lindsay has the colloquialism of his part of the country, Mr. Sandburg of his. They are all artists, or they would not mean so much to us, but in so far as they have followed their own ideals of the natural they have laid aside some of the magician's robes to which by inheritance they are entitled, and they leave with us their renderings of our world in a form of utterance less noble than their theme and out of harmony with it. In our prose and verse alike, the studied inadequacy of style to the occasion is a standing reproach to us, all the worse since it is often the pose of an inverted vanity, like the democratic conviction still flourishing in the land that the dinner coat or the evening coat is an artifice of a worn-out society, whereas the senatorial frock coat and wide hat are the natural and God-given sheathings of our original nakedness.

To revert to the starting point of our lives is to seek nature in

vain, since the alternations of art and nature proceed relentlessly, whether we rest our dead weight on the process or try to help it along. It is a vain flattery of our reluctance to travel, to take our seat always in the last car. But, however futile, the cult of the natural in literature has a reasonable explanation, and it is well to understand with sympathy why it is likely to recur periodically in a civilization that must feel its age more and more. Art criticizes life, as we have often been told, by selecting or sifting it; that is what the word criticism means. The authority that art has over us, its right to make such a sifting, derives not from books but from the human brain itself, from the method of memory; we remember only by forgetting most of the things we have done or have suffered, and rearranging the rest. As we grow older life becomes clearer, we say, thanks to this selection and forgetting. When art sifts life, then, it is only imitating the process of nature, and when we observe the process we can understand why the Greeks said that memory was the mother of the muses. But this sifting of life on the part of memory and of art is progressive, and in all honesty we may wonder at times whether it has not gone too far. Some of the clarity of vision, the firmness of doctrine, which is the reward of old age, may be not the genuine harvesting of experience which is almost the gift of prophecy; it may be rather a partial memory which seems clear because so much has been left out. If a poet could get a first-hand impression of life, his art would be one sifting of nature; if he reacts not only to nature but to the interpretations of other poets, his art is a second sifting, more highly organized, perhaps, more intelligible, than is normally recorded from immediate contact with life. It makes no difference whether we call these siftings poetry or criticism, since poetry, as Arnold reminded us, is a criticism of life. The poet may submit his sensitiveness to nature as sifted through three or four or any number of interventions of personality, and we may call the result poetry, or criticism, or criticism of criticism; very often we cannot tell, and the poet does not know, whether the life that stimulates him is direct or transmitted. But in each remove from the first contact with nature, in each additional intervention of personality, we get a clearer order and a finer intelligibility—truth instead of facts,

formulas instead of experiences, and fewer exceptions. The literature, then, which begins in naturalism will at last emerge in philosophy, if we allow it time enough, and the biography of an individual will be condensed and generalized into a proverb.

There are two good reasons, however, for suspecting this economical result. One is that the proverb is probably not true. To arrive at it, in each successive sifting we have left out something, and the total of all the omissions has become almost as comprehensive as the original experience. We must go back and gather up the discarded fragments of our adventure, in order to qualify properly our too simple and absolute summary of life. The art of the historian, we often fear, progresses by some such over-elimination; archæology sometimes rescues him by restoring large sections of a past, the absence of which he had not noticed, but in periods too recent for archæology to take him by surprise, he constantly rewrites his history, to sift it more to his mind, until we may suspect that his account is nearer to our philosophy than to the original facts. In history this tendency is hardly a matter of concern, for if we have a criticism of the eighteenth century which satisfies us, we are content, and the eighteenth century, being dead and gone, will not mind; the poet, therefore, can look on with equanimity while the historians propose to rewrite our national life in order to bring it more in harmony with our present sentiments toward this or that other country; the poet knows that history is not a science but one of the most fascinating of the arts, closely allied to eloquence in its mission to teach and persuade, and that having to do strictly with the past, it enjoys rare freedom in sifting its facts. But the poet himself enjoys no such freedom. Whatever he writes will be checked up by the life we now live; his readers will look into their hearts and criticize. If therefore he has gained his clarity by leaving out things essential in our experience, we reject him as too far from our reality to be of consequence to the race. He may be a philosopher; he is no poet.

His philosophy may even be true, and yet his right to the laurel may be justly denied. For the special service of art is to make us live more intensely in the very life which art sifts and selects—in fact, the sifting has for its conscious purpose a more vivid reali-

zation of what we live through, and a novel or a play is successful, from the standpoint of imaginative literature, only in the degree to which we enter the work, become ourselves the hero, fall in love with the heroine, hate the villain. In this sense the dime novel and the melodrama, though carelessly branded by the theorist as bad art, are likely to be very good art indeed, and the over-reasoned story, though adorned with subtle reflection and refinements of diction, is in fact poor art, as the average person in his heart knows, for in such books the reflection upon life is paid for by a failure to represent what the reflection is about. If the author would only share with us the adventures that caused him to reflect, we could do our own reflecting upon them, but if he will not share the secret which inspires him, we do not care much what philosophizing he does. Literature continues to be great so long as the sifting it makes is really a selection only from life, and what remains is for the imagination still a first hand experience; when the residue grows thin to the imagination and addresses itself rather to logic, we feel justified in making whatever return we can to our starting point in nature, to reassure ourselves there, if we cannot in the book, that this human life we love is still with us.

IV

If such a taking to cover is observed in much writing today, the writers who in one form or another now cultivate nature rather than art may plead with justice that the best literature our country produced before them was perilously deficient in a sense of reality. If they do so plead, however, they ought to be consistent. If they think that so great an artist as Hawthorne was deficient in reality, that transcendental philosophy occupies too much room in his romances and the sense of actual American life too little, then they ought not to tell us at the same time that Poe and Whitman are our great poets, for those two were even further along toward the abstract than Hawthorne. And there will be an increasing obligation on those who in each generation of the fast-ripening world make a return to nature, to provide some demonstration that it is not life after all they are running away from. Some men have taken to the hermit's cell to find

God; others to avoid responsibility. As civilization becomes greater in quantity, with more discoveries of science, with more apparatus of education, we need more and more the poetic genius that will dedicate this material to great ends, and by articulating for us what we can recognize as our best ideal, teach us to simplify life by casting off the other less significant interests. The solution of all this raw material for art can only be a greater art. When we turn back from this heroic opportunity to take refuge in what is for us nature, we must convince ourselves, if we can, that our retreat does not indicate in us inadequate equipment or weak nerve or small heart.

In our present cult of the natural there is cause to suspect some such lack of skill and courage. The plea that our predecessors were so deficient in reality that we, to save the day, must exhibit less art than theirs, will not go in the long run. Our new poetry is curiously relaxed and enervated in temper, ground-hugging, grey and flat; if we have moods which such writing adequately represents, we have other moments more cheerful and creative, which our architecture and our engineering manage to express, but which cannot be guessed at in our poetry, not as much as the oak can be guessed at in the acorn. Our novels, too, have lost their courage, and though they often represent photographically the machine of civilization which builds up around us, and which now is the raw material on which our art is to operate, they do not even attempt to portray the spirit of the artist which actually pervades the land, the joy in putting the machine to human uses, the almost divine ecstasy in having made so much of nature subject already to the mind. This mood of confidence in art is as much a fact in our national life as the number of gallons that flow over Niagara each hour, but the poets and novelists seem to have taken fright, and are making literature at least safe for nature.

In both verse and prose, in style as well as subject, the cult of the natural has limited our writers to a few individualistic attitudes, and has taken from them the power to speak with authority on all subjects for us all. We have no American poet, no American novelist; each is the poet or novelist of Vermont or Boston or Maine or Chicago—whatever scene is to him by birth or

habit his natural world. To find a universal utterance of universal experience is the aim and the tendency of art, but the cult of nature compels us to return each in what state he came. The counsel to use the language of ordinary speech limits us to the speech of some locality; any such limitation is a fatal handicap for great poetry. The advice to use only the natural word-order limits us to the word-order which each of us finds natural, whereas it is our duty, on the contrary, if we make any claim to mastery in literature, to enlarge our vocabulary even beyond the words our family and our neighbors made natural to us, and to cultivate all the variety of word-order our speech permits, in order to enrich and refine our style, and render our meaning more precise. The temptation to get along with a small vocabulary and a meagre change of construction is altogether too natural; we did not need this premeditated urging to a still greater poverty. Hitherto the best remedy for a narrow equipment in language has been to read constantly in the great writers; it was they who extended the powers of speech and laid upon each tongue the shape and cadence which to the ill-informed might seem the gift of nature. But now that the ideal of the writer is to shrink to the measure of the conversation he is used to, how shall our nobler moments find expression? Not even in reading old authors, for by the contemporary doctrine of naturalness the old masters are artificial. "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried." . . . "At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed there he fell down dead." . . . "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

These cadences are not natural, and they are not modeled on the sounds that habitually fill our ears. Their distinction, or if you like, their condemnation, is that they are works of art. Such language gets away as far as it can from time and place, and by much sifting out from unessentials it tries to preserve a uni-

versal appeal. If you can write this way at all, you can write as well in New York as in London, as well now as in 1611.

The purpose of art is to make its subject-matter also universal, to sift and rearrange the raw material of life into a history that will have as much meaning as possible for as many readers as possible, for as long as possible. But the cult of the natural tends to the opposite effect—to make the subject matter of literature temporary in its interest and limited in its meaning. The "Kikis" and the "Hairy Apes" which please us for the moment, since they conform to our taste in the spontaneous, the impromptu and the natural, are but the raw material of drama; good plays might be made out of them; but in each case the author stops the story before we pass from nature to art. It is natural, in the sense of our definition, that a stoker in modern times should have two ideas—that to the idle and effete he may seem akin to the missing link, and that since he is at the bottom of society, he must be supporting it. Quite a philosophy can be made out of two ideas, and these two, when put together, promise an explosion. But after all, nothing explodes. The man simply enunciates his two ideas in different accents of violence, until the author thinks it is time to stop, and gets him strangled in the zoo. An artist would have been interested to see in action a character with such a philosophy. Similarly, *Kiki* has an idea, a very simple one; by any means in her power the girl is going to capture the man she loves. Since the only means in her power are very eccentric ones, we watch her eccentricity with astonishment for the three acts; her behavior is original, like nothing that ever was or will be, and our interest is held by the growing desperation of her ingenuity. Well, she gets him—for much the same reason that the hairy ape was strangled, because it is time for the audience to go home. An artist would have granted her ambition as natural, and her success as natural too; he would have shown us, however, what happened after her success, when her philosophy of opportunism in etiquette would have met its test. Had *Much Ado About Nothing* been written by the author of either *Kiki* or *The Hairy Ape*, the play would never have got further than the raw material of the story, the legend that Benedick and Beatrice waged a merry war between them; we should have had

an evening's entertainment of jokes and insults, made gradually more intensive, more violent and more surprising in order to hold us till the last curtain. Shakespeare, choosing the way of art, begins rather at the point where the wit of Beatrice and Benedick is exhausted; they have the reputation for it, but their public efforts show signs of strain and flagging. From this start in nature the play proceeds to represent what happened to Benedick and Beatrice, the witty enemies, when serious accidents brought their fates together.

V

Nowhere in literature, perhaps, is art so obviously essential and naturalism so obviously fatal as in drama, for drama, by exhibiting life to us directly, quickens to its utmost whatever desire we have to see our fellows move on from their natural beginnings to some achievement or significant conclusion. Impulses, ideas, motives, prejudices, passions, and as we now say, complexes, are all natural forms of energy; in real life they weary us if they have only a lyric expression, and we wish they would get started into action. Their attempts toward action may be thwarted, and such a defeat may be tragically significant, but at least they should try, and if instead of trying they waste themselves in talk, they become not energies but nuisances. It is for this reason, we suppose, that Aristotle long ago cautioned us that tragedy, or all drama, is an imitation not of men but of an action, and that plot is the essential thing. He might have said that character may exist in a state of nature, but plot presupposes art in life, a selection from all other incidents of one succession of events which so selected have a meaning. What he did say was that without action there can be no drama, but there may be without character. Plot is a generalization of life, in which the actors may or may not be portrayed as individuals. The woman who lost the piece of silver, the good Samaritan, the mother of Œdipus, are clear enough in their universal relation to the story in which they appear; their personalities may be restated to suit our taste, or left undefined. We read in the newspaper that a man jumps into the river to save a drowning child, and having got to land, discovers that he has rescued his

own son. We live in that drama without asking what was the character of the father or what was the psychology of the son.

It is remarkable how Shakespeare illustrates Aristotle's doctrine, by showing his characters in action and by avoiding as far as possible an analysis of their motives, their instincts, their prejudices, their passions. Life with him finds expression in art or not at all. It is a mirror indeed which he applies to nature, not a microscope; in his glass we see the form of virtue and the features of vice, we know who are good and who are bad, at least as accurately as we form such judgments in life, but we do not know the motives of the good or the bad. What were Falstaff's motives? Should he be acted as a comic or a tragic character? Why did Portia like Bassanio? Why did Cordelia take such an absolute stand with her father? What did Hero think of Claudio, or Hermione of Leontes, after the restoration to the jealous husband? Was Hamlet's mother an accessory to the murder of his father, or did her conscience trouble her only because she had made a second marriage and in such haste? The profundity of Shakespeare's art lies in his genius for representing the surface of action; in art as in ethics, life is chiefly conduct, and it is enough that behind conduct lies unprobed the same mystery that lies behind existence itself.

But since naturalism thinks otherwise, Shakespeare is no longer our example. Browning is more in our vein. For him the natural man, the raw material of each one of us, the hidden instincts and impulses, must be the whole subject, and action he finds useful only in the fragmentary incidents that must be premised before you can conclude anything even about instincts. Few verdicts in criticism are wider of the mark than the too familiar saying that Browning's genius is Shakespearean. He is the opposite of Shakespeare. He is absorbed in what we call in a loose way psychology, in the original man apart from his conduct, or as far apart from it as you can separate him. To be so concerned about motives and instincts is to be a kind of inverted dramatist, moving back from action instead of toward it; it is no wonder, therefore, that Browning's so-called dramas fail on the stage, since in that direct relation to the audience their static naturalness, their inability to live out a significance in conduct,

is pitilessly revealed. Everybody examines himself and talks about himself, as God made him; nothing gets under way; the audience is finally delivered by the death of the soliloquizer, not in a zoo, but more politely, it may be, in a gondola. "Even if you string together a set of speeches expressive of character," said Aristotle, "though well finished in diction and in thought, yet you will not produce the essential tragic effect nearly so well as with a play which, however deficient in these respects, yet has a plot and artistically constructed incidents." To return to nature absolutely would be to return to silence. Short of silence, to return to nature in literature is to confess your private character in monologue. Browning is master in that kind. It would be untactful to name the writers today who share the mastery with him, and perhaps it is enough merely to suggest the idea. To save time we might prudently meditate rather upon the few poets and novelists remaining whose art gets further than monologue.

Meanwhile the universe marches on its secret errand, not altogether secret since it marches, and its art is slowly dramatized in its vast conduct. Art for art's sake is a formula inspiring if taken in a noble sense, but in any sense it is intelligible as a programme deliberately chosen. To cultivate nature for nature's sake is absurd. For nature is here without our aid, and to preserve it in what we call its pure state, we need cultivate nothing—unless it be a more animal contentedness to profit in indolence by the art of those who came before us.

JOHN ERSKINE.

THE SECOND COMING OF ISRAEL

BY RABBI JOEL BLAU

I

The British mandate for Palestine, despite hostile agitation and intrigue, is signed and approved, and thus, by the action of the League of Nations, the Jewish Homeland, though not yet a historic fact, has become a historic possibility. But this has not put an end to unfriendly agitations. The Arabian delegation, returning home undeniably defeated, marched nevertheless into the Holy City under triumphant banners, as if to show their untamed spirit and their expectation of ultimate victory. Added to this, stories of the restlessness of the Arabian population—behind which, however, one suspects the propagandist's wish that is father to the thought—continue to pour in through the news channels. Nor do British Lords and sundry politicians scruple to make common cause with *agents provocateurs*, and to champion the Arabian Effendi at the expense of the cause of Zion. Now and again we still hear parliamentary speeches on the costliness of the English policy in Palestine; and the abandonment of the mandate, or at least the withdrawal of the Balfour Declaration, is being urged in many a quarter. In Palestine itself an attempt is afoot to boycott the Government loan as a protest against the mandate and as a taunt to the Zionists. The opposition, then, to the restoration of the Jewish people to the land of their fathers is still alive, and, if dying, certainly dies hard.

Some student of Ethnic Psychology in the year 2000 (a Teuton most likely) will find interesting material for excogitation in the fact of Christian and Moslem joining hands against the Children of Israel. Nothing can be more humorous—in a melancholy sort of way—than this curious phenomenon that the ancient hatred of Jews clothes itself in a newly discovered love of Arabians.

How inconsistent! Jews wish their Arabian cousins well. They eagerly claim kinship with them in race and language.

They find in their strict Monotheism an additional bond between themselves and the sons of Ishmael. They respect the national aspirations of the Arabian people in their own land. They would be glad to see Mecca and Medina rise as high above the hills of the world as does Jerusalem the Beautiful. They are even willing, out of their richer and riper cultural experience, to help their Arabian kinsmen in restoring the Golden Age of Arabian civilization and bringing light into the lowliest Fellah tent. It is this very thing that the Effendi fears. He is afraid of the spread of enlightenment in Palestine through Zionist effort, with its attendant rise in the standard of wages and living. The Rutenberg plan, besides electrifying Palestine by the use of the headwaters of the Jordan, may galvanize among others the slow-moving, soporific, servile Fellah into a realizing sense of his being exploited by the rich landholding Effendi class. A Jewish Edison is not wanted in Palestine to let the light in. The electric bulb and mediæval darkness are incongruous: the Effendi knows this; already some Fellahs know it, too. Some day all Fellahs will know it; and then the Arabian people as a whole will look back upon this anti-Zionist agitation and see it in its true light: as the combined endeavor of Effendi and anti-Semite—an inglorious alliance, forsooth.

Meantime, what hurts most is that any flimsy stuff seems good enough to be forged into an anti-Semitic weapon. The most solemn teachings of Scripture are set aside, historic evidence is disregarded, if only any claim the Jew might put forth can be denied and laughed to scorn. Yet, what can be plainer than the Jewish claim to Palestine? Palestine *is* Jewish, because if it had not been Jewish it would simply not be Palestine. It would not be the Holy Land as it lives in the consciousness of the world. This constitutes a claim that no legal or historic quibbling can invalidate or effectively gainsay. The Balfour Declaration, though sufficiently vague, meant at least thus much. To the anti-Semite, however, it only seems to mean a fresh opportunity.

To make this declaration of British good-will mean still more in times to come is the task of the Jew—of the Zionist, who is but the Jew raised to the *n*th power, the super-Jew. He will not shirk it. To him the electric bulb hung up by the Zionist

Rutenberg is not a mechanical contrivance but verily a sacred twentieth century symbol of the new light that was anciently promised to shine forth from Zion. But the symbol is twofold. For the Jew believes that a restored Zion—a latter day *Gerusalemme Liberata*—will spread light not only into his own dark world but also into the troubled and confused life of mankind.

It will be well to consider the Zionist venture under this double aspect: What it means to the Jew; and, What it means to the world.

II

We turn to the first aspect. Shallow-minded observers, both within and without, have too lightly assumed that Zionism is but a reaction against pogroms and persecutions, which spends its force with the disappearance of at least the virulent forms of anti-Semitism. But Zionism is more than that. The Jew is tired and homesick; and Zionism is the nostalgic cry of a harassed people. It is the home- and space-hunger of the Jewish Soul, stunted and dwarfed in alien soil, for its oriental habitat, where it can regain its original height and bloom, the outflowering of its noblest faculties.

Bolder than ever has the question become of late: Is there any room for the Jew *qua* Jew in the West? And the most encouraging sign is that the question is no longer being asked by the Jew-hater alone, but by the Jew himself. I say encouraging,—though that may sound paradoxical in many an ear,—because it shows that the Jew is laying timidity aside, and is beginning to look at his problem from within: not merely in terms of the possible or impossible improvement of his relations to his Gentile neighbor, but rather in terms of his own spiritual difficulties, in terms of the enhancement of his racial character and racial life. And the answer that the Jew is giving to this soul-searching question is equally courageous and manly: If there is no room for the Jew in the West, he will go East! But let the world make it possible for him to return to his first home. He hears Mother Zion calling to him, as she called to the Prophet or Psalmist who wept by the rivers of Babylon, and he would fain follow her call. He knows that, spiritually if not materially, he will be better off there, in the Old Home: and the world may heave a sigh of relief.

There he will solve his own inner problem; and the external problem, created by the persistence of anti-Semitism, will solve itself almost automatically. For it cannot be repeated too often that the Jew's external problem can only be solved by the solving of his internal problem or problems. Anti-Semitism cannot be successfully combatted in the Diaspora; it can only be countered in and through a Jewish Palestine. In Palestine the Jew will find himself once again; there he will find his God and rediscover his Jewish soul. He will release his creative energy, found his own culture, and cease to be a pensioner upon the charily doled out good-will of the world. Rather will he develop his originality, and send forth from the motherland his peculiarly Jewish contribution to human civilization, which the world will accept with better grace at this distance than it does today from a proximity too close for mutual comfort.

Judaism, as developed by the Eternal Jew, is not a mere theology: one might call it an inspired biology. To the writer in the New Testament, and many an earnest Christian theologian, Judaism has appeared only a mass of legal enactments, tinged with what by both an error of history and of language has come to be called "Pharisaic" hypocrisy. But there is something in the spirit of the Pharisee which defies meticulous analysis, as it defies the greatest analyzer—Time: something that readily discloses itself to loving insight in the light of eternal values. And because the Church had unfortunately missed this Something—this Everlasting Pharisee Spirit—it construed Judaism to be merely a life of law. But it is not that: rather is it a law of life, the most glorified expression of the "will to live". To this law all things have been and are subordinated; even the Jewish religion with its distinctive ceremonial served chiefly as a means of assuring the preservation of the Jewish type. However, if in the past this law expressed itself mainly through exclusive Ghetto observances, today, when Talmudic Judaism has broken down and ritualism fails as a mode of self-realization; today, when the whole basis of Jewish life must be shifted and the Jewish problem viewed from a new angle: today it is the Land that must serve as the instrument of the survival of the Ancient People. Survival? No—rather call it a revival: not merely the feeble

gesture of a people that has outlived its usefulness and does not know how to withdraw gracefully from the scene, but the determination of a tremendously vital race to live fully, and live gloriously. Call it, if you will, survival, but survival with a purpose: not merely brute self-preservation, rather preservation of the Self; not a Darwinian survival of the fit as much as a survival of the wit, of that fair Emersonian "symmetry that reaches as far as the wit", which to the sage of Concord was the high attribute of race individuality, and which must by all thoughtful men be acknowledged as the inalienable possession of every self-revering member of the families of the earth.

The Jew of today, the Jew steeped in the noble Pharisee spirit and tradition as here conceived (I love to call him the Modern Pharisee), is convinced that in Palestine this symmetry of the racial structure can be restored, enhanced and raised to its highest pitch of perfection. The Jew needs to be humanized; to learn and unlearn a great many things. He must secure a new education in freedom, a new skill in self-management. He must rid himself of the "reproach of Egypt"—of the many faults acquired in the land of the stranger. He must retain only what was best in his past life and training, and slough off what may mar his character and conduct. For example, the old dialectic studies of the Jewish school made undoubtedly for nimbleness of intellect; but such nimbleness is its own nemesis. The kind of mentality that answers one question with another is, for all its keenness and subtlety, unfit to adjust itself to the less idiosyncratic mind of mankind at large. The Jew must learn how to face difficulties squarely, man-fashion; how to meet them without subterfuge, shortcut or loophole. He must also learn that Mind is but one-half of man's being, while Spirit is the other half—and the better half at that. Rationalism has been his bane, nationalism will prove his boon: for only through a wholesome national existence in Palestine can the Jew again be attuned to the Call of the Infinite. He who erstwhile drew from the Jordan the waters that refreshed the heart of the world, and heard the Father whisper in the mysterious silences that brooded over the mountains of Judea, must return to the same old fountain-head of inspiration, and interpret for mankind the speech of the mute

skies. Truth ever grew out of the Palestinian soil: it will sprout afresh from under the plough-shares of the Zionist pioneers. Zionism, in a word, is naught else than a stupendous scheme for the reëducation of an entire race!

There will be those to ask, What warrant is there for the expectation that the Jewish race can be reëducated and refined in Palestine, its character restored, nay, exalted? The answer is that, as a matter of fact, this miracle has already been accomplished. First, there are the much-admired Jewish colonies. Then, it is no exaggeration to say that within the last three or four decades Jewish Palestine has given birth to and nurtured a new human type. Unmarred by the stigmata of the Ghetto, without a vestige of queerness or abnormality, yet intensely individualistic—the neo-Hebrew of the flashing eye and erect stature exhales a breath of freedom in a way that must amaze any beholder who has only known the Jew, emancipated or not, of the Diaspora. Lastly, there is the miracle of the revival of the Hebrew language. No outsider can have an adequate idea of what it meant to make the ancient tongue of prophet and psalmist live again on the lips of the neo-Palestinians. It meant the creation practically of a new language on the basis of the old; and it is simply marvelous how fast the modern Hebrew language is becoming a flexible medium of expression for both literary and everyday uses. And the young Palestinian Jews, even the little children, are passionately devoted to their old-new language, which they regard as the symbol of their "new freedom". "*Sabhtha*" (granny), said the three-year old scion of a well-known Palestinian pioneer family to the grandmother who held him in her lap, "*sabhtha*, why dost thou speak Yiddish? *Dabberee 'Ibhrith!* Speak Hebrew!" "I can't," replied the grandmother who had emigrated from Russia. And then, once again the three-year old wisdom: "Dost see, *sabhtha*, how broken thy teeth are; that comes from talking Yiddish: speak Hebrew, and thy teeth will be all right again." The sage advice of the tot expresses to perfection the conviction of the best minds among Jews of today that by going back to the old home and the old culture all that is broken in Jewish life will be repaired and made whole again. Upon this conviction rests the establishment of

the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, which may yet gather into its halls the greatest intellects of Jewry—and of the world too—an Einstein, a Bergson, a Brandes.

These things have been achieved under the greatest difficulties: how much more will be accomplished when the Jew obtains full autonomy! But, some ask, What of the Jews that cannot or will not return to Palestine? The answer is that Palestine is not a solution for the individual but for the group. The chief purpose is not that Jews be saved but that the Jew be saved, that the type be preserved. The fate of those who elect not to return may be ultimate absorption; but should this not be the case, they too are sure to bask in the reflected glory of the new Jewish life in Palestine, and in consequence will find that prejudice will gradually disappear, and the maintenance of a dignified Jewish life, within certain limits, will be possible. It is however to be expected that if the Palestinian experiment proves successful, Jews will want to return; and, moreover, room will be found for practically the entire race, or at least for a representative part thereof. And that will be the last of the Jewish problem.

Hence we are once again back at the cardinal point: You cannot solve the Jewish problem from without, you must solve it from within. You cannot meet anti-Semitism with arguments, you must counter it with action, with a definite programme. You cannot forever and aye contrive new replies to the charges hurled at the Jewish people: you can best refute them by raising a new attractive Jewish type in Palestine. For the only possible answer to a stubborn, persistent anti-Semitism is a purified and exalted Semitism.

How stubborn, indeed, is anti-Semitism! And how illogical! How can any anti-Semite consistently oppose the reëstablishment of a Jewish Homeland in Palestine? Anti-Semitism involves the proposition that there is no room for the Jew in the Western world. On this point the Semite is in full agreement with the anti-Semite. However, the corrolary of this proposition is that if not in the West then in the East. But what logic is there in barring the Jew both from the West and the East? The blood of hundreds of thousands of Jews slain in Poland, Russia, Ukraine and Hungary cries from the ground, repeating

the eternal question, to the tune of the tramping feet of six-hundred thousand Jewish orphans: "*Wohin?*"—whither? Whither shall they go? There must be some spot on God's earth which the Jew might call his own, and where the age-long man-hunt of which he is the perennial victim might come to a halt. Why, even the recent history of Palestinian events has shown that pogroms are just as easy under a Jewish High Commissioner as under a Russian *Chinovnik*. But this thing cannot go on for ever! The Jew cannot be destroyed, even though mankind were resolved to exterminate him. And he cannot be pushed off the globe: the Martians have not yet declared their intention of receiving the Jew as full-fledged patriotic citizens of Mars—apart from obvious difficulties of transportation. But the way is open to Palestine; and one fails to understand how any true anti-Semite can refrain from supporting Zionism.

If but the anti-Semite were as much in agreement with the Semite touching the Jewish question as the Semite is with the anti-Semite! Chesterton, in his *New Jerusalem* (a name for the Old Hatred) puts forth the topsy-turvy idea that Zionism will best succeed if it fails. To him the value of Zionism lies in the mere *geste*. But why not be consistent? If he objects to the presence of the Jew in London, and also in Jerusalem, where in the name of common sense, let alone humanity, shall the Jew go to?

III

We will now turn to the second aspect—the universal aspect of the Zionist ideal. Zionism insists that the civilized nations of the world have a vital interest in the restoration of the Jew to Palestine. And this not from the negative standpoint of ridding themselves of their Jewish citizens, which they may not succeed in accomplishing; but from the positive standpoint of advancing the cause of human civilization.

For beneath all the alleged perversions of character and conduct we so often hear of, there still beats the same Jewish heart that has ever created the most beautiful dreams of the world. And in saying this, the thought suggested is not that the Jew wishes to be a pensioner on his own past, and therefore asks for Palestine as an Old Folks' Home for a decrepit people; but that,

knowing the possibilities of his own national soul, he asks for an opportunity to realize them through a new creative effort that shall turn the Land of the Fathers into the Land of the Children, the Promised Land into a Land of Promise. And the promise of the new life in the old land is this: that Palestine will once again become the source of religious and moral inspiration for mankind. Let mankind remove the burden from the repressed spirit of the Jew, and his racial Genius will lay the foundations of the better civilization of the future. Palestine, as no other land under the heavens, may well be turned into an experiment station for the realization of the prophetic dream of universal justice and peace, made possible only through a better adjusted social order, through a persistent, progressive attempt at perfecting human relations. The Zionist ideal is not a narrow parochial one which seeks no community with the human race at large. Zionists know best that a world reconciled and healed is the very condition of the success of their own strivings. Therefore, the Zionist ideal, stated fully, is:—A free Israel in a free Palestine, and a free mankind in a free world: a free Israel as the Messianic instrument of a free world.

If ever there was a self-repairing organism, Israel is that. It has in its own blood and breeding all the necessary healing agencies to correct the abuses and deficiencies of its unfortunate past. For example, if on the highways of Judaism we meet with rigid formalism and an unattractive rationalism, on the byways of Judaism, ever shunned by its official exponents, blossom in obscurity some of the fairest flowers of the Jewish Soul. It is to these byways that the world owes a Spinoza, a Bergson—the teachings of both being none other than a conscious or unconscious translation into modern form of the Jewish Kabbalah. When, for example, Bergson identifies Knowledge with Love (Intuition), one well-versed in Jewish literature is amused to find in a Hebrew work on the Kabbalah, dating from the twelfth century, this same doctrine of the identity of Love and Knowledge. This, by the way, furnishes a hint as to why the world does not love the Jew—it does not know him. It certainly does not know of the vast untapped sources of spiritual energy within the eastern soul of the Jew. The world has taken much from the Jew; it does not

know how much more there is in him waiting to be taken and used for the common good.

And how can the world be indifferent to the release of this unused energy? Is the world so rich in spiritual wealth that it can afford to neglect new civilizational possibilities? What a confession, for instance, on the part of Dean Inge in his publicly expressed scepticism on the subject of progress! The fearful disenchantment engendered by the war has given rise not merely to the question to what extent we have advanced, but whether human progress is possible at all—if it is not one of the many pathetic illusions of man? The world is in a state of unrest. The great ideals of the war have not been realized. There is no new heaven, and the earth is just a trifle older and less hopeful. Militarism is still rampant, and nations have not abated their greed. Democracy has come to mean middle-class democracy, whose ideal is acquisition rather than creation: a democracy which is not safe even for Democracy. Comfort has been accepted as the criterion of civilization, with frenzied pleasure as an exaltation of the jaded nerves. Our world is oversexed and naked—naked, not with the beautiful unashamed nakedness of the Hellenes, but with the provocative lure and leer of the breathless sex-chase: a world in which Puritan and Epicurean unwittingly combine to kill the sane and sanctified enjoyment of the beauty of the world. No new vision of life has risen out of the flames of the war; while the churches still cherish the dim half-light of the Dark Ages. Is it not possible that the new vision will come from where it always did come—from the Jewish East? Perhaps a new synthesis of all the dreams the world ever dreamed: of Hellenism and Semitism; of the fairest hopes that ever shone between the columns of the Acropolis and gleamed on the Tower of David? Will not the Law once more go forth from Zion and the word of God from Jerusalem?

It is enough to know that the Jew is even today groping for a new vision, a new understanding. The world indeed is in a state of unrest. But the world is path-lost, while the Jew is finding his way back to Zion. And then there is a difference between world unrest and Jewish unrest. For when the West is in a condition of unrest the result is a new war. But when the East is in tur-

moil of soul the result is a new Bible, a new Messiah. And when was the world in greater need of Bibles and Messiahs than today? These are not considerations, perhaps, that weigh with politicians whose sphere is limited by *Realpolitik*. But if the statesmen of our age were endowed with true wisdom, they would combine to help Israel regain the dignity of full statehood in Palestine. Nothing less can be satisfactory either to the Jew or to the world. Palestine should be made in time as Jewish as England is English, or as America is American. The Balfour declaration cannot be regarded as more than a beginning—a step in the right direction. The difficulties in the way of the final consummation of the Zionist hope are many, but the Jew is undaunted. Indeed, with all these difficulties, the Jewish people looks for no outside help. It is ready to shoulder the gigantic task of the reconstruction of Palestine, unaided. Broken and battered Israel, suffering from bitter enemies without, hampered within both by the poverty of its faithful and by the wealth of its faithless sons, is expected to undertake the well-nigh impossible job of building up the ancient wastes of the Holy Land. No matter—for Israel the impossible is possible. But how can the nations stand by and watch with indifferent if not hostile eye the struggle of this hapless people for rehabilitation? Devastated Belgium, devastated France, has readily commanded the generous sympathy of the world: Why not devastated Judea? If the statesmen of the world possessed the vision they would see that it is not enough to restore Palestine to the Jew; they should help restore the Jew to Palestine; for if the Jews are too poor and powerless to effect a complete restoration, not alone of the Land to the People but also of the People to the Land, some means ought to be found to help them, and thereby remove once for all this cankering sore from the body of mankind—the Jewish problem.

Remove the sore: remove what is today a disruptive element. Place this element where it belongs and utilize what is potentially the world's greatest source of spiritual energy. If the nations of the world refuse to put this element (which, like all elemental forces, can tear down or build up according to right or wrong use) in its proper place, they have only themselves to reproach

for the resultant havoc. If, however, they act wisely, they may themselves look hopefully to the new dawn in the East, and wait for the greater glory the Jewish Soul will yet shed upon the whole earth. In times gone-by, when Israel lived in its own land, it sent forth one Saviour to mankind, and the result was Christianity; in times to come, when Israel will be restored to its land, it may send forth—reverently let this be said—many more saviors to a waiting world, and the result will be—Humanity.

Half the world believes in the second advent of the Man of Nazareth. Why should not the whole world accept, in a wider sense, this beautiful hope of the reappearance of the promised Messiah, and wait with bated breath for the Second Coming of Israel?

JOEL BLAU.

MODERN YUGOSLAV LITERATURE

By MILIVOY S. STANOYEVICH

DURING the nineteenth century Yugoslav literature passed through four phases, which took place roughly speaking in the first, fifth, eighth and tenth decades. Between 1800 and 1850 occurred the first Romantic revolt known in Yugoslavia as Illyrism or the Illyric movement; between 1850 and 1870 we have practically the same literary movement under the name Young Serbia or the times of *Omladina* (Youth). The period from 1870 to 1900 is characterized as Realism or Naturalism, and the authors from 1900 up to the present are often called the Symbolists or Modernists, who attempt to strike out altogether new lines in art and poetry.

I

The leadership of the Romantic period in Yugoslav literature belongs to three great pioneers: Yerney Kopitar, Vuk Stefanovich, and Lyudevit Gay. This triumvirate of literary reformers was followed by the poets and Romantics proper: Stanko Vraz, Ivan Mazhuranich, Branko Raditchevich, Petar Petrovich Nyegosh, France Preshern, and Petar Preradovich.

The most brilliant, influential and infinitely versatile of all the Yugoslav authors was Vuk Stefanovich. He was born in Trshich, a village near the river Drina. As a boy he learned to read and write in a monastery, using a reed instead of a pen and a solution of gunpowder for ink. In lieu of writing paper he was happy if he could get cartridge wrappings. Throughout that whole region there was no regular school at that time and his father at first did not allow him to go to Austria. Meanwhile the Serbian insurrection had broken out in 1804. Vuk was made a scribe in a military company. When the Turks plundered and burned his native village, he betook himself to the city of Karlovtsi and studied there privately the Latin, Germanic and

Slavonic languages. Later on he was for a certain time in the civil service of the Serbian Government. In 1813 he was forced to leave his country, which had again been conquered, and went to Vienna. Here chance brought him into contact with Yerney Kopitar, the well known Slavist, who was the first to write a scientific *Slovene Grammar* and to recommend the popular tongue for the literary language. He encouraged Vuk to write also a *Serbian Grammar* and *Serbian Dictionary*, and to introduce the vernacular speech into literature. This programme was adhered to by the latter, who all his life acknowledged gratefully what he owed to his mentor. His future life was devoted to the reformation of the Yugoslav language and gathering of traditional songs, legends, proverbs, riddles, customs and usages.

In 1814–1815 Stefanovich published two volumes of *Srpske Narodne Pesme* (Serbian National Songs), which afterwards increased to four, then to six, and finally to nine volumes. In enlarged editions, these admirable songs drew towards themselves the attention of all literary Europe. Goethe characterized some of them as "excellent and worthy of a comparison with Solomon's *Song of Songs*." Jacob Grimm found in them a link between "Oriental and Occidental lyrics." He compares them with the noblest flowers of Homeric poetry, and for *Zidanye Skadra na Boyani* (Building of Scutari on the Boyana) he says that it is "one of the most touching poems of all nations and all times." The founders of the Romantic School in France, Charles Nodier, Prosper Mérimée and Lamartine, translated a goodly number of them, and they also attracted the attention of some English men of letters, Walter Scott, Owen Meredith, and John Bowring. In recent days we find a few collections of translated Serbian songs in both English and American literature. Especially good renderings were made during the World War and after by J. W. Wiles, H. Rootham, and D. H. Low.

Stefanovich's great merit for Yugoslav letters is threefold. First, he revised the written speech; secondly, he collected the national poetry; and thirdly, he created a new basis of literary taste. His reform was founded on a phonetic principle, which is today known as simplified spelling (Write as you speak, and read as it is written). By this rule he introduced one sign

for each sound, and one sound for each sign. Except the Spanish, perhaps, hardly any other nation in the civilized world has such a simple, logical and precise spelling system as this. His volumes of the popular ballads and lyrics were a discovery in the true sense of the word. They served as a standard for other similar collections in Slavonic literatures, and with their simple structure, their vision and breath of beauty, they inspired men of genius. A whole generation of Yugoslav poets was reared and educated in the spirit of the national poetry. And this was due to Vuk Stefanovich, to his invincible diligence and his ardent enthusiasm for lore and literature.

The champions of Illyrism, instrumental in securing the triumph of Vuk and Gay, were Vraz, Mazhuranich and Raditchevich. Stanko Vraz was one of the principal stars in the Illyric (Yugoslav) firmament. He wrote love poems entitled *Dyulabiye* (The Red Apples) and several other collections of sonnets, ballads, verse-romances, and political satires. Ivan Mazhuranich is generally known by his classic epic *Smrt Smail-Age Tchengicha* (The Death of Ismail Aga Tchengich), published in 1846. This exquisite epopœia, written in the meter of the heroic Serbian ballads, gives a vivid description of life in Herzegovina under Turkish rule, and of the hereditary border feuds between Christians and Moslems. The style of the poem is natural and noble, the diction nearly always correct and elegant, and the verse as a rule sonorous and full of harmony. In later life Mazhuranich gave up poetry and, plunging into the vortex of politics, distinguished himself as a statesman.

Another writer, Branko Raditchevich, within a brief space of time contrived to enhance Yugoslav literature with several perennially attractive poems. *Dyatchki Rastanak* (The Students' Parting) is the best of his works. Nothing is lovelier in this remarkable poem than those passages in which he pictures the life of college students. For a time he gives himself up to the fleeting impressions of the moment. He greets the gently rolling hills and the changing scenes of the landscape. He revels in the calm and coolness of the forest and delights in the view of the Danube valley below with its widening rivers and vistas. In *Put* (The Road), a magnanimous allegory, Branko has shown unusual skill

in satirical nomenclature by stigmatizing Vuk's adversaries who disapproved the reform of language and orthography. In the epic *Stoyan* he dared to measure himself with Byron, imitating *Lara*, and naturally came off as poorly as Belial might have done from a contest with Raphael. However the lyrics of this talented man display extreme tenderness, beauty, originality and delicacy of fancy. Some of his shorter pieces are adapted to national melodies and are sung by younger people all over the country. His poetry is small in bulk and slight in body, but it endures, and will endure, in Yugoslav literature, because it is the embodiment of the spirit of immortal youth. Branko is the poet of spring, and those who have not read him before the meridian of their lives may abandon all hope of perusing him when the snows of time are on their heads.

II

More perfect in their construction and technical execution than the above mentioned poets were Nyegosh, Preshern, and Preradovich. Petar Petrovich Nyegosh, the *Magnus Parens* of modern Yugoslav poetry, was a native of Montenegro. He commenced a career of literary exertion by the publication of a small collection of national songs. In 1845 he wrote *Lutcha Mikrokosma* (The Light of the Microcosm), a poem of great energy and sublimity of sentiment, founded on an episode of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. After two years appeared *Gorski Venats* (The Mountain Wreath), a dramatic masterpiece of magnificent conception, in which are described the virile qualities of his race. It is often called the "Serbian Iliad", and really there are in it some verses condensed into epigrams more concise than the Greeks ever uttered:

Merchant plays you with a smile beguiling,
Wife beguiles you with her tears bestreaming,
But the lie of Turk is far more monstrous . . .

. . .

No one ever drained the cup of honey,
Without bitter taste of gall enduring,
Cup of gall requires a cup of honey,
By the mingling one makes light the drinking . . .

. . .

Wolf has right to undefenceless lambkins,
As the tyrant has o'er feeble subjects,
But to trample mercilessly the tyrant,
And to bring the righteous law to conquer,
Is a duty most humane and holy. . .

. . .

Besides writing *Gorski Venats*, Nyegosh is also the author of *Stepan Mali* (Stephen the Little), a drama without dramatic action, the theme of which was drawn from local history. Stephen the Little, the Montenegrin Rasputin, was a monk and adventurer who presented himself as the escaped Peter III, the murdered husband of Catherine II. After a few years this impostor of the Perkin Warbeck type was recognized and put to death. The mystery which generally surrounded the early Slavonic rulers, particularly marked in this case, gave Nyegosh good material which he handled in a masterly manner.

France Preshern was in certain respect a votary of classicism, especially in his collection *Sonetni Venets* (The Sonnet Wreath). In his epic *Krst pri Savitsi* (Baptism on the Savitsa) he manifested a clear tendency toward Romanticism. He was an apt, though not a servile, disciple of Byron, the brothers Schlegel, Bürger, and other "poets of full moon." The romantic love for mediæval traditions has complete expression in two dramas *Marko Kralyevich* and *Vladimir i Kosara* of Petar Preradovich. But this man achieved widespread popularity with his lyric poems. His pensive melancholy expressed itself in the allegory *Putnik* (The Traveler), which hides a whole life of homelessness and isolation. The same note of sadness and longing is felt in his songlet *Miruy, miruy, srtse moye* (Be still, my heart, be still). Some lines of the latter remind one of Musset's *Tu te gonfles, mon cœur*, although it is quite different in melody of words and structure:

Who has stirred thee, heart of mine,
That thou art so restless now?
As a bird in cage thou longest,
In the heavens to wing thy way.
Be still, my heart, be still! . . .

In most of his poems Preradovich upheld a mystic patriotism in the manner of the Polish messianists and Czechoslovak

panslavists. But being too reflective, and not so keen as his progenitors, he did not exercise any decided influence on his successors.

The younger Romantic movement is represented by Lyuba Nenadovich, Dyura Yakshich, Yovan Yovanovich Zmay, Yosip Stritar, Yanko Yurkovich, August Shenoa, and Laza Kostich. Nenadovich was an author of considerable reputation and ability. His travels, in the form of letters, describe the sundry manners of western European people in their private and social life. He edited for several years a literary review *Shumadinka*. He also wrote lyric poems, but they did not bring him high fame so much as his versified *Zapisi* (The Inscriptions). The ease, elegance, and humorous mirth of these aphorisms have made many couplets pass into the memory and language of society. Dyura Yakshich, a king in heroic style, was a painter, educator and author. He may be considered the ideal representative of the age of *Omladina* (Youth). Into his *Stories* he infused creations of his own romantic fancy free from all external influences. His dramas *The Migration of the Serbs* (1864), *Elisabeth* (1868), and *Stanoye Glavash* (1878) are soaked with the essence of his nationality. They are lacking in technique, but they are full of inspiration. His song *Na Liparu* (On the Lipar Hill) is tender, and rises at length into a strain of grandeur and loftiness, which later poets have never been able to surpass. Some of his poems are marked with pessimism. A gloomy trait is particularly noticeable in his incantation *Ponoch* (Midnight) ending with a deeply sad tone:

The door creaked . . .
Oh, ghostly spirit! Oh, dear shadow!
Oh, my mother, happy am I now!
Yet have passed me many, many years
With their bitter and still bitter truths;
Many times my breast has trembled,
And my heart was fain to break,
Because of people and their errors.
Yet I consoled myself with death;
Many bitter cups I quaffed of,
Many loaves with tears I melted. . . .
Oh, mother, mother! Oh, dear spirit!
Since I last saw you, mother darling,

No good has come near to bless me,
And perhaps even now you are thinking:
"It is well with him that he hears not
Spider weaving o'er the blackened ceiling!
He is midst the people, neighbors!" . . .
Yet it's bad to be amongst the rabble:
For malice stalks apace with vice,
With them envy shakes fraternal hands,
And the lie is always to be found
There where baseness leads them,
Flattery and treason court and serve them,
Escorted by unfaithfulness as well. . . .
Oh, mother, mother, malicious is the world,
Life, oh, my mother, is full of sorrow.

Of the same bent is Yovan Yovanovich Zmay, the poet of sympathy. In his lyric songs under the collective titles *Dyulichi* (Little Red Roses) and *Dyulichi Uveoci* (Faded Little Red Roses) he touches the highest point of his creative genius. There are six large volumes of his *Pevaniya* (The Book of Songs), and several smaller collections including the satires, epigrams, and children's songs. To the American literary world Zmay is known partly through the rendering of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson. In the following we have the poet's definition of poetry that few would think of contending for even in these modernistic days:

Where is Pain and dire Distress,
Songs shall soothe like soft caress;
Though the stoutest courage fails,
Song's an anchor in all gales;
When all others fail to reach,
Song shall be the thrilling speech;
Love and friends and comfort fled,
Song shall linger by your bed;
And when Doubt shall question, Why?
Song shall lift you to the sky.
(Johnson's translation)

Of the above authors the three are novelists: Yanko Yurkovich, Yosip Stritar, and August Shenoa. From their earliest years these three men of letters had been laying up from French sources impressions which were to be definitely useful to them in the creations of their interesting and suggestive prose-romances.

Yurkovich deserves notice for his satires and dramatic compositions. Stritar was the founder and editor of a literary paper *Zvon* (The Bell), and wrote novels of which the most popular are *Zorin*, the Yugoslav *Werther*, and *Gospod Mirodolski* (Mister Mirodolski), a sort of *Vicar of Wakefield*. Shenoa edited the review *Venats* (The Wreath) and wrote the novels *Zlatarevo Zlato* (Goldsmith's Gold), *Selyatchka Buna* (The Peasant Revolt), and *Diogenes*. He is credited also with many short stories. Laza Kostich may be characterized as an eccentric but with a spark of genius. His writings abound in coined words, and in devious turns and twists of expression. He was the first to introduce iambic meter into the dramatic poetry, and the first translator of Shakespeare into Yugoslav. He also composed three original dramas: *Maksim Tsrnoyevich* (1866), *Pera Segedinats* (1875), and *Gordana* (1890).

III

In the eighth decade of the nineteenth century appeared in Yugoslav literature Svetozar Markovich and Yasha Ignyatovich, the founders of the Realistic School. It is from this time on that reaction against Romanticism may be said to date.

The second half of the last century was under the domination of science. The scientist was commonly believed to be in possession of the means whereby the riddle of the universe might be explained, and the whole future of humanity shaped. All the great writers of that time were under the irresistable spell of this prestige of science. Each sought to utilize as much as possible the facts and theories of science, and to make of the novel or drama an instrument of scientific observation and discussion. The Realists purported to create a school of "applied literature". The ultimate goal of the school was, first, exact and almost photographic delineation of the accidents of modern life, and secondly, non-suppression of the essential features and functions of that life which are usually suppressed. There is no doubt that Markovich and Ignyatovich belonged to this school.

Svetozar Markovich was a publicist and critic who first introduced the doctrine of social reform among the Southern Slavs. He exerted tremendous influence on his contemporaries, recom-

mending them to be positivists in science, republicans in politics, and realists or rather utilitarians in literature. He subscribed to the realistic novels of Ignyatovich, who did not hesitate to draw largely on his own personal adventures and who professed to portray human life, not as a fairy-tale, but as "stuff on which to try the soul's strength". Among Yasha's best romances may be reckoned *Patnitsa* (A Miserable Woman), *Vasa Reshpekt* (Basil the Respectable), *Vetchiti Mladozhenya* (The Eternal Bridegroom), *Trpen Spasen* (The Suffered Saved), and *Milan Nerandzhich*. All these novels form a prominent landmark in the development of Yugoslav prose fiction.

Of the novelists following Ignyatovich there stand out a galaxy of story-tellers of whom the foremost are Yosip Yuritchich, Milovan Glishich, and Yanko Kersnik. The novels and sketches of country life of these authors are highly appreciated by the critics. In the same class are placed Eugen Kumitchich, Yanko Veselinovich, and Svetolik Rankovich, who tinged their picaroon romances with the spirit of revolt against established moral and political arrangements. And contemporary with these came writers of the social novel, Yosip Kozarats and Lyubomir Babich Dyalski, who in their short tales described the beauty and scenery of their homeland with much skill.

The fiction of psychological analysis was cultivated by Laza Lazarevich, who is still finding readers mostly because of his impeccable style, and Sima Matavul, who employed his skill in holding up to ridicule the peculiar foibles of the Dalmatian Slavs. Of about the same date as these there are two other novelists of note, Stevan Sremats and Radoy Domanovich. Sremats is one of the best Yugoslav humorists. His remarkable novels include *Ivkova Slava* (Ivko's Patron Saint), *Pop-Chira i Pop-Spira* (Priest Chira and Priest Spira), *Zona Zamfirova* (Zona of Zamphir), *Tchitcha-Yordan* (Uncle Jordan), and *Vukadin*—all characterized with local coloring. *Ivkova Slava* was dramatized and is far more successful in this new form. Domanovich is the diminutive Yugoslav Swift. During his short literary career he succeeded in developing the great powers of the satirical novel, although some of his stories are distorted by pessimism and grime.

Succeeding these leaders we have the younger group comprising Fran Meshko, Borisav Stankovich, Fran Govekar, Velyko Petrovich, Ivo Chipiko, and Milosh Stanoyevich. All these promising *litterateurs* with slight exception adhere closely to the earlier established Realistic School. With their followers and contemporaries, of whom many are omitted here, they accept Realism as a practical method, not as an ultimate result and consummation. They never go down too deep and too low into the unclean mysteries of modern humanity. Their works abound in fertile imagination and vision. But these young men have an artistic distaste for experimental Naturalism and all that is repulsive and unseemly.

More celebrated as playwright than novelist is Branislav Nushich. His incident novels and journalistic *feuilletons* are not always of a moral and polished type, but they are lively and amusing sketches of life. He is more prolific in historical drama and comedy. Of his plays the most popular are *Protektsiya* (The Pull), *Obirchan Tchovek* (A Usual Man), *Iza Bozhyih Ledya* (Behind the Back of God), *Prince of Semberia* (English translation by Luka Dyuritchich and Bertha W. Clark), *Putchina* (The High Sea), *Hadzhi-Loya* and *Rastko Nemanyich*. Before him the comedy of characters was fostered by Yovan S. Popovich, and the comedy of intrigue by Kosta Trifkovich.

The historical bent given to drama by Nushich was continued by the versatile Ivo Voynovich and Antun Tresich Pavitchich. Apart from his dramas and songs, the latter is also the author of an intensely interesting book entitled *Preko Atlantika do Pacifika* (Across the Atlantic to the Pacific), in which he gives his clever and striking observations on American politics, literature and social life in general.

The Yugoslav "*Parnasse*", representing the last quarter of the nineteenth century, exhibits a remarkable transition between the old and the new poetic schools. To this group of poets belong Anton Ashkerts, Voislav Ilich, Silviye Kranytchevich, and Aleksa Shantich. The last named poet is one of the most engaging figures in Yugoslav literature. He is noted for his sincerity and appealing depth of sentiment. In the following verses we have an illustration of the genuine touches in his poetry:

O, my night, when will thy shadows vanish?
—Never!
O, my dawn, when shall I see thee coming?
—Never!
O, my joy, when will I greet thy advent?
—Never!
O, my heaven, when will blaze thy glory?
—Never!
O, my darling, when our wedding banquet?
—Never!
O, my weeping, when will cease thy flowing?
—Never!

These poets paved the way for the modern Symbolistic School, of which the most noteworthy representatives in prose composition are Ivan Tsankar and Yosip Kosor. In poetry and drama the Symbolists or Modernists are represented by Milan Begovich, Yovan Dutchich, Vladimir Nazor, Milan Rakich, Dragutin Domyanich, Sima Pandurovich, Oton Zhupantchich, and Svetislav Stefanovich.

It would be too rash to dogmatize about this new movement, and yet more rash to prophesy. The Yugoslav Symbolists, like their fellows in other countries, stand for the exclusive, the delicate, and the mystic beauties of the supernatural. The enigmas of metaphysic, mythology, and music are the favorite subjects of their poesy. In common daily life when they lack wealth they despise it, but when they get money they hold on to it, and become supreme egoists. In most cases they nurse a grudge against the world and attack all things with which they are discontented. But in certain of their works they discover at least some glimpses of the ideal world. If in their art they abstain from search after the unusual, abnormal, and deliquescent, it is possible that they will attain some distinction, and may have a future in the new country of Yugoslavia.

MILIVOY S. STANOYEVICH.

A CENTURY OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

It was in the early 'sixties that, according to Edward Cook's *Literary Recreations*, a printer remarked petulantly: "Who is this Matthew Arnold, and how many more columns of him is the editor going to shovel up?" And now, in the early 'twenties, the hundredth anniversary of his birth, an ironical echo in the voices of students: "Who is Matthew Arnold? Why read *him?*" Yet it was not altogether obituary enthusiasm that caused *The Nation* to say in 1888: "There was probably no name in current English literature better known to the present generation than his." This contradiction is more than a *sic transit gloria.* It is, in addition, a sardonic comment upon one modern attitude towards a literary past. Gray, like Arnold, came down to a succeeding century with a very thin volume of verse under his arm, but the nineteenth century did not ask who Gray was. It knew, though it may not have read his poetry. But what is more fashionable in the twentieth century than a sneer at Tennyson? Even Browning clubs are somewhat spent, and we now have a group of poets who are frankly scornful of Shelley and Keats. To such, "Victorian poetry," like Victorian furniture or Victorian morals, is a theme for pleasantry.

Yet the secret laws of the enduring in poetry are not stayed. Jests concerning the proper Tennyson or the academic Arnold give no clue to the place of their poetry in the minds of this generation. Victorian poetry is read; how much is the question. And now that almost seventy-five years have passed since the *Poems of A.* were reviewed by *The London Times*, what answer can be given to these annoyed queries of the printer and student, "Who is Matthew Arnold?" Who reads now the poetry which, supposedly, is a "criticism of life"? Who is, by this poetry, like Mycerinus, "calmed, ennobled, comforted, sustained"?

More than any other Victorian poet, Matthew Arnold risked a

posthumous reputation in drudgery for his own generation. By vocation he was inspector of schools; by avocation only he was a man of letters. But he took thought for the morrow; he was confident that his poetry would endure. How puissant his voice would be in the choir invisible he coolly prophesied, and the truth of that prophecy is now examinable. On June 5, 1869, he wrote his mother:

> My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions that reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet, because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn.

Arnold was mistaken; he has not had his "turn". No one has ever said of Arnold as Walter Besant said of Tennyson, Kingsley, and Carlyle, while he was at Cambridge, that they "were in everybody's hands"; nor would Besant have remarked of Arnold what many men have felt about Tennyson: "Of all men of our century I would rather have been Tennyson than any other man whatever." But the first sentence of Arnold's prophecy is thoughtful. He was aware that his poetry epitomized a "movement of mind". Someone has said that we forget an era's tears of sentiment but not its trends of thought. Perhaps Arnold will have his "turn" in unexpected fashion. Possibly the reason that Mr. Alfred Noyes has to plead for a return to Tennyson's poetry is because the Laureate is so flawless ethically. In such a glare of moral sunshine we see our own shadows and hurry back into our burrows. But poetry indicating the "main movement of mind" of the nineteenth century is another matter, for dependent upon it is modern thought. Mirrored in Arnold's poetry are: the grapple of science and the church; the social friction; the spiritual confusion. As Mr. Henry Nevinson said recently: Arnold "represents exactly the mood of the serious and religiously minded men whose faith in dogmatic Christianity was shaken by the natural science and biblical criticism of seventy years ago". To record all this with honesty was Arnold's achievement.

Most of Arnold's poetry was written within a score of years, between 1849 and 1870. These were the only years of poetical plenty; in them were produced *The Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems; Empedocles on Etna;* the *Poems* of 1853; and the *New Poems* of 1867. Yet not once was there a "popular" recognition of this poetry in England or America. Through his prose Arnold awoke to find himself not famous but the foe of his piqued countrymen; through his poetry he merely succeeded, at first, in puzzling them. His poetical "popularity", to adapt his own description of miracles, simply did not occur. Contrast his general reputation with Byron's. The latter's poetical reputation is like a meteor's whose trail is yet visible; Arnold's resembles the distant planet, long unregarded, yet perhaps more steadfast than brighter stars.

It cannot be said that the new planet swam into the ken of the 'fifties. The first reviews conceded Arnold's poetry some excellence of finish, but condemned its morals. How pious was *Frazer's* for May, 1849: *The Strayed Reveller* was as unmoral as Tennyson's *Lotos Eaters!* There was no place in literature for "certain *New Sirens*" or "with sleepy melancholy meditations . . . on a 'Gipsy Child'". "What," so ran the malediction, "in the name of all grim earnest do we want with *Resignation to Fausta,* a yawn thirteen pages long, with which the volume finally falls asleep, and vanishes in a snore? Resignation! to what?" "A." was then roundly preached at, as well as other poetic upstarts. He was warned that "he will not escape unscorched, if he chooses to trifle with the public by verifying dreamy, transcendental excuses for laziness, for the want of an earnest purpose, and a fixed creed".

It was presumably the same critic who, five years later, denounced the ending of *Sohrab and Rustum:* "Who cares whither the Oxus goes, or what becomes of it?" When in 1853 *Empedocles* appeared, Arnold's heresies were again censured. *The London Times* of November 4 observed that this poet was "disgusted with the world; a state of mind . . . with which we have no sympathy whatever;" and *The North British Review* for May accused him of "an indolent, selfish quietism".

Nevertheless, there began at once a quiet infiltration of Ar-

nold's poetry into the imperishable part of English literature, which has persisted in the face of antagonism and indifference until to-day the person who declares his preference for Arnold's poetry over Tennyson's is no longer regarded as whimsical. Even in the mid-century obscurity surrounding Arnold's poetry his power was gropingly felt by the very critics who assailed his heterodoxy. "*Mycerinus* is a fragment worthy of Tennyson"—dubious praise for a somewhat envious poet!—"faultlessly beautiful",—so read incidental tributes of the hostile *Frazer's*. And *The London Times* said of Arnold that "to the generality of readers he remains unknown, while the world is full of the praises of far inferior writers." But the reluctant amenities of the reviewers were less significant than the interest of contemporaries in poetry. In 1856 Coventry Patmore wrote William Allingham, unaware that his arrangement of poets was climactic: "The future belongs to you and me and Matthew Arnold."

Another kind of future, certainly, became Arnold's. His output of poetry, except for the year 1867, ceased. No chance now for the reviewers to decry the skimble-skamble stuff of the son of Doctor Arnold. Instead Mr. Frank Newman, he, according to Carlyle, of "the mildest pious enthusiasm", found himself transfixed by a lofty and considerate smile, and became vaguely conscious that his fame as a translator of Homer was endangered. Arnold's essay *On Translating Homer* appeared in 1861; it was his first thrust at British complacency. *Culture and Anarchy* followed apace, and long before its nettles had ceased to sting, came *Friendship's Garland*, dexterous, incisive; an irritant that moved even the Philistine himself to amused chagrin at his own effort to retaliate. In America the swallow torments the crow. On pine tree or in flight the black plutocrat's waistcoat is deftly pulled, plucked, and pecked. Ruffled, the sleek Philistine utters loud British caws. Carlyle's "Bobus Higgins, Sausage-Maker", certain that England's greatness depends upon her manufactures, acquired in Arnold a similar enemy. Useless to call him "a priest of the kid-glove persuasion"; useless to vilify him; useless even to reply, like Mr. Frederick Harrison with adroit banter. The satirist reads the replies; his aplomb is perfect; he "laughs till he cries".

Apart from the accomplishment of his purpose, it is not surprising that Arnold continued to write prose for his countrymen. His poetry was greeted with silence; his prose, on the other hand, was received, like the death of Balder, with shrieks from every living thing. That he had hit the target Arnold knew. He followed public opinion closely. His letters were a mosaic of tiny critiques of all his writings. Arnold laughed at them all. On October 10, 1863, he wrote Lady de Rothschild that he was pleased with what was said of his critical essays, in *The Westminster Review*, though he deprecated "the hideous title of 'Professor'". Two years later he was delighted with an eulogy in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW[1], and on December 8, 1867, he wrote his mother: "I saw *The Spectator*, but indeed my name is getting familiar in the newspapers. *The Saturday* had a reference to me which I liked better than that in *The Spectator*. Lord Lytton's mention of me was, as you may suppose, a pleasant surprise." At dinner at Goschen's he heard the word "Philistine" used at least a hundred times; Disraeli promised him a brilliant future; and at Darmstadt Princess Alice was fascinated with *Culture and Anarchy*.

It was in the 'sixties and 'seventies that Arnold laid the foundation for the assertion that he would be known to posterity not as a poet but as a writer of prose. Although he was singed by the critics for what *The Saturday Review* called his "I-I-I- *Das grosse Ich*" and his "moral smelling bottle", he was recognized as early as 1865 as "a critic with a very high idea of the functions of criticism". "He is," said *The Westminster Review*, "in spite of some faults, the very best critic we possess." So the author of *Thyrsis* and of *The Forsaken Merman* was neatly pigeonholed for later æons as a prose writer. Certain rebels objected: "Did not Arnold write poetry?"

During the years about 1870 Arnold was certainly known as a writer of prose, but even at this time his poetry was becoming more respected. An American edition appeared in 1856, and THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January, 1863, said that Arnold's poetry was then known to the few, though it had been "six years before the American public without attracting extensive notice".

[1] [This review appeared in July, 1865, and was written by Henry James.—The Editors.]

Arnold was also acquiring prestige among the habitués of Parnassus. Browning wished him to reprint *Empedocles*. Swinburne was anxious to meet him. In Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *Diary* the entry for May 23, 1867, noted that Swinburne considered Matthew Arnold more satisfactory as a poetic writer than either Browning or Tennyson. (Swinburne was indeed devoted until he heard, unfortunately, that Arnold had christened him a "pseudo-Shelley".) Eighteen years after the first review of Arnold's poems Swinburne published in *The Fortnightly Review* (1867) the most eloquent of all appreciations of Arnold's poetry. The critique was in Swinburne's most ecstatic manner but was sincere and thoughtful: "To some boys at Eton," Swinburne wrote, "*Sohrab and Rustum*, *Tristram and Iseult*, have been close and common friends, their streams of Oxus and bays of Brittany familiar almost as the well-loved Thames weirs and reaches." The peroration was Swinburnian, but did not obscure one particular fact: Swinburne's faith in Arnold's poetical immortality:

> His verse bathes us with fresh radiance and light rain, when weary of the violence of summer and winter in which others dazzle and detain us; his spring wears here and there a golden waif of autumn, his autumn a rosy spray of spring. His tones and efforts are pure, lucid, aerial; he knows by some fine impulse of temperance all rules of distance, of reference, of proportion; nothing is thrust or pressed upon our eyes, driven or beaten into our ears. These are the trophies of his work and the gifts of his hand: through these and such as these things, his high and distinct seat is assured him among English poets.

Swinburne's tribute reflected the increasing respect for Arnold's poetry among cultivated men and women of the 'seventies and 'eighties. From this time forward it had, as a contemporary critic put the case, "a gradual emergence." Arnold had to regain favor with many who had been annoyed by his prose mannerisms. "It sets my teeth on edge, and makes me revolt," Leslie Stephen wrote Charles Eliot Norton, speaking of Arnold's jaunty air, but he added immediately: "I seriously hold him to be a very good poet." Mrs. Browning sent praises from Italy, and Henry James wrote: "He takes his place among the most fortunate writers of our day who have expressed themselves in verse." In America, George Woodbury declared that "his poetry is more valuable than his prose", and *The Century* for April, 1882, spoke of

his poems as "by far his most important and most permanent contribution to literature".

When Arnold died twelve years before the end of the century he was so well-known that his poetry was being read by many to whom it was essentially alien, because of interest in his prose. Stead got out a penny edition of the poetry, and critics began to write with prevision on the relative importance of Arnold's prose and poetry. There was a natural reaction towards the latter. Esoteric individuals studied it and proclaimed that they had discovered Arnold's "message".

More and more Arnold's noble seriousness of manner persuaded the thoughtful readers of the age. The calm voices of Mycerinus, of Empedocles, became part of the nation's poetic consciousness. Men began to speak of "the consoling power" of the poetry of Matthew Arnold; writers so different as Augustine Birrell, W. E. Henley, and Austin Dobson acknowledged its force. The reviews even descanted upon the "popularity" of Arnold. *The Spectator* of March 25, 1893, said that "Matthew Arnold can hardly be called a popular poet, yet he is a poet probably more especially popular with the literary class than any other poet of our day."

In 1893 was issued the thirtieth reprint of Arnold's *Selected Poems*. Favorite passages—evidence of currency—had some vogue. Through Stead's penny edition the didactic poems attained a considerable circulation. Though allowance must be made for bookseller's puffery, Stead's own comments were suggestive: "From all parts of the land I have received the most cordial letters from readers who learnt for the first time the charm of Matthew Arnold's poems. Ministers were surprised to find workingmen, to whom they were paying a pastoral visit, full of interest in Matthew Arnold." All of which, written in 1896, is rather ridiculous. Workingmen drank their stout and paid no attention to Arnold. The judgment of H. D. Traill, made a year later, is more convincing: "I do not feel any ground for the belief that the taste of any great multitudes of men in this or any other country will ever be powerfully attracted by poetry like that of Mr. Arnold." Yet Stead's remarks show the direction of the wind.

Matthew Arnold has been dead thirty-four years. Most of the men who knew him intimately are also gone. The fusillades of diary, reminiscence, and *post mortem* recollection have been fired. Now value only is the test of his poetry. What survives? When a twentieth century publisher was asked this question he turned to his bill of sales under Arnold. One feels like Chesterton when he heard a writer describe to what heights can rise "a Shakespeare, a Burns, and an Ingersoll"; an impulse to run and whisper such a delightful incident to Arnold's tomb in Laleham. Yet, after all, this was a reasonable test. To read an author's book is a compliment; to buy it a recognition. Before 1880 few people spent a shilling on the poetry of Arnold; and 1880 was more than thirty years after the publication of the first volume. A second edition of the *New Poems* appeared in 1868, but the *Selected Poems*, more popular, were not printed until 1878. By that time *St. Paul and Protestantism* had passed through its third edition; *Essays in Criticism* its third; and *Literature and Dogma* its fifth. And these records take no account of the popularity of other prose works, notably *Culture and Anarchy*.

But during the next twenty years the balance shifted decisively. In the 'eighties the sale of prose continued, almost unabated, but reprints of the poems, especially of the early verses, sonnets, and elegiacs crept into libraries and English homes. During the 'nineties no less than fifteen reprints of Arnold's poetry made their appearance in collected works or in anthology form. In the same period only about a half dozen of the prose texts were republished. Records of this sort since 1900 show conclusively that the general popularity of the prose has lessened.

On the other hand the poetry found its way into innumerable popular series and was reëdited and reintroduced by such critics as Richard Garnett and A. T. Quiller-Couch. Again is felt that longing to run to Laleham and confide to the poet that he may now be read in *Broadway Booklets* and *Roses of Parnassus!* In 1913 there were purchasable in England only two different editions of the *Essays;* three of the *Essays in Criticism;* and one of *Literature and Dogma*. Aside from the essay *On Translating Homer*, of which two editions were procurable, the prose devotee was forced to buy the collected works. In con-

trast seven different editions of the *Poems* could be obtained besides two of the *Narrative Poems;* five of the *Selections;* three of *The Scholar-Gipsy,* with or without *Thyrsis;* four of *Sohrab and Rustum;* and one each of the *Forsaken Merman, Tristram and Iseult,* and—strange resurrection!—*Merope.* Since 1913 the balance of interest has not noticeably altered.

In America the "gradual emergence" of Arnold's poetry has been equally marked, though naturally the original popularity of the prose was never so great as in England.

An eccentric phase of Arnold's poetic vogue in America has been the use of selected poems in elementary and secondary schools. A ten-cent version of *Self-Dependence* is the most startling; *Thyrsis* and *The Scholar-Gipsy* the most commonplace of these committals of Arnold's poetry to the innocents. Stop the little creatures on their way to school. You will see tucked in between an algebra and a geography *Sohrab and Rustum,* heavy with annotations, a biography, and a terrifying chromo of the author. During the last twenty years there have been almost annual editions of *Sohrab and Rustum,* or of the other narrative poems. In college Arnold's poetry is read more frequently than his prose, and librarians will tell you that though there is no great demand for either, in general Arnold's poetry has preference over his prose. In America, comparing the complete prose with the complete poems, it may be said that Arnold's influence is mainly through the medium of his poetry.

And this influence, both in America and in England, is due to a very few poems. Posterity is capricious about what it remembers. The *major opera* are quite forgotten: *Merope* is for scholars like Collins, and *Empedocles on Etna* is a literary curiosity. The college student, the browser in English literature, the modern versifier—all are moved to admiration by a few lovely lyrics. "Tell Mat," wrote Tennyson, "not to write any more of those prose things like *Literature and Dogma* but to give us something like his *Thyrsis, Scholar-Gipsy,* or *Forsaken Merman.*" Possibly *The Forsaken Merman* has been more admired than any other single poem of Arnold's. Swinburne's adulation of this lyric is the *vox mundi.*

And at this very present hour the lyrics persuade men. The

literary men about us now believe in them. Perhaps we can disregard those poets of our day who, to quote Mr. Hugh Walpole, "utterly reject anything more recent than Homer and Sappho and haven't much to say for them;" "they," he adds, "would certainly be most scornful of Arnold as they are even of Keats and Shelley." It is possible, too, that Mr. H. G. Wells is mistaken when he says that Matthew Arnold's poems are read only by industrious students of poetry: "His influence on religious affairs was profound but it has sunken in and is not credited to him very much. He has been *digested.* Not lost but assimilated." But the experience of others seems to gainsay both of these statements. Mr. John Masefield writes: "I should say that all who care for English poetry read Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis*, *Scholar-Gipsy*, *Strayed Reveller*, *Dover Beach*, or the lyrics in *Empedocles.*" And Mr. Walpole, after mentioning *The Scholar-Gipsy* as a means of influence, refers to another group of poets who "are most certainly influenced by Arnold", namely Squire, Freeman, Drinkwater, Shanks, Turner, Nichols. "They read him and quote him," says Mr. Walpole. It is a highly suggestive fact.

It is true, then, that the poetry of Matthew Arnold has a hold upon us now. To many it will remain far-off. "Too bleak for me," remarked a friend to me only yesterday. Yet I—though this is but the witnessing of one—repeatedly discover men and women who are fond of Arnold's poetry. They say nothing of this. How can you describe what Arnold does for you? Yet faith in his poetry does exist. "I think," Mr. Henry Nevinson says, "his influence is increasing." And Mr. Alfred Noyes compares the lyrics to certain poems of Tennyson's: "I believe that the best poetry of Tennyson (such a poem as *In Memoriam*) will always have a great influence on a certain quiet section of the public—the section that happens to make the opinion of posterity! . . . The same applies to the poetry of Matthew Arnold." Those who seek emotional peace will not turn to Arnold. He is for the unflinching and, perhaps, only for the strongest. But he is honest; he never offers second-best; and in things of the spirit he can lead from darkness to reasonable light. If his voice is sad, it is also courageous.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

AN UNKNOWN OPERA

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It is beginning to be clear to many, as it has long been to a few, that among the supreme masters of musical utterance must be placed Modeste Moussorgsky—poor, debauched Moussorgsky, mishandled by Fate, who was born and died within the span of Wagner's life, and who, though he lived within the shadow of those stupendous wings, yet managed to contrive a music utterly independent, utterly his own—music of the most complete originality, of the profoundest humanity; music that, at its best, is without compromise or alloy: music that is with the greatest we possess.

It is astonishing that all of this music should not be fully known and adequately esteemed; yet when some of it was played recently for (as it appears) the first time in America, its beauty and power had the character of revelation, though it was half a century old. It was as if one were hearing *Götterdämmerung* or reading *The House of Life* for the first time. It was, in brief, music from *Khowantchina*, an opera by Moussorgsky that is unknown in America.

Shortly after Moussorgsky had finished his revision of *Boris Godounoff*, his friend Stassoff suggested to him a new subject for an opera. "It seemed to me," wrote Stassoff in his *Life of Moussorgsky*,—

> that the contrasting and clashing of the Old Russia with the New, the passing of the former and the birth of the latter, afforded a rich subject. Moussorgsky agreed, and set to work with enthusiasm. To study the history of the Raskolniky sect of Ancient Russia (the Old Believers), and the chronicles of seventeenth-century Russia, involved enormous labor. The many long letters he wrote me at this time were full of details of his researches and his views on the music, characters, and scenes of his opera. The best parts of the work were written between 1872 and 1875.

This was at the beginning of the last decade of Moussorgsky's life—a period of extraordinary creative power. He had finished his revision of *Boris* by 1872 and had done his part of the co-operative *Mlada* project. In 1874 he wrote the remarkable *Pictures from an Exhibition*, and between 1874 and 1879 composed ten of the greatest songs in existence (the six of *Without Sunlight* and the four *Songs and Dances of Death*). He worked intermittently upon *Khowantchina* during his last miserable years, and left it unfinished when he died in 1881. It was completed and orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakow, and published in 1882.

As in *Boris*, Moussorgsky (who wrote his own libretto) went for his subject to Russian history, and, prompted by Stassoff, chose the most troubled period in his country's past, the end of the seventeenth century, when religious and political schisms divided the nation into opposing camps. To the resultant series of conflicts, in which Prince Khowantsky played a leading part, Tsar Peter gave the appellation *Khowantchina*.

Stassoff had outlined his scheme with enthusiastic eloquence: "I propose," he wrote Moussorgsky, "to place in the center of the action the great figure of Dositheus, the spiritual leader of the Old Believers, a strong, energetic, deeply intelligent and experienced man, whose powerful influence controlled the actions of the two princes: Khowantsky (representing the old, gloomy, fanatical, sleeping Russia), and Galitsin (representing the European type of mind)." There were to be other characters—"Martha, full of youth and passion (somewhat like the wife of Potiphar), and Susan, sallow, uninteresting, evil and fanatical, both constantly quarrelling; the Empress Regent, Sophia, energetic and artful; young Peter; the Old Believers, who kill themselves *en masse* when Dositheus recognizes that the ancient Russia perishes and the new Russia is born."

Moussorgsky did not conform in all respects to this suggested scheme. He kept Sophia and Peter off the scene, introduced additional characters, injected a "love-interest", and produced a plot of formidable congestion and obscurity. (Mrs. Newmarch is reminded by it of one of those early *ikons* belonging to the period when the transport of pictures through the bogs and wildernesses of Old Russia "so restricted their distribution that

the religious painter resorted to the expedient of representing on canvas as many saints as could be packed into it".)

From the tragical fourth act an interlude has been extracted for concert use, and it is this which was recently performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra. It is marvelous music. The passage is played by the orchestra at the beginning of the second scene of the fourth act, as the banished Galitsin, guarded by a troop of cavalry, crosses the public square on his way to exile. In the opera, it is accompanied by the pitiful comments of the chorus as they watch the passing of the cortège. It is based on the dolorous melody sung by the clairvoyant Martha in the scene of her "Divination by Water" in the second act, in which she foretells to Galitsin his downfall ("in shame and disgrace I behold thee, in exile alone in a distant land"). And as the orchestra recalls her prophetic words, and the bells of the Cathedral clang portentously, the banished Galitsin is seen crossing the square on his way to exile, guarded by soldiers.

As Mr. Schindler has remarked of the *Divination par l'eau*, "the vast loneliness, the desperate banishment, of Siberia looms up from the throbbing of the downcast and muttered final phrases."

The immense pitifulness, the sorrowing tenderness, the infinite compassion of Moussorgsky's music are among the most precious heritages of our culture. There is nothing quite like it in the whole stretch of the art as it has come down to us. Its plainness, its simplicity, its overwhelming sincerity, are unparalleled. Bach in some of his choral-preludes, Debussy in certain of the pages of *Pelléas et Mélisande* that are always cut out when the opera is performed—the scene between Yniold and the poor stumbling sheep, for example: here we catch glimpses of the world inhabited by Moussorgsky. But it is, after all, his own world—there is none other like it in art. "Sometimes," wrote Paul Rosenfeld (who has spoken with memorable insight and felicity of Moussorgsky),

> he is whole civilizations discarded by life. Sometimes, he is whole cultures from under which the earth has rolled, whole groups of human beings who stood silently and despairingly for an instant in a world that carelessly flung them aside, and then turned and went away. Sometimes he is the brutal, ig-

norant, helpless throng that kneels in the falling snow while the conquerors, the great ones of this world, false and true alike, pass by in the torchlight amid fanfares and hymns and acclamations and speak the fair, high words and make the kingly gestures that fortune has assigned to them. Sometimes he is even life before man. He is the dumb beast devoured by another, larger; the plants that are crowded from the sunlight. He knows the ache and pain of inanimate things. And then, at other moments, he is a certain forgotten individual, some obscure, nameless being, some creature like the monk Pimen or the Innocent in *Boris Godounoff*, and out of the dust of ages an halting, inarticulate voice calls to us. He is the poor, the aging, the half-witted; the drunken sot mumbling in his stupor; the captives of life to whom death sings his insistent, luring songs; the half-idiotic peasant boy who tries to stammer out his declaration of love to the superb village belle; the wretched fool who weeps in the falling snowy night. He is those who have never before spoken in musical art, and now arise, and are about us and make us one with them.

THE MORALS OF LULLY

"It is the kind of inspiration," wrote Elisabet von Herzogenberg to Johannes Brahms, "that only a good man could have." She was speaking of the noble trombone phrase in E major that occurs with so memorable an effect in the last movement of Brahms's Fourth Symphony. But whatever the occasion might have been, Elisabet was talking nonsense. The "kind of inspiration" an artist can have (as Elisabet was intelligent enough to have known) has no more to do with his goodness or his badness as a man and citizen than it has to do with his preference for hard-boiled or two-minute eggs. Why is this simple and obvious truth so difficult for people to bear in mind? It has been often enough proved, in all conscience. Wagner the ineffable cad, liar, ingrate, conceiving the tender sublimity of the Good Friday music; Debussy the rotter (look up the history of his behavior to his wife when, after the revelation of his infidelity, she tried to kill herself) giving us the poignant spiritual tenderness, the exquisite pity, of the death-scene of Mélisande; Moussorgsky the sot achieving music of measureless humanity. And lately we have had brought to our minds the classic case of Lully, too seldom remembered.

Lully "had nothing noble about him", wrote Lecerf de la Viéville in 1705. He was fat, short, large-nosed, thick-necked,

thick-lipped. His expression, when it did not convey satirical malice, was often obstinate and disdainful. He was so short-sighted that he "could scarcely see when a woman was beautiful" —which was doubtless, for him, a major tragedy. Lully's morals were, at best, intermittently fragrant. Moreover, he was a faithless friend, a sycophant, an intriguer. Yet this strange and fascinating and repellant being was a great artist, as well as a great figure in æsthetic history; he wrote music of noble dignity and sometimes of exquisite beauty, and his "dry and superficial soul" (as Romain Rolland so bluntly describes it) yielded at times a high truthfulness and purity of expression. Rolland draws attention to the softness and plasticity of his melodic outline, to the delicate transparency of effect which he could obtain, and to his happy conveyance of the gentler moods of nature—his delicate sense of pastoral loveliness: the tranquil and ordered poetry of gardens, nocturnal fountains, moonlit silence.

He was a bundle of contradictions. A master of truckling and deceit, he was sometimes recklessly impudent to those who held power over him. Once, when a mechanical difficulty caused delay in beginning a performance of one of his operas which the King was attending, a message was sent to Lully that the Grand Monarque was tired of waiting. "The King is master here," retorted Lully, "and is at liberty to be as tired of waiting as he pleases!" For fourteen years, as overlord of the Opéra, he acted as director, composer, conductor, stage-manager, ballet-master, machinist—if electricity had been in use, Lully would have managed the lights. He did all these things with superlative ability, energy, and resource; yet this amazing Italian was able to find time to become the true founder of French Grand Opera; to adapt (as Mr. Apthorp has pointed out), "not only with genius, but with surpassing cleverness and insight into the French character," what was essentially Italian opera to the French taste. From 1658 to 1671, he wrote about thirty ballets and divertissements, and (between 1672 and 1686) twenty operas, in addition to instrumental and church music. He was a master of various styles, from tragedy to burlesque; he turned upside down the traditions of the court ballet; he substituted accompanied recitative for the ungratifying *recitativo secco* of the Italians. He

knew the theatre backwards and forwards. His sense of stage effect was keen and intuitive; and he knew a subtler and deeper secret: how to make music speak with dramatic veracity and point.

At the end, this *buffon odieux* (as Boileau called him)—this rake, knave, intriguer, who had lifted himself out of the obscurity of his Italian origin into a position where he talked back to a King,—died of an abscess of the toe.

To the very last he was unscrupulous, for (according to a story told immediately after his death) he cheated to obtain absolution. His confessor, so runs the tale, required as a condition that Lully destroy all he had written on his new opera, *Achille et Polyxène*. Lully gave the abhorred score to the confessor, who triumphantly cast it into the flames. "What, Baptiste!" remonstrated a prince who visited Lully, "you have destroyed your opera?" "Gently, Sir," whispered the dying rascal: "I had another copy." So he died, radiant, corrupt, and unashamed: and his epitaph in the Church of Saint-Pères declares that "God gave him . . . a truly Christian patience in the sharp pain of his last illness . . . after having received the Sacraments with resignation and edifying piety." Romain Rolland does not neglect to make allowance for "his multiple soul", and declares that "Lully's work in art was, like classic tragedy and the noble gardens of Versailles, a monument of that vigorous age which was the summer of our race;" for Lully, the Florentine immigrant, had made himself "the Frenchest Frenchman of his time".

The point to insist upon, in the interest of clear-headedness and philosophical rectitude, is that this unlovable reprobate—hard, mean, spiritually unclean—could write the marvellously lovely "Nocturne" in *Le Triomphe de l'Amour*, music full of gentleness and magic: of tenderness, poetry, dreams.

It is of course a mystery. But since the activities of the artist are incalculable anyway, why should we wonder over this most insoluble mystery of all—the spectacle of sinful human clay yielding immortal loveliness?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

JEWELLED MELODRAMA[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"THERE'S nothing very interesting about me," said Miss Rebecca West not long ago in a short biographical account of herself. Aside from the fact that Miss West is young, mysterious, pulchritudinous, and writes the most vividly beautiful English prose of her day, there is perhaps, as she remarked, nothing very interesting about her. Yet it is a little discouraging to find so passionately ruthless a truth-seeker and truth-speaker as Miss West indulging herself in that kind of simpering self-deprecation. It is even more discouraging to find that the sanctity of words means so little to her. For surely Rebecca West is the last person in the world from whom one would have expected that kind of trivial and irritating disingenuousness. Evidently the words she used meant nothing to her. She was willing to prostitute them—to use them as the coin of inexactness and inveracity—as regardlessly as if she had been one of those fictional sentimentalists whom she so pungently despises. One remembers *Alice in Wonderland:* "Important" . . . your Majesty means "*Un*important". But one did not expect Miss West to talk like a passage out of the Trial Scene in *Alice in Wonderland.* How exhilarating, how much more in character, it would have been if she had put it just the other way: "There's a good deal that is interesting about me [she might even have said "*very*"]". For consider her own statement of the case. Her father, she says, was English-Garrison-Irish, from County Kerry. Her mother was Scotch. Her maternal grandfather was musical director of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and a friend of Charles Kean and the Kembles and Charlotte Cushman. Rebecca West went to London at seventeen, tried to act, "but got the sack" for reading *Creative*

[1] *The Judge.* By Rebecca West. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Evolution during a rehearsal. At eighteen she began to write articles for the London weeklies (her first poems were published when she was twelve). She wrote for *The Freewoman*, *The Clarion*, *The Daily News*. She now writes as literary critic of *The New Statesman*, where she says what she pleases, as she pleases. "Mr. —— [she wrote not long ago] has written another novel. How long, O Lord, how long?" (Only that.)

Six years ago she wrote a book about Henry James (published here and in England in the year of his death) that was so dazzling an accomplishment, as criticism and as writing, that it seems to have blinded every one who encountered it. For no one appears ever to have seen it. It fell quite flat, and has apparently vanished forever. "I concluded," Miss West has said, "that the book was not published at all, but quietly interred, and I have sometimes had a fancy to send a wreath for its grave." It was a book in which you might have read such passages as these:

With sentences vast as the granite blocks of the Pyramids and a scene that would have made a site for a capitol, he set about constructing a story the size of a hen-house.

* * *

It is singularly free [*The Ambassadors*] from those great sentences which sprawl over the pages of *The Golden Bowl* with such an effect of rank vegetable growth that one feels that if one took cuttings of them one could raise a library in the garden.

* * *

When one tries to discover from the recorded speeches of these people whether there was any palliation of their ugly circumstances, one finds that the dialogue, usually so compact a raft for the conveyance of the meaning of Mr. James's novels, has been smashed up on this sea of phrases and drifts in, a plank at a time, on the copious flood. . . .

* * *

One perceives that the crystal bowl of Mr. James's art was not, as one had feared, broken. He had but gilded its clear sides with the gold of his genius for phrase-making, and now, instead of lifting it with a priest-like gesture to exhibit a noble subject, held it on his knees as a treasured piece of bric-à-brac and tossed into it, with an increasing carelessness, any sort of object—a jewel, a rose, a bit of string, a visiting-card—confident that the surrounding glow would lend it beauty.

* * *

He split hairs until there were no longer any hairs to split, and his mental gesture became merely the making of agitated passes over a complete baldness.

> Criticism must break down when it comes to masterpieces. . . . One can only put out a tremulous finger to touch the marvellous shining crystal, and be silent with wonder. . . . About this masterpiece, too [*The Wings of the Dove*], nothing can be said. One just sits and looks up, while the Master lifts his old grief, changed by his craftsmanship into eternal beauty as the wafer is changed to the Host by the priest's liturgy, enclosed from decay, prisoned in perfection, in the great shining crystal bowl of his art.

* * *

No wonder such writing fell flat. It was the kind of prose that some uncompanioned delinquents had furtively dreamed of —a blend of wit and beauty, of the lightheartedness that dares to be allusively contemporaneous and sportive and audacious, and yet has no dread of loveliness; the kind of prose that some cosmic literary Burbank might have produced if he had made an æsthetico-horticultural home-brew out of Bernard Shaw and "A. E." But who wants such writing? We insist upon the Watertight Compartment in art. Would Mr. Strachey, for example, be so much read if he had ever dared to give his suave malice the lightning-like thrust of Rebecca West's devouring savagery?—if he had dared to alter his exquisite and gentlemanly charm of surface into the wickedly importunate beauty that irradiates almost every paragraph of Miss West's prose—now in a passionate intensity of human revelation, now in a shining loveliness of perfect imagery?

So Miss West's 109-page masterpiece on Henry James—which probed more deeply and rewardingly into his art than all the other commentaries combined—was stillborn. Nor was Miss West's next book—her novel, *The Return of the Soldier*—a success at all commensurate with what would have been, in an ideal community of letters, its extraordinary persuasiveness. But success, as Sir James Barrie recently observed, "has become a somewhat odious onion nowadays;" and it is conceivable that Miss West shares that view of it. Yet, after all, a writer does write to be read—not necessarily by that famous forty per cent of us who are morons, but by most of the other sixty per cent. Miss West would shudder as violently as did Bagehot in contemplation of "the horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people". It is because she pleases so few, relatively speaking, of the superior,

that one is disposed to weep like Mark Twain over the grave of Adam, and despair of the future of his descendants.

We discussed in this place Miss West's first novel, *The Return of the Soldier*, when it appeared four years ago. It seemed to us then, as it still does, a superb performance, a novel of extraordinary and moving beauty, a work rich in achievement and in promise. And now she has done it again—more imposingly, in a way; with more sustained power; much less compactly; and, on the whole, disappointingly.

Miss West calls her new novel *The Judge*. It is a book of heroic proportions, of amazingly long breath. Half of its 483 pages are devoted to the introduction of two of its protagonists; the third, and the chief of them, comes on the scene only in the second part: this will give you the measure, the sweep and power, of Miss West's stroke.

As a human drama, the thing is startlingly unreal. It is Victorian melodrama set to music—the music of an incomparable narrative style, orchestrated with gorgeous virtuosity. An innocent rural lass, the farmer's daughter, is seduced by the local aristocrat, the young Squire, and bears him a magnificent love-child. In order to achieve that strange social distinction known as The Protection of his Name, she is officially and "decently" married to the Squire's butler. The bargain was for a wedding that should merely provide window-dressing for the disgraced damsel; but, as you will have guessed, the butler did not keep his word. The damsel, he must have thought, was fair game. And so there came another child, "legitimate" but detested. The proprieties were saved, and if poor Marion Yaverland, the "dark, silent, sledge-hammer of a woman", was turned into a flaming beacon of hate, why that, no doubt, was her own fault. Meanwhile, the Love-Child, Richard the Lion-Hearted, has grown up, has fallen in love with the winsome Ellen,—a young Edinburgh suffragette,—an adorable lass with a bright, shrewd, candid soul and a rich sense of comedy. Why they do not marry at once, since there is no evident reason why they shouldn't, is one of the baffling mysteries of this perturbing and engrossing tale. Instead, Miss West causes Richard's tragical mother to drown herself for fear that she stands in her son's way. Then

the splendid Richard stabs his beastly half-brother because the son of the butler has slandered the son of the Squire and his Ellen.

"He says we're bad," said Ellen.
Richard's fingers tightened on the handle of the breadknife.
"Let's put an end to this," he said.
He drove the knife into Roger's heart.
"Mummie!" breathed Roger . . . he fell forward, his head lying untidily among the tea-cups.

And then Richard took Ellen to an island in the river, where they would await the coming of the police. There he demanded what she thought was too much to ask of her. . . . Nevertheless, "she was going to do this thing. . . . She sat and looked at the island, and wondered whether it was a son or a daughter that waited for her there."

It is as unreal as that—it is, indeed, almost incredibly unreal. The human probabilities are flouted on page after page. You keep crying out against the heedless melodrama of it all. It is appallingly Old Stuff. It was old when *Hazel Kirke* was young. It reeks of the eighteen-eighties, of the old Standard Theatre, of the slow music in the orchestra, and the wicked, wicked Squire smiling his villain's smile. And it bears the most puzzling of mottoes: "Every mother is a judge who sentences her children for the sins of the father." But that is scarcely impressive. Does it mean any less if you twist it the other way around?—"Every child is a judge who sentences his mother [father] for the sins of his father [mother]." Is it not equally pointless either way?

Yet, when you have finished crying out against the artificiality of the structure of human relations that underlies this book, you will find that you still think of it as, after all, a valiant and, in a way, triumphant performance. For Miss West has clothed the poor creaking framework with a garment of beautiful and living flesh. When you can forget the things she asks us to believe that her people do and don't do, you cannot help remembering the many moments in which, as projections of character, they completely live—live unfadingly in the creative glow of Miss West's enamouring and revealing prose, her astonishing insight, her inexhaustible wit, her searing and ferocious honesty.

She was one of those who exclude ugliness from their lives by imposing beautiful interpretations on all that happened to her; and behind these lovely things she did, shone the still lovelier thing she was. . . .

* * *

Modesty and a sense of office discipline were restraining some eager cry of her mind, like white hands holding birds resolved on flight.

* * *

He never could get over a feeling that to discover a woman excited about an intellectual thing was like coming on her bathing. . . .

* * *

It was evoked by the end of things, by sunsets, by death, by silence following song; by intimations that no motion is perpetual and that death is a part of the cosmic process.

A strange, haunting, inescapable book: a fantastic blend of old stuff and new: *Hazel Kirke* crossed with the Œdipus Complex. Yet always it is redeemed and dignified, made treasurable and rare and exquisite, by the beauty of its imagery, its strength and tenderness and integrity. You know that a poet, a mistress of loveliness, an authentic genius, has passed this way, even though she was shut away from complete achievement by barriers that she herself had built in her path.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE words of Georges Clemenceau came like the voice of pure reason amid the Babel of those who darkened counsel by words without knowledge. They were not, it is true, well received by some men in high office. But then they were not addressed to them, but to the American people. Had everybody under the dome of the Capitol been in accord with his message, there would have been no occasion for him to deliver it. The end at which he aimed would already have been attained. He spoke to the American people, as was fitting and was indeed necessary if he spoke at all. For he was a private citizen of the French Republic, bearing no official commission. There were those who questioned the propriety of a President of the United States addressing himself to the peoples of European countries over the heads of their own Governments. There can be no question of the propriety of a private citizen speaking to private citizens. Nor can there be any question of the propriety of speaking the truth, the pertinent truth, what Arthur Balfour on a memorable occasion called the "congealed, cubical truth". It was indeed his truth-telling that stung. It was the knowledge that he did speak the exact truth, about France, about Germany, and about the United States of America, that provoked the more or less angry attempts at reply. For we did not need M. Clemenceau to tell us what had long been notorious, that Germany, in flagrant violation of her treaty pledges,—scraps of paper,—is making preparations for another war with feverish zeal. We did not need him to disclaim wanton militarism for France; for if anyone supposes that after what she has gone through in the last eight years France seeks another war, he could not be persuaded otherwise though we should bray him "in a mortar among wheat with a pestle". As for the United States, that would be a strange sense of national honor possessed by one who should hold that we acted aright

toward France in the matter of the tripartite treaty of defense. It was to the American people that M. Clemenceau spoke; and faith in them forbids any doubt as to their approving acceptance of his words.

Rational revolt was the keynote of political transformation scenes in three countries. The rebuke of the party in power in the United States had been long foreseen, and indeed had been desired by many who had the best interests of that party, as well as, supremely, of the nation, at heart; and it was merited, as those who read the masterly article on *The "Do-Nothing" Congress* by Professor William Starr Myers in the October NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will cordially concede. It was, of course, not the slightest repudiation of the paramount issues upon which the election of two years before was won, but in fact in several noteworthy cases emphasized and reaffirmed them; and it should on the whole strengthen the Administration by giving it better coöperation from a Congress chastened and made more circumspect. In Great Britain the electorate obviously thought that the coalition—always a temporary makeshift system—had outlived its usefulness, and in its place returned to power a single, coherent and homogeneous party, with a sufficient majority to be reasonably secure of its tenure, but not so overbloated as to tempt to arrogance or recklessness or to any of the evils which too great majorities have often induced in our own Congress. In Italy a Government established by bloodless revolution through constitutional means quickly "found itself" and showed a sober sense of responsibility commensurate with the aggressive energy with which it had attacked both old abuses and newly risen menaces. The peninsular kingdom under Fascisti leadership is no place for either a Bomba or a Lenin.

Observers of Irish affairs will transpose the old greeting and cry *Vale atque Ave!* Farewell, to an era of distress and strife; hail, to an era which opens the doors of opportunity for prosperity and peace. The doings of the last eight years have been so extraordinary as to distort our sense of proportion, so that we scarcely appreciate the real greatness of the achievement of the founding

of the Irish Free State. Perhaps there is no truer or more effective denotement of it, however, than that which is suggested in the selection of Timothy M. Healy to be the Governor-General of the new commonwealth. It seems but yesterday—though in truth it was forty years ago—that young Tim, as we then knew him, was the most truculent *enfant terrible* in the Land League and Home Rule ranks, surpassing even Parnell and Biggar in genius for guerrilla warfare both in Ireland and at Westminster. One would have said that of all Irishmen he was most irreconcilable. And yet today he stands before Ireland as the *Alter Ego* of King George! After that, anything may happen—excepting the failure of the great enterprise thus so generously and auspiciously begun. ~~Long live the Irish Free State~~! UP DE VALERA

Step by step the clarifying processes of judicial determination are bringing us to the crisis of a racial issue; which while not, we may hope, a violent crisis, will be of vast significance to the future of this country in both domestic affairs and foreign relations. As matters now stand, it seems to be settled that any State can withhold real property rights from aliens who have not been naturalized or who are incapable of naturalization, and that in the whole United States members of certain Asiatic races are incapable of naturalization. The discrimination is not against all Asiatics, thousands of whom have for years been welcomed into citizenship; nor is it on the ground of color, since we accept many people much darker than those whom we exclude; but it seems to be directed solely against the two great Mongolian peoples, who happen to be the very ones with whom we come most into contact and with whom friendly intercourse is of most importance to us. It might sound undiplomatic but it would at least be truthful and sincere if we were to enact, and were to announce to the world, that America offered an Open Door and Equality of Opportunity to all peoples of the world excepting the Chinese and Japanese. It would then be a "condition and not a theory" that would confront us.

The need of another great scientific invention, long felt, is poignantly pressed home by the recent series of most distressing

tragedies in mines, every one of which has been due to the presence of poisonous or suffocating gases. Davy more than a century ago devised a means of safety from fire damp, but no successor to him has yet done a like service against the even more lethal choke damp. In the last eight years science has made marvellous advances in the manufacture of gases for destroying human life, and has also done much for the protection of human life against lethal gases on the field of battle. There is a bitterly reproachful suggestion that it has done nothing for the abatement of noxious gases or the protection of men against them in some of the most important fields of peaceful industry. Thousands of lives have been lost in our time through the prevalence of gas in mines. Must the grewsome sacrifice continue forever? It is simply not for a moment to be conceded that a remedy for it is impossible, or is beyond the ken and power of science to provide. Surely humanitarian considerations alone should be sufficient to move some foremost chemists to address themselves to the task and not to quit until they have achieved it. Beside which even the thriftiest of utilitarians must realize that it would pay, in dollars and cents!

No rational person expected, of course, that anything of real importance would come of the German pretense at trying officials charged with crimes in connection with the war. Neither did anyone expect that the prosecution of Greek officials for leading that country to disaster would culminate in an atrocious tragedy. That Mr. Gounaris and his colleagues did Greece much harm, for which they deserved censure, is not to be disputed. But to send them summarily before a firing squad was an act of sheer savagery which it is impossible to dissociate from suspicion of personal rancor and partisan hatred. It was significant that a most scathing rebuke was promptly given by that Great Power which for more than a century has been Greece's most constant and helpful friend, and that Prince Andrew and Princess Alice were welcomed into asylum on a British warship.

Entirely apart from the general question of the right or wrong of prohibition, there can be no question that the attempted or

pretended enforcement of the Volstead Act has been attended with more administrative scandals than have soiled all other activities of the Government during this generation. The President is reported to be gravely concerned, lest the present state of affairs lead to a general demoralization of the country, and Representative Hill of Maryland has characterized the operations of the Prohibition Enforcement Commission as "futile, publicly scandalous and conducive to disrespect of all law." But the man who with surest touch probes the real heart of the matter is Mr. William Dudley Foulke, of the National Civil Service Reform League, who attributes the defeat of the Republican party in the late elections chiefly to "the universal disgust of everybody with the abominable corruption and inefficiency of those charged with the enforcement of prohibition", and adds:

> This was the result of making all these places mere political spoils. The Volstead Act kept them out of the competitive civil service and they became the mere plunder of Congressmen. Many of these Congressmen recommended men urged upon them by bootlegger constituents, and thus the service has become permeated from top to bottom, in spite of any good intentions on the part of Commissioner Haynes, with as precious a set of unmitigated scoundrels as ever trod the earth—high officers who will not even testify before Grand Juries until they are promised immunity. It is time for the advocates of prohibition to realize that they cannot accomplish what they believe to be a great moral reform by means which are essentially immoral and detestable. . . .

Those are words of soberness and truth, and withal of moderation. There is no possible doubt that the exemption of the prohibition agents from Civil Service requirements afforded the opportunity for all these abominable scandals; and, with a somewhat extended observation of such matters balanced against a natural desire to be charitable, I find it difficult to avoid wondering if it was not with the deliberate intent of making such an opportunity that many Congressmen were insistent upon compelling such exemption. It is no less difficult to conceive any decent reason why, so long as it remains upon the statute book, the Volstead Act should not be entrusted to the same administrative agencies that enforce all other laws.

In the midst of a lingering epidemic of Wellsism and Van Loonacy in history writing, it is refreshing to observe the continu-

ing popularity of works of sterling merit. Thus there has just appeared a most admirable American edition of Colonel John Buchan's *History of the Great War*, which impressed judicious readers at the appearance of its first volumes as a work of extraordinary merit, and which now, in its completed and revised form, must be esteemed as one of the very foremost of such histories, unsurpassed in amplitude of contents, accuracy of statement, sanity and justice of judgments, and vivid and compelling charm of style. Another work highly honoring the name of "history" is *The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations, 1897–1909*, by Mr. James Ford Rhodes, a worthy continuation of his former volumes of American history which have long held—as they abundantly deserve—the highest rank in all the essentials of genuine history writing. Still a third is *The New Larned History*, an entirely new, immeasurably improved and down-to-date edition of an encyclopædic compendium of universal history which has for many years been regarded by innumerable students and readers as quite indispensable for reference and research as well as for ordinary reading. Such books as these will not merely stand but will be confirmed by the tests of usage and of time, long after the flippant and flamboyant works of mere historiasters have passed, for the good of mankind, into oblivion.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE ADVENTURE OF LIVING. A Subjective Autobiography. By John St. Loe Strachey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Every autobiography ought to be unique, just as every human personality is in theory unique—its worth and its inviolability being somehow bound up with its uniqueness. It is this individual quality in Mr. Strachey's narrative which most deserves emphasis. It is a quality that extends from the matter to the manner, and its expression is a literary achievement. In this volume one breathes the air of no other book, of no other life, and the effect is attained without eccentricity, noticeable introspection, or, curiously enough, any special feeling of intimacy.

The writer, his ancestry, his setting, his opinions, his friends, are all set before us with reserve, with delicate appraisal, with consummate charm. Mr. Strachey succeeds in transferring to the reader's mind an almost incommunicable sense of the rarity and preciousness of many experiences that have made up his "adventure of living". We have here, in short, not the life merely, of an English country gentleman, an Oxford student, a man of letters, the editor of a great review, but Mr. Strachey's considered appraisement of the great privilege of life as he has found it. Hence there is no excess of any quality—no exclusively humorous, or literary, or political, or zealously amateurish view of anything. A greater quality, and a very rare one in autobiographical writing, transcends these half-views. It is not egoism, it is not the mere zest of adventure; it is a deep appreciation of those finer values that have come into Mr. Strachey's life so abundantly—an appreciation curiously and fortunately unmixed with regret. One has to go to the greater novelists—Thackeray, for example—to find a similar attitude. It is customary to say of a good autobiography that it is more interesting than fiction, but rarely does one find in autobiographical writing the impersonal charm, the seriousness, and the unjarring humor of the profounder novels.

To have been born and brought up in such a place as Sutton Court, to have had ancestors like William Strachey—who furnished Shakespeare with the account of that storm which the greatest of all playwrights described in *The Tempest*, and who, as first Secretary to the Colony of Virginia, made the author "Founders' Kin to the United States"—and like John Strachey, the friend of Locke; to have had a father like Sir Edward Strachey; to have had Clive for a sort of family patron saint—all this is good fortune indeed. No less to be appreciated, as one of the fine things of life seldom attested in letters, is the author's happy fate in having had a nurse like Mrs. Leaker.

A chapter is devoted to this simple-minded self-taught woman, and it is not

the least rewarding chapter in the book. Here is Leaker's remarkable reply to the question put to her in all confidence by Mr. Strachey when he was a boy under her care: "What do you think of Junius?"

"When I was a girl," said Leaker, "and a young housemaid in my first place at Mrs. Lloyd's in Clifton, I used to have as part of my work to dust the library. When I was dusting, I used to take down the books and look at what was in them, and often got through a page or two with my duster in my hand. Once I took down a volume marked '*Junius*', and read a page or two, and as I read I began to feel as if I was drunk. In those days I had never heard of the Duke of Grafton or Lord Sandwich, or any of the other people he talks about, and I did not know what it all meant, but the words went to my head like brandy."

"Though we were kept clean and well looked-after," says Mr. Strachey, "there was no nonsense in her nursery as to over-exciting our minds or emotions, or that sort of thing. She was quite prepared to read us to sleep with the witches in *Macbeth* or the death scene in *Othello*. . . . As she sat bent forward, declaiming the most soul-shaking things in Shakespeare between nine and ten at night, we lay in our beds with our chins on the counterpanes, silent, scared, but intensely happy."

Now here is a piece of miraculous good luck, the memory of which ought by no means to be allowed to perish—a thing fully as wonderful as would be the possession of a genuine fairy godmother. Has the breed of Leakers died out? If so, a civilization that depends to any extent upon nurses must soon fall to the ground. And what, by the way, is becoming of all the fine old taken-for-granted things that used to come as the natural result of heredity and tradition? We have now kindergartens for children of a kindergarten type, plenty of children's books for children who like that sort of book, but could an intelligent child get himself born into a home where a simple-minded but thoroughly appreciative nurse would read him to sleep with Shakespeare?

The whole of Mr. Strachey's career seems to have the glamour of happiness and satisfying success upon it. To have been a poet in one's youth, to have been encouraged in the most fascinating of all hobbies, the study of metre, to have devoured poetry at an age when the poetic instinct is fresh and analysis does not paralyze enjoyment, to have found Oxford congenial, and to have discovered oneself at the first trial an accepted and valued contributor to *The Spectator*—these are stages in the making of a man by the benignest influences; for benign influences as well as adversity may make a man—and this is the curiously poignant, often overlooked meaning, it appears, of the whole life-story.

Mr. Strachey's account of his work as editor of *The Cornhill*, and later, and chiefly, of *The Spectator*, is of prime interest and importance as the record of a practical and also an idealistic journalist. His appreciations of fellow-workers, particularly of Meredith Townsend, and his friendships with notable public men—Lord Cromer, John Hay, Theodore Roosevelt, Joseph Chamberlain,

the Duke of Devonshire—are rich in the most genuine intellectual and human values. His chapter on the ethics of journalism is worth the attention of any one connected with the press and indeed of any person who reads the daily papers and aspires to be a good citizen. His political opinions closely approximate those views which one thinks of as in the soundest and most traditional sense American. That he has always been a peculiarly sympathetic friend of America, is well-known.

Reminiscences of Matthew Arnold and Browning, as well as stories of older literary or historic figures coming in as almost direct contacts with the past, reward the lover of oral tradition. There is a pleasing vein of psychological interest in parts of the narrative—a hint of mysticism, even, modified and checked by the good sense of one who finds this life solid and satisfying. There is a passage here and there of antiquarian interest, and even of popular fairy lore. The purely incidental anecdotes are almost too infrequent, but are all of the first water. One cannot forbear to quote that priceless thing, the mere beginning of a story: "When I was a young man, I once heard an old gentleman in a third-class railway carriage remark vaguely and yet impressively to the company at large: 'I once saw six men hanged in a very rustic manner.'"

There is, all in all, plenty of variety and solidity of interest in this narrative, but its facts and opinions scarcely explain the hold the autobiography takes upon one. Its unique value is due to the sure touch of a fine mind upon a rich experience deeply felt.

The Print of My Remembrance. By Augustus Thomas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When Augustus Thomas arrived in New York in 1889, he had in his trunk two long plays and five or six short ones. He was thirty-one years of age and had had an intimate acquaintance with the theatre nearly all his life. He had played many years as an amateur and three or four years as the occasional member of a repertoire company, and he had had more than a year of consecutive travelling with a company in which he had an interest. He had produced four plays of his own, had had two years in a box office, and had "shared for a few full minutes the lease of a theatre, while never losing sight of dramatic authorship as objective". He had refused to rewrite a play for Mr. Sothern. He was fain to accept a forty-dollar job of counting tickets for a young actress (Julia Marlowe) upon her first trip as a star.

Play-writing, like novel-writing, may be truly described as a miscellaneous and fortuitous profession. The apprenticeship is long and hard and gives no assurance of even moderate success at the end. No one can be advised to attempt it without preparation, and no one can be very definitely counseled to go through the mill.

With bluff frankness, with an evidently real desire to come into some sort of

vital contact with his readers, with no disposition whatever to make a "great and solemn mystery" of his art, Mr. Thomas lays before us his materials and methods and reveals the experiences and influences that shaped him. The experiences and materials are of marvelous extent and variety, and hidden away among them is a grain of the radium of originality. Not too much! What would happen if radium were as common as salt, or genius as wit? So fine a play as *The Witching Hour*, it may be said in passing, was at first declined on the ground that it was crazy and unwholesome. If one looks in this book for a recipe for popularity and success, one will find that it is necessary to have much tradition, much *flair*, much knowledge of the theatre, copious materials, and a grain of mental radium.

Mr. Thomas's book is full of radium emanations: all that he writes has a characteristic force and glow. Yet the subject matter has claims that even an uninspired telling of the story could not defeat. The versatility of the author's career, the curious diversity of the material out of which mind and character, as well as plays, were constructed, have their distinct and undeniable appeal. To have seen statesmen from the point of view of a page-boy in Congress and railroad men from the angle of a member of the union may be as important as to know the theatre from the inside. To have been advance man for Washington Irving Bishop, the thought reader, may have been as fruitful an experience for the future author of *The Witching Hour* and *As a Man Thinks* as to have accompanied Della Fox or Julia Marlowe on the road, or to have known Barrett and Booth.

Needless to say, every one who cares for reminiscences of the stage will desire to read the autobiography of the dean of American playwrights, and the passion of the connoisseur in such matters will find ample satisfaction in these vigorous pages, truly reflecting the spirit of the theatre, old and new, and written by an adept if there ever was one. But beyond all this the book has real power as a record of the past because it richly reproduces that American atmosphere of the last half-century which is like nothing else that ever was or ever will be.

IRELAND'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE. By Ernest Boyd. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

One cannot help expressing surprise that a work so level-headed, so truly critical, should be written upon a subject so controversial, so intervolved with political and national motives, so much influenced by those excesses of enthusiasm incident to all literary movements, as the literary renaissance of Ireland. Mr. Boyd's point of view, however, is historical rather than propagandist; it is the *evolution* of Irish literature which interests him, and he quietly takes for granted the worth and significance of his theme. Probably he has in this way enhanced the value of the writers of whom he has treated far more than he could have done by unmeasured praise or insinuating appreciations. But this

is a method that could not be successfully used as a stroke of sly policy. Mr. Boyd's criticism and history is worthy of Ireland because it is the work of sober judgment and sincere scholarship.

When one attempts to summarize the total effect of the book, however, one arrives at somewhat curious results. Upon the author's own showing there have been no really great figures in the Irish movement save W. B. Yeats and John Synge, and of these, Yeats is doubtfully entitled to the epithet *great*. Certainly Mr. Boyd visits upon *The Rose of the World* a trenchant criticism such as would be damning to any but a very great reputation. The critic quotes for this purpose certain most fascinating lines:

> Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
> For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
> Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
> Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
> And Usna's children died.
>
> . . .
>
> Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
> Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
> Weary and kind, one stood beside His seat;
> He made the world to be a grassy road
> Before her wandering feet.

"The last verse," writes Mr. Boyd, "empties the poem of all intellectual content. It is impossible to know who is 'weary and kind', for the adjectives are inapplicable to any being conceived by the preceding verses. One cannot imagine Eternal Beauty as ever having been 'weary and kind', and, assuming the allusion to be to some living woman, it is equally inconceivable that she should have existed 'weary and kind' in the region of time and space considered by the poet."

Really, Blake, or Rossetti, or almost any poet less than Shelley, might be crushed by the devastating matter-of-factness of such an analysis. Besides, why may not one call Eternal Beauty weary and kind as justly as one may describe her as an "impitiable dæmon", her favorite rôle with the minor poets? At any rate, Mr. Boyd, despite his admiration for poems like *The Hosting of the Sidhe*, cannot be charged with partiality!

On the whole, however, Mr. Boyd's account of modern Irish literature seems rather strikingly to confirm the acute dictum of Paul Elmer More that the Celtic movement is not so much Celtic as romantic. The approximate source of the new movement is to be found in Standish O'Grady's *History of Ireland: Heroic Period*, published in 1878; and this is the strangest romantic extravaganza ever put forth in the name of history—a work of great potency, of rare enthusiasm and imagination, but essentially an assertion that the strength of Ireland lies in a wildly romantic past. Though generalizations on such themes are perilous, it may not be quite inappropriate to remark that the most successful races, like the Romans, have had the fewest traditions of supernatural grandeur and of arbitrary and cosmic heroism.

One perceives in this account of Irish literary evolution three disquieting tendencies: first, a disposition to yield in some measure to the influences of a purely Anglo-Saxon culture; second, a difficulty in escaping from the hypnosis of the folklore themes, in the treatment of which no very notable progress appears to have been made; third, and most significant of all, a tendency to go off upon a tangent, either in the direction of mysticism, like "A.E.", or in the direction of a mysticism, merely verbal, or at best symbolic, after the fashion of Yeats.

The really promising developments of the Irish literary movement would seem to be the creation of a real Anglo-Irish idiom, and the discovery of possibilities in the peasant play as written by Synge. But the prophets are not universally honored in their own country.

Whatever may be said for localism in literature and for the desirability of having one's literary roots in one's native soil, it seems folly to forget that Ireland, like every other country, is necessarily becoming more and more a part of a world-community and leaving its legendary past further and further behind. The theme of the writer must be human life rather than nationalism or native folklore.

THE OPTIMIST. By E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The theme of Miss Delafield's novel is essentially that of Björnson's *Beyond Our Power*, except that we have instead of faith, fanatic in its strength, a consistent religious optimism—the practical, unwavering belief that "all things work together for good". And if the English novel be less powerful than the Norwegian play, it compensates for any want of dramatic power by its exquisite handling of character. Very English and at the same time femininely intuitive is the author's picture of Canon Morchard and his family—weak Adrian, rebellious Valeria, repressed Flora, Lucilla, the eldest—deepest of them all and most gifted with the grace of humor, despite her "holy, cold, and still conversation".

A novel of religious life Miss Delafield has written in a double sense. On the one hand there is the Canon's obvious religion, acting as a stimulus to himself, as a subtle oppression to all about him. Has a man a right, one instinctively asks, to be so good as the Canon, so reproachful an example to his fellows, so inhumanly tactful? How the author has succeeded in making this character so tedious to the other persons of the story, and at the same time so interesting to the reader; how she has drawn him at once as a man of parts and of courage and as a big baby, is one of the mysteries of literary craftsmanship. On the other hand there is what may be called a purely subjective religious feeling which colors the thoughts and determines the attitudes of every one in the narrative—a sense of the holiness, so to speak, of human personality and of the great issues of conscientious living. So unobtrusive is this spirit that it is quite effectually cloaked under a gentle irony.

Owen Quentillian, who as a boy has been brought up in the Canon's home, comes back from soldiering in France to fall in love with Valeria and to lose her; to witness the débâcle of the Canon's theory of life, while something of its spirit enters unconsciously into his own; and to win at last the admirable Lucilla.

Owen is the modern pessimist and free-thinker—very tender towards the holders of the old beliefs yet intolerant towards the beliefs themselves. His own reason tells him—and events prove him right—that optimism such as the Canon's is but a veil to draw between the soul and life. On his deathbed, Canon Morchard, thinking of his children, exclaims, "All well, all happy!" Yet one daughter has achieved a measure of happiness only through rebellion; another has consciously lost her highest opportunity for her father's sake and regrets it; another, impelled by a hysteric condition resulting from long repression, has entered a nunnery; the well-loved son is a young man void of character, with whose valueless promise of reform the dying man comforts himself. Seldom has the tragedy of a good man's disintegration, the futility of a carefully built life and character, been more feelingly depicted.

Yet, curiously enough, the story is neither dismal nor cynical. There is in it, after all, no rejection of life and no cheap depreciation of religion. It all impresses one as being simply true—and in its truth as destroying no real values. The Canon's character somehow survives all the criticism of Owen Quentillian and all the ironic comments of fate—and the man on his deathbed is somehow great.

Few writers are so well able as Miss Delafield to construct a fable motivated entirely from within. There is scarcely any arbitrary incident in the tale, and its progress is managed by transitions so smooth and artistic that although the essential life history of several persons is compressed into less than three hundred pages, one never feels that any act or speech calls for strained explanation. Moreover, the whole story has perspective and gives one a sense of adequate time.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ORIGIN OF NATIONAL SONGS

SIR:

In discussing the merits and demerits of *The Star Spangled Banner* as a national anthem Willis Fletcher Johnson, in a recent issue of your magazine, says: "I cannot recall that any air has ever been adopted as a national anthem which was not composed for that purpose or at least for patriotic use; nor that, with a single obvious exception, any was ever thus adopted that was of alien origin." Wishing to examine the truth of this assertion, I will give a brief summary of the way some of the European national anthems were "born" and adopted.

The Norwegian national song, "Yes, We Love with Fond Devotion Norway's Mountain Domes," was written by our great poet, B. Björnson, in 1859. Before that time another song had officially been adopted as a national anthem but the people preferred Björnson's poem to which Nordraak, the poet's nephew, had composed a stirring air which is now our favorite song.

The Swedish national anthem, "Ye Old, Free Mountains of the North," was written in 1842 by R. Dybeck, who was a lover of the old folk ballads. It soon gained popularity, especially on account of its music, which was taken from the old Swedish folk lore and is genuine Swedish.

The Danish national song, "There Is a Lovely Country," was written by the great Danish poet, Adam Oehlenschlager, and the music was some years later composed by H. E. Kroyer. Both words and music express a peaceful nation's love of their beautiful country.

J. L. Runeberg wrote Finland's national anthem, "Our Country, Our Native Country," as the opening poem of his versified novel, *Ensign Stal's Story*. It was published in 1847 but gained no popularity. However, after F. Pacius, a German residing in Finland, had composed the stirring air that all Swedish speaking people, both in Finland and Sweden, love to sing, its success was given.

La Brabançonne, the Belgian national song, was written during the war of independence of 1830 by Dechet, a Frenchman and an actor at one of the theatres of Brussels. The author was killed in the war but the martial air of this song, composed by F. van Campenhout, was sung with enthusiasm by the Belgians in the struggle for independence and in the Great War.

In Russia there is no other national anthem than the hymn to the Czar, "God Protect the Noble Czar." The Russians probably were not allowed to express their patriotism in any other way. The words were written by the poet W. A. Joukowsky, an officer who afterwards was appointed leader of the Imperial Conservatory of Music.

On the occasion of the coronation of George I a theatrical play, *Alfred*, was given at one of the London theatres and in one of the scenes of that play *Rule Britannia* was sung the first time in 1714. It was written by the Scotch poet, J. Thomson, and it was long believed that Händel, who was at that time living in London, was the composer of the music. This, however, was not true; an Englishman, Thomas Arne, composed the air. The boastful words and the triumphant strains both voice the British pride in the power of their country.

The beautiful American words fitted to the notes of *God Save the King* are well suited to stir the heart of every true American. In Europe it is quite different. Although we have the same air in five countries the words are, in all of them, the original English translated to the three Scandinavian languages and to German, whose *Heil Dir im Siegeskranz* has about the same meaning. These words, however, do not make the song a national anthem. It is an official hymn in honor of the reigning king or emperor, but it has nothing to do with our patriotic feelings. The German version of the song was written in 1790 in honor of the Danish king, Christian VII, by H. Harries, a German residing in the Danish province of Holstein.

Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles, was written in 1841 by A. Hoffmann, who at the time was in exile on account of his radical opinions. The words were fitted to the melody of the Austrian official hymn, *Gott Erhalte Franz den Kaiser*, composed by Joseph Haydn. The music to another German national song, *O Deutschland Hoch In Ehren*, was composed by an Englishman, Henry Pearson. *Die Wacht Am Rhein* was born of the fear of a French attack on Germany in 1840. After that time the song was almost forgotten and hardly anybody knew who the author was till the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 revived it, and it was found out that the poet's name was M. Schneckenburger. The first music to the song, composed by J. Wendel, is now forgotten, but the stirring air by Karl Wilhelm, composed in 1854, has made it the watchword of the German army.

La Marseillaise, words and music by Rouget de Lisle, is the child of the French revolution, and its flaming air became the war song of the French armies fighting against the invaders. After the revolution the poet was soon forgotten, and it was not till France became a republic in 1870 that the song was adopted as the national anthem. Since then it has not only thrilled the people of France but it has become the war song of the oppressed of all the nations on earth.

In conclusion Mr. Johnson says that "it must be remembered that at least two of the best anthems that ever were written were in fact written to order". I hope Mr. Johnson will let us know what anthems he refers to.

H. GUNDELACH.

Kristiania, Norway.

[The anthems referred to are the Austrian, *Gott Erhalte Franz den Kaiser*, of which the words were written by L. L. Haschka at imperial command, and the music by Haydn at a self-imposed command—to give Austria something comparable with *God Save the King*, with which he had

been greatly impressed in England; and the Russian, *Bojé Tsaria Khrani*, the words of which were written by Joukowsky and the music by Alexis Lwoff, by order of Czar Nicholas I.—W. F. J.]

ORIGIN OF THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINEERS

SIR:

A recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW contained an article on the social drama being enacted by the mountaineers.

It claimed that they are of the same stock as the patriots of King's Mountain. I was born about thirty miles from Big Stone Gap, Va., and my paternal grandfather and grandmother were both children of men who fought in that battle, and as far as I know those men were all frontiersmen or pioneers who participated in the founding of a Commonwealth and became executives, lawyers, doctors, judges, clerks, sheriffs, merchants, etc.

Their descendants have gone into all parts of the United States and been known for their ability. I cannot therefore see how they could be identified with the mountaineers just beginning to be absorbed into a community life and introduced to civic customs.

MRS. J. D. MITCHELL.

Bristol, Virginia.

[Many of the Carolina colonists of Revolutionary days did become founders of States and rose to eminence. Many others remained farmers and woodsmen, and because of their isolation in the mountains fell out of step with the progress of their fellows, and were the progenitors of the sturdy and competent but comparatively primitive mountaineers of today.—THE EDITORS.]

"SHINING CONTRIBUTIONS"

SIR:

I congratulate you on an issue carrying two such shining contributions as Professor Erskine's admirably reasoned plea for Decency in Literature and Dr. Bridges's keen analysis of Free Verse.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1923

THE TARIFF OF EXAGGERATIONS

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

If we are asked how this present tariff got into the statutes, the answer is that it was the result of politics. That answer, however, is not satisfactory. Knowing that members of Congress, with some notable exceptions, regard most provisions of a tariff bill from the political point of view, one is forced to wonder why a great political party should have come to consider the support of high customs duties as good politics. For many decades the Republican party has been cleverly made to seem synonymous with protectionism. There are, of course, persons who honestly believe that without heavy protection our industries would be ruined, employment greatly reduced, and prosperity impossible. Those directly dependent on a duty for their very existence are protectionists by self-interest, and think the country owes them support whether or not the rest of the nation has to be bled that they may live. In the manufacturing States such elements have had great influence and have formed the nucleus of political power by the men they send to Congress. In each Congressional District wealthy manufacturers have had little difficulty in getting protectionists nominated. The combination headed by Senator Aldrich and "Joe" Cannon ruled Congress. Bargains with agricultural interests, especially on wool, cemented their autocracy.

And yet, in actual fact, it must be admitted that Protectionism has proved to be bad politics. People had been thinking and

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they had in course of time been educated by experience. Without going very far back, we well know that the McKinley Tariff Act of October 1, 1890, proved to be very poor politics for the Republican party. It reduced revenues by what were practically prohibitory duties; although sugar was admitted free, a bounty was granted to domestic producers of sugar. The immediate political effect was the loss of the House to the Republicans. More than that, in November, 1892, Cleveland was elected President on the Tariff issue (with 277 electoral votes to 145 for Harrison) and both houses of Congress became Democratic for the first time since 1859. "Whatever may have been contributing causes in certain districts," says James Ford Rhodes, the historian (VIII, 367), "the paramount cause of this overturn was the devotion of the Republican party to a high protective tariff." It is worth recalling that never again has the party dared to go to the country on an open distinctive issue with the tariff. In 1896, McKinley was elected President over Bryan on the silver issue. Under that cover, and without any mandate from the country, the protectionists enacted the Dingley Bill, July 24, 1897 (displacing the Wilson Act of 1894). It was immediately followed by an amazing development of so-called "trusts". But thereafter monetary questions formed the chief political issues. Bryan's distrusted monetary leadership of the Democrats kept electing Republican Presidents. Thus the Aldrich-Cannon group, sheltered from public discussion, passed the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act of 1909. But the antagonism, widespread and bitter, which was excited against this protectionist dictation grew so strong that it turned the House over to the Democrats in 1910, and swept the Republicans from power with the election of President Wilson in 1912. Then came at once, in the extra session of 1913, the Underwood Act with lower duties. Since 1914, and particularly since 1917, the World War made it impossible to judge of the effects of the Act of 1913, and in fact under abnormal war conditions we lived as if we had had a heavy protective tariff.

In the Presidential election of 1920, the issue was not the Tariff. In fact, the Republican platform excused the party from action on it in the following plank:

The uncertain and unsettled condition of international balances, the abnormal economic and trade situation of the world, and the impossibility of forecasting accurately even the near future, preclude the formulation of a definite programme to meet conditions a year hence, etc.

The election resulted in a prodigious majority for President Harding. Exceptional conditions, due to the passions of the war, turned the whole Irish and German vote away from Mr. Wilson; and the impatience with his autocratic ways, as disclosed in Secretary Lane's letters, alienated others. In order to destroy, the gods made the unwieldy Republican majority mad. It is doubtful if we have ever had a Congress more stupid, dense, untrained in economic analysis, and unfit for its job. Regardless of the belief expressed in the platform of 1920, that the abnormal economic situation forbade the formulation of a tariff programme to meet conditions a year ahead, the Republican leaders began hearings on a tariff bill in January, 1921, about two months after the election. The platform, of course, was meant only for campaign consumption; there was again no mandate for a tariff from the country. That did not worry the leaders; nor did previous experience. In order to play the mad part perfectly, as if unconscious of the political effect of high tariffs, or as if it had never heard the history of the McKinley Act and its results, Congress with inexplicable naïvete ostentatiously discussed for twenty months and finally passed (September 21, 1922) the most extreme protectionist act in all our history, a very Tariff of Exaggerations. Running true to form, just as with the McKinley Act of 1890, the country gave the Republicans a drubbing in November, 1922, and sent them back to Washington with their tails between their legs. Congress was the villain of the play. While there were other contributing causes (such as the tilt toward radicalism), the voters vented their anger on the Republican party chiefly because it had dared to make itself synonymous with extreme Protectionism, and this too in spite of a personal regard for President Harding and of the remarkable achievements of Secretary Hughes at the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament. Perhaps the most notable exaggeration connected with this act was its utter blindness to political results. And yet the long suit of Republican leaders was sup-

posed to be skill in playing politics. Are we to expect that the precedent of 1892, following the McKinley Act of two years before, is to be the guide for the country in the coming Presidential election of 1924?

II

In one serious aspect, moreover, the exaggerations of the Tariff Act have proved offensive to the nation's moral sense and dangerous to our financial position. The repayment to us of the debts, both private and public, of the Allies and other countries of Europe, is one of the most difficult moral and financial questions of the day. This is not the place to discuss the wisdom or justice of cancelling some of these debts; but Congress has passed an act requiring the refunding of the public demand debts into obligations maturing within twenty five years and fixing the minimum rate of interest to be charged at $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. Besides the $10,045,282,026 (exclusive of interest) due to our Government, there are other billions due to private concerns who have sold goods to Europe on credit. How can Europe pay these debts to us? How will this process affect our farmers and our workingmen? And how does the Tariff of 1922 touch the matter?

A country can pay her debts only by (1) gold, (2) by foreign credits, or (3) by goods. Gold has been sent to us in considerable sums already, largely because it has been driven out of countries on a depreciated paper basis; but the unpaid capital of the debt remains practically unliquidated. The granting of credits is a temporary service, a makeshift to gain time for production to bring forward goods. Large foreign loans are hard to place, in view of the destruction of capital. Therefore, from whatever angle we look at the matter, the only resource is the sending of goods. Just now many parts of Europe are producing under very difficult conditions. Political and industrial life is unsettled. Crippled and discouraged, with only a fraction of their former capital, the people generally are trying hard to produce the goods with which they can pay for our copper, cotton, meat or bread stuffs. And only as they show a capacity to produce can they obtain credit. Only as we receive their goods can we be paid for

our advances. Mere humanity would drive us to help them to exchange their goods. But, as it happens, the capacity of our factories was vastly increased during the war and we are in great need of foreign markets that will take our surplus goods. Our farmers especially depend on foreign markets. Unless other countries send us imports, they cannot pay for our exports or liquidate their debts to us.

Then, at this critical juncture, what can Congress mean by introducing preposterous and even prohibitive import duties, whose direct and expressed purpose must be the restriction of imports? If it also raises the cost of living to domestic consumers, it is so stupid and reactionary that no wonder it alienates voters from the party proposing such tariff follies. In this disturbed state of international trade, the legacy of a merciless war, every one of us in every walk of life is vitally concerned with the expense of producing goods, their prices, how much they are taxed, the freight for transporting them, whether obstacles are placed in the way of their exchange, and whether ignorant or designing minds are, for their own selfish advantage, making the acquisition of goods more costly than it should be. The exaggerated tariff is, therefore, under fire. Our farmers and our working men have their ears to the ground to find out whether our exports (on which their livelihood and employment largely depend) are to be restricted by stupid or tricky ways of reducing imports. They know we cannot sell our exports to advantage except by getting a goodly amount of imports in return. Imports must come in even if penalized. After going through the toil of producing, keep your eyes on the man who is weighing out the goods we get back for our effort. Keep your eyes on the gates through which our imports come. If Congress insists on the payment of the debts by our Allies, it is wholly inconsistent for it to raise up a tariff wall to work against the coming in of the means of payment.

III

How high that wall is may be appreciated when we find it to be higher than in any of our previous enactments on the Tariff,

higher than the McKinley (1890), the Dingley (1897), or the Payne-Aldrich (1909) act.

A new reason for high duties has added to the gayety of tariff literature. Hitherto we have long been acquainted with that ever-young member of our family known as "infant industry"; from the amount of pap it has received it has obviously grown up to be a very "Dempsey of industry". Our maternal solicitude, however, has turned to and been gratified by a new-born "War Baby". Just after the end of a war waged to put an end to wars, the godfathers of the tariff are so certain of a coming war that they feel it their bounden duty to prepare for it at once. Remembering the ruin and devastation caused in the United States by our being cut off from German toys during the war, tariff duties of 70 per cent are imposed to nourish the starving American toy war baby, whose ribs are projecting horribly from its skinny frame. It was a happy thought to start the manufacture of toys during the war from a purely humanitarian feeling for children in anticipation of the time when no child of true spirit would be allowed by our tariff to play with foreign-made toys (not even if coming from Japan). We can thereby make our children pay more for their toys. It boots nothing to have the advantages of international division of labor. No matter what it costs us, if there is anything growing under the blue canopy that we are not now producing, let us clap on a duty of 5000 per cent if necessary (cf. Senator Stanfield, *Congressional Record*, 67 Cong., 2nd Sess. p. 12514), order the American eagle to scream, and even grow cocoa and tea in Minnesota. There is no exaggeration in this pose. It is honest, farm bloc statesmanship of a high order.

The wall was made high, also, on the assumption (one must suppose) that women for some unstated reason should not be permitted to satisfy cheaply a primitive instinct for decoration. Jewelry of the cheaper kinds is charged with a duty of 80 per cent. Girls earning their own living in factories or offices find a formidable increase in duties on nets, hair brushes, pins, flowers and feathers, buttons, powder and vanity cases. Then, in order to frown on the use of such foolish refinements as cotton gloves, combined *ad valorem* and specific duties of 75 per cent are levied

on our wives and daughters. This is a higher duty than the high one in the Payne-Aldrich Act of 1909. In order to be quite sure that the dinner table of the plain people is sufficiently taxed, an *ad valorem* duty of 60 per cent is placed on undecorated china, vitrified wares, chemical stoneware and the like; if at all decorated, 70 per cent. Also, those who prefer curtains for windows instead of barren shades are charged for them at not less than 60 per cent. Laces in general are taxed at an *ad valorem* rate of 90 per cent, which Professor Taussig says is "unexampled", and he calls it "quite unblushing protection". In this conclusion he is probably mistaken, not understanding that this was the plan of far-sighted politicians to win the votes of women in the November elections of 1922. But when we come to the boys who care for pocket knives, we have been in past years descanting on the superiority of American cutlery, and how our hardware is exported and sold even in the shops of Sheffield; but in this tariff of strange exaggerations they are to be told that the home dealer can put up his price to almost any limit because he is protected from all foreign competition by duties which, reduced to an *ad valorem* rate, run from 75 to over 400 per cent. As boys are soon to become voters, they must be trained to become Protectionists by these ingratiating attentions. Nor was the disabled soldier forgotten. If confined to hospitals, he, as well as all other sufferers, is to be kept reminded of the generosity of Congress by the tariff of 65 per cent *ad valorem* on "biological, chemical, metallurgical, pharmaceutical, and surgical articles and utensils of all kinds, including all scientific articles, utensils, tubing and rods, whether used for experimental purposes in hospitals, laboratories, schools or universities, colleges or otherwise". (Par. 218.) Of course, the higher price for their hospital equipment was paid for by the Government of the United States and collected from taxpayers who thus gave a bounty to the producer. Before this act, however, such articles had been on the free list. But let no guilty taxpayer escape, when it is a question of keeping the chimneys smoking. Also, as early as November 23, *The Iron Trade Review* noted that ferrotungsten had advanced from 41 to 94 cents a pound, and tungsten concentrates from $3 to $7.50 per unit; and that imports had ceased.

IV

That part of the act which directly affects the receivers of small incomes, and especially the workingmen, because it touches the price of clothing, is that which relates to wool (and the textiles).

Western Europe and North America do not produce wool enough for their home consumption and are obliged to import from South America, South Africa and Australia. Before the war, out of a total annual consumption of about 525,000,000 pounds in the United States, 300,000,000 were grown at home, so that imports were 200,000,000 or less. During the war, consumption ran higher (in 1916 to 817,095,537 pounds) and, as home production did not rise materially (due to extensions of the area of cultivated land and the competition of cattle), imports greatly increased (in 1916 being 534,828,022, but falling in 1921 to 318,137,858 pounds). Before the war, imports amounted to about 36 per cent and, after the war, to about 56 per cent, of consumption. Here then is an article grown at home but necessarily supplemented by importations. Hence the perennial tariff problem. The duty raises the price of the whole supply, but the home producers get less than half of the total tax.

The need for clothing millions of soldiers and sailors in the war led the Allied Governments to buy or commandeer the bulk of the world's production. The scarcity of shipping caused an accumulation of the lower grades, mainly in Australia, until at the armistice in 1918 the surplus of these grades was estimated as high as 1,265,000,000 pounds. The industrial collapse of Europe shut off the usual demand for the medium and coarse wools at the very time when the supply was thus abnormally increased; so that prices in 1919 for the coarse kinds seriously fell. On the other hand, during the years of the war and just after, the civilian demand from the receivers of high wages and profits pushed up the prices of merinos or fine wools, especially in the boom of 1919, since the supply of these grades was small. In 1920–21, however, a drought in Australia tended to reduce the surplus of crossbreeds, coincident with better buying in the latter part of 1921, and the market improved.

The crisis in wool, as in all other prices, came in April and May, 1920. The collapse was world-wide. The decline in prices of wool by June ran concurrently in both English and American markets by from 10 to 36 per cent (heavier in London than in Boston quotations). The fall of prices in wool, as in all other goods in 1920, of course, lowered both buying power and borrowing power. To grant credit in order to carry any goods for higher prices would tie up assets for long terms and be contrary to safe banking. Hence wool paper, as all other paper, was subject to careful scrutiny and could not be freely discounted. The situation was due to world-wide causes, and not to the curtailment of credit by the Federal Reserve Board. Neither English nor American banks could expand. Moreover, the facts show that members of our Federal Reserve System in agricultural districts were granted in this period more credit than those in manufacturing districts. The demand for a tariff on wool to protect the farmers was based, of course, on a desire to bring about higher prices, even though wool was now largely produced only in the Mountain States not adapted to growing grain. Not all farmers would be thereby benefited.

As the Underwood Act of 1913 had left wool on the free list, the Emergency Act of May 27, 1921, and the Act of 1922, made a decided change. The Emergency Act put a duty of 15 cents a pound on Classes I and II, if unwashed; 30 cents, if washed (on the sheep); 45 cents, if scoured (by a mill process); and a compensatory duty of 45 cents *ad valorem* on manufactures of wool. When the Emergency Act was passed there were large stocks of wool on hand, and in anticipation of the act imports were heavy in the early part of 1921. A rise of price on all this wool did not go to the farmer; he was the gainer only on the clip in hand. Toward the close of 1921 prices of wool showed the effect of the tariff. By the early part of 1922, Boston prices ran from 25 to 35 cents a pound over those in London.

The Wool Tariff of 1922 is characterized by the abandonment of duties on grease. In past acts, as in the Payne-Aldrich Act of 1909 (and in the Emergency Act), the duty on washed and scoured wools has been double or treble that on wool in the grease. The finer the wool, as a rule, the more grease, and the

greater the shrinkage when scoured, having been thus kept out by the 11 cent duty of 1909. The wools that came in under the acts of 1897 and 1909 were those of low shrinkage. The duty of 11 cents per pound on grease wool in the last act was found to yield only 18 cents on the cleaned wool, when it was intended it should be 33 cents. This could not happen under the new duties of 1922. The House adopted the recommendation of the Tariff Commission to discard grease duties and impose a duty of 25 cents per pound on the cleaned wool, provided that in no case should the duty exceed, say, 35 per cent *ad valorem*. The Senate increased the duty to 33 cents and eliminated the proviso. In the Conference Committee the rate was fixed at 31 cents on cleaned wool. The *ad valorem* equivalent of 31 cents on clean wool at foreign costs varies according to grades from 31 per cent (on Australian 64s) to 155 per cent (on New Zealand 36/40s). The duty is less than of old on Patagonian and Cape merinos, but on crossbreeds it is higher by from 55 to 111 per cent. Imported fabrics woven of wool (par. 1108), on which the maximum compensatory duties are levied (to protect the manufacturer for the duty on wool), if valued at more than 80 cents per pound, must pay 45 cents per pound on the wool content plus 50 per cent *ad valorem*. Hereafter, let every buyer of woolen goods be prepared to open his or her pocketbook wide. Retail dealers, however, are apprehensive of a "buyers' strike." They do not look for exaggerated sales after a Tariff of Exaggerations.

V

Perhaps the greatest exaggeration next to American valuation in the whole new tariff is to be found in the treatment of dyestuffs. Here not only are our feelings appealed to because this industry is a poor "War Baby", but our fears also are enlisted because of the instant necessity of preparing for a new war in spite of any success of the Washington conference in removing the chances of a conflict in the Pacific.

Before the war, Germany had long led the world both in scientific chemical research and in its practical applications to industry. The universities and scientific schools had turned out

legions of young chemists trained with German precision who were available at low salaries. German establishments provided chemicals of great variety and at lower costs than they could be produced elsewhere, because they had the most highly skilled management, the best and latest knowledge of chemistry, long experience which had built up effective formulas (many of them kept secret and unknown to foreign competitors), a large technical force constantly experimenting, comparatively low wages, and a government ready to further, rather than to destroy, large industries and to assist foreign commerce by low export rates and shipping to all parts of the world. Then in addition, these products as a rule require detailed and careful work on small amounts of goods, not lending themselves to large production, in which machine processes and standardization, as in this country, enable goods in enormous quantities to be produced at a low cost per unit. Years of intensive labor and the adaptation of habits to the special operations of a great variety of chemical processes gave to Germans a special advantage over others. Thus is also explained her peculiar superiority in dyed textiles. In international division of labor Germany had in this industry, if there ever was such a thing, a relative advantage in comparative costs. Consequently, before the war, the dyestuffs derived from coal tar products which we used came chiefly from Germany.

As all know, the war cut off these imports from Germany to the great embarrassment of many of our industries. The dyes produced here were inferior; but the deficiency caused a high level of prices under which grew up a number of dye establishments, that invested large sums in the expectation of creating a permanent industry. These were industries engaged in producing soda ash, caustic ash, bleaching powder, dyestuffs, medicinals, products of coal tar, sulphuric, nitric, and picric acids, benzol, toluol and acetone. It happened that concerns which had been making explosives during the war were obviously fitted to change most easily into producing dyestuffs and vice versa. The most prominent firms were exposed to attack on the ground that they were of the class of dangerous combinations of large capital. After the Armistice, our domestic dye products, of course, claimed the right to protection as a "War Baby". Before the war, some

chemical industries had grown up here without protection, but the best qualities of coal tar products had long been imported.

At the end of the war, by governmental regulations and a temporary act of Congress, imports of these products had been excluded. When tariff legislation was pushed after the election of 1920, the demands of the dye industries were vigorously presented. The arguments, however, offered in their favor were not always logical. Inasmuch as high explosives and poison gas for purposes of war come forth from the same basis as dyestuffs, especially the coal tar products, it was urged as of the highest national importance that we should support them by high duties in order to be at once ready for the next war. Remembering our own unpreparedness on the outbreak of the war in 1917, the argument for future preparedness was used for all it was worth. This argument was obviously inconsistent with the unwillingness of the country to maintain a large army which would be the corner stone of preparedness. If we did not believe enough in the nearness of war to keep up the army, why should we tax ourselves to keep up large establishments ready to turn to the making of war explosives and gas (beyond the technical research laboratories necessary to keep up with the times)? Moreover, the remembrance that the Germans, against whom we had just been engaged in a bloody conflict, were the ones to be feared as competitors in these industries, if unprotected, served to influence our legislators. Both of these arguments, of course, were largely sentimental and had little economic significance. That they should have had an effect, just when Congress had obstinately decided to enact high duties no matter what the opposition was naturally to be expected. They served as a cloak for duties determined on for other reasons.

The outcome of the matter was characteristic of this act. Working on the feeling of hostility to the Germans, domestic industries demanded an embargo, or complete prohibition of imports, for at least two years. This was actually presented in the House bill, long debated in the Senate, and finally dropped. But the state of mind created led to very high duties, and—more than that—the application to these duties, by which they were very much increased, of the "American valuation"; applied it is

to be noted only to coal tar products (Par. 27, 28). To make sure that both cheaper and dearer grades should have high duties, both specific and *ad valorem* duties were imposed. On intermediate products (Par. 27) the rates adopted are 40 per cent *ad valorem*, American valuation (55 per cent until 1924), plus 7 cents per pound, and on the finished coal tar dyes (Par. 28) 45 per cent *ad valorem*, American valuation (60 per cent until 1924), plus 7 cents per pound. The outcome is as near to prohibition as could be expected, if the operation of the American valuation be taken into account.

VI

Without doubt the most alarming exaggeration of protectionism in the Act of 1922 is connected with the proposal of American valuation. Therein lies some trickery and concealed iniquity of which the public should be fully informed. While keeping an unchanged rate of duty, the actual duty paid is, by administrative provisions, strikingly increased. For more than a century *ad valorem* duties have been assessed on the foreign value, or export value, of the goods at the time and place of purchase. The "joker" of the bill was an attempt to drop this method entirely and to substitute the American valuation, (Sec. 402), that is, the wholesale selling price of a similar competitive article of domestic production in the principal markets of the United States. The reason why a duty is higher when levied on the American valuation is plain. To the foreign price is to be added the cost of containers, packing, transportation, insurance, agents' commissions, and, on this side the ocean, the duties, handling, selling costs, overhead charges and profits, in order to arrive at the American selling price. That is, if the duty were 40 per cent *ad valorem*, the duty on an article costing $1.00 in Europe, under the old system would be 40 cents; but, under the American valuation, the duty of 40 per cent is levied on a price which includes not only a variety of expenses, but the very duty itself, so that the actual duty is at least doubled, or 80 per cent. On some goods of general consumption (china, brushes, dress goods, hose, gloves) it was estimated that the new method would have raised the duties by from 50 to 600 per cent. Since wholesale prices vary

widely for the same article in different markets of this wide land, because of the thousand influences affecting desire and purchasing power, on the one hand, and those affecting costs of production such as materials, wages, freights and the like on the other, it is impossible to find one general price. A fortune teller, rather than an appraiser, should be better fitted to tell the American selling price. The plan is unworkable. Consequently the importers and merchants of the country rose *en masse*. Since about 3,000,000 persons are engaged in retailing, they come next in numbers to farmers and Trade Unionists in the class of those engaged in gainful occupations. American valuation was seemingly defeated, being applied by the act only to coal tar products, as we have seen.

Congress tried to find an excuse for the concealed enhancement of duties in the American valuation plan by affecting a fear of an advantage in competition by those European countries which had depreciated currencies, especially Germany. Looking over all such countries (even Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia and others) Congress evidently assumed that higher duties against all of them (for no exceptions could be made) would *pro tanto* keep out the products of all. If you have five boys of different heights standing on the floor, you do not change their relative heights by placing them on a platform two feet above the floor. So, if higher duties, but the same to all, were levied against countries having different costs of production, those countries would still be left with the same relative advantages or disadvantages. The American valuation plan levied alike against England, France, Germany or other nations, does not change their relative costs at home.

But although the American valuation scheme was seemingly discarded on the surface, like cancer, its roots still run through the Act. It is, in essence, retained in the discretionary powers granted to the President to change duties. (Sec. 315.) Whenever he finds that duties do not equalize the difference in costs of production in this and foreign countries, he is authorized to change the duties in order to bring about equalization (provided the changes do not exceed 50 per cent of the rates). Then mark the alternative. If the President finds that equalization cannot

be brought about as above, the duty by his proclamation shall be levied by the American valuation plan (315b). Already it is reported that the knit-goods industry hopes by this method to get increased protection. Thus the villain of the play is still in the house. The President can, if he chooses, let him act. The upshot of the provision is either equalization of costs or American valuation. If as we shall see, equalization of costs of production is unworkable, it looks as if American valuation were not far removed. The discretionary powers given to the President cover any and all articles and open a wide field from which corrupt pressure may be brought to bear upon him. As Professor Taussig says: "They are great and dangerous powers, almost impossible of accurate application, easily made subservient to interested pressure, full of possibilities of mistake and abuse."

VII

It is to be observed that for the first time in a Tariff Act there has been legally embodied the principle of equalizing production costs by duties. This is made the justification for the Protective system. When one comes to examine on economic grounds the partisan positions taken in support of the Tariff, there is shown up a curiously dense ignorance of economic thinking. The real reason for the duties is solely one of self-interest, to raise a barrier behind which the domestic producer shall be protected from competition, no matter what the effect of higher prices may be on cost of living. To cover this *a priori* assumption that any domestic industry is advantageous there have been brought forward various justifications, of which the main one has been that the tariff secures high wages to labor; and, allied to this claim, is the insistence that whenever the cost of production in a domestic industry is below that in foreign countries the difference should be made up by the tariff. These positions have been taken with naïve assurance, as if they were true and fully supported by economic principles and economic history.

In spite of the reiteration of Protectionist campaigners, high wages are the outcome of low costs and not of tariffs. Superior resources, skill, business enterprise, effective use of labor and

machinery, insure a vast number of units of goods in the output so that each unit can be sold at a low price and yet allow high wages to be paid. Labor is paid more, because it produces more. Industries having relative advantages pay high wages and yet sell their products in foreign competitive markets without the aid of duties. This is true of agricultural products whose prices are fixed in foreign markets, such as cotton, bread stuffs (wheat, flour, corn, oats), meat-products; and manufactured articles such as cotton goods (of lower grades), shoes, woodenware, furniture, iron and steel, machinery, glassware, petroleum-products, and a legion of other exported articles. High wages in these many and important industries are not dependent on duties.

Moreover, the much-talked-of equalizing of costs by duties is not only unjustified on economic principles but it is also unworkable. Equalization flies in the face of international division of labor, is aimed at wiping out all relative advantages, and, if carried out logically, would result in universal Protection and the cessation of all foreign trade. The high-priests of Protection in Congress are bold in saying that the greater the differences in costs the heavier the duties should be. This means, of course, that any and every thing, even though our conditions are unfavorable, should be fully protected if any producer takes a fancy to produce them. Now that equalization is officially on the statute books we may soon hope for bananas in Maine and reindeer in Florida. More than all this, even if the theory were possible, its practical working would be impossible. The costs of making a certain article are not the same in any two establishments. They could be known only by an elaborate system of card costs, which very few producers keep. Even if we introduced a compulsory uniform system of cost accounting, how could it be enforced and checked up? How could we get a figure for the costs between different producers (say of shoes) on which a duty would fall equally? Then, to complete the scheme, we should be met with the absurdity of supposing that foreign producers of competitive articles would show us the secret records of their costs. By-products would be unmanageable. No Tariff Commission could get accurate costs.

VIII

In the game of politics by which this curious Tariff of Exaggerations has been enacted, it is passing strange that we owe most of the ruthless protection to the Farm Bloc, chiefly in the Senate. In past years, manufacturing interests combined with wool growing representatives to secure protection, since wool was imported to complete our consumption and wool duties affected domestic prices. But now, one wonders if the Farm Bloc has not been cleverly duped by the Eastern groups and been handed a gold brick in this last dicker. Suffering from low prices of bread stuffs and cotton due to world causes, they swallowed the hook baited with promises of higher prices to be obtained from tariffs on imports. It seems inconceivable; but they gave the Easterners heavy protection on their manufactures and received in return duties on goods not imported (except in special cases) but which, being exported, had their prices fixed in foreign markets, and were practically unaffected by duties on imports. The Farm Bloc got nothing to speak of, but gave in return heavy duties to raise the prices of the goods they had to buy. It is an unholy alliance not likely to last. The real enemies of the farmer are the protectionists and the trade unionists: the former, because by heavy duties they restrict the means of payment for the farmers' exports, and raise the prices of the farmers' purchases; the latter, because by high wage costs and regulations they keep up freights and the prices of articles of general consumption.

The rates of this act are too high to last. Moreover, they are economically unsound and cannot stand against discussion. They contain in themselves the yeast of fermentation which will bring dissolution. No one proposes extensive or sudden Tariff changes; vested interests must be considered. But the inevitable consequence of reaction will be business uncertainty in all the industries affected by the tariff. Such must be the result of building up production more or less dependent on government aid. If we are today plagued with an epidemic of demands from Radicals for governmental intervention in all sorts of schemes, it is largely due to the example of constant requests for protective duties.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

ISLAM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY

BY WILLIAM YALE

THE Western world hailed with delight the revolution of the Young Turks of 1908, which finally resulted in the overthrow of the régime of Sultan Abdul Hamid and the setting up of the semblance of a Parliamentary system in the Ottoman Empire. The Liberals of Europe, who during the nineteenth century had seen their ideas of democracy triumph in one European country after another, rejoiced at this apparent extension of their ideas in the Near East. But in 1922 the Europeans had a wider understanding of the problems of the East and were not so likely to be deceived by the Nationalism of Mustapha Kemal and his followers from Angora.

The Liberals of the past century were almost completely ignorant of the mentality of the Orientals and unaware of the tremendous sway which Islam exerts over the minds of the peoples of the East. Even in Europe the liberal movements of the nineteenth century took a very different trend in the various countries, assuming a distinctly liberal tendency in one quarter and a nationalistic tendency, tinged strongly with reaction, in another. These movements in Germany, though resulting in the enacting of considerable liberal legislation, led principally to the creation of a strong national spirit fostered and directed by a reactionary Prussia, evolving eventually a tyrannical desire to extend Germanic culture by conquest, thus to a great extent changing and crippling the original liberal movements. The effect upon Hungary was to intensify the sense of nationality, compelling the Maygars, in order to maintain their cultural and racial supremacy, to oppose liberal developments and liberal legislation.

The Liberals of Europe, had they been conversant with the mentality of Islam, and had they followed the varying fortunes of liberal movements in the various European countries, would

have realized that the introduction of liberal ideas and ideals, which had taken more than a century to mature in Europe, would inevitably develop along strange lines in the Moslem countries of the Near East.

Those familiar with Islam realize that at the present development of Islamic culture liberalism and Islamism are irreconcilable. The power of Islam lies in the fact that ninety per cent of the Moslems are illiterate and that their customs, morals, philosophy of life and conduct, as well as their social and economic systems, are those of the unchanged Koran. Among the small percentage of educated Moslems, the minds of the greater number are absolutely closed by Islamic instruction to all progressive and liberal ideas. During the last thirteen centuries no Moslem thinkers have succeeded, or indeed even attempted, to overthrow the intellectual tyranny imposed upon Moslems by the philosophy of Mahomet and his followers. The Koran remains today the criterion of moral, social and political conduct in the Islamic world. No reformer has dared to attempt to attack the frightful moral, social and political abuses which are so glaringly a part of Islamic civilizations.

During the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth century the Mohammedans of the Near East were most adversely affected by the liberal movements in Europe through important territorial losses suffered by the Ottoman Empire. The Serbs, the Greeks, the Roumanians and the Bulgars, one after another, urged on by a new and intense nationalistic spirit and aided by different European Powers, obtained their independence of Turkey. Imperialism, an anti-liberal movement which was another European development of the past century, practically robbed Turkey of Morocco, Tunis, Algiers and Egypt. To the Turks, who are the only dominant and self-governing Islamic people, the liberalism of Europe appeared to be but new aggressions of the Christian world against Islam. This idea was also fostered by the fact that the French, American and British missionary schools in the Near East unconsciously instilled in the subject races of Turkey—the Greeks, the Armenians, the Syrian Christians—liberal ideas subversive of the Islamic political system of governing non-Islamic races.

Many of the so-called Young Turks, having traveled and studied in Europe, were impressed with the governmental power and military efficiency of the European countries more than they were imbued with Europe's liberalism. Under a decrepid and inefficient administration they saw Turkey crumbling to pieces and Islam, on all sides, being subjugated by the Christian Powers. Professing advanced liberal views of representative government and social reform, they associated with themselves the Greek and Armenian elements of the Empire, promising them political equality and religious toleration in the to be reformed Ottoman Empire.

Not long after they had attained their first aims and had rid Turkey of an antiquated and utterly incapable government, their actions and policies clearly showed that the Young Turks had interpreted liberalism and nationalism as meaning the absolute domination of the Turks, not only within the Ottoman Empire but as far as possible throughout the Moslem world. No moral, social or political reforms were either carried through or even projected; the only policy of the Young Turks was to augment and extend the power of the Moslem Turks. The liberal ideas of Europe fell victim to the tyranny of Islam. If there had been any liberalism among the Young Turk leaders, it was too much of a milk and water affair to stir them to an attempt to break the moral, social and political tyranny of Islam, which enslaves millions of Orientals. The true nature of the then new movement in Turkey, which was primarily a reaction caused by the important changes effected by liberal movements in Europe, was manifest in the atrocious massacres of Christians during and since 1916.

It can be said with confidence that at the present time, underlying many and varied impulses, the fundamental movement among the Moslems of the Near and Middle East—the Kemalists of Anatolia, the Arab unrest of Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia, the Nationalists of Egypt, the Moslem movement of India—is an Islamic movement directed against Christian culture and Western civilization. At the present stage of development of these various movements, the leaders and people of all the other Moslem countries look to Mustapha Kemal and the Turks to

establish again a great Moslem Power, which in time will free them from the domination of the hated Christians.

The present victory of the Kemalists over the Greeks, and their threat to the Balkan States, assume an importance which Great Britain was prompt to recognize and to reply to by calling upon the Dominions to send contingents to repel the attacks of the Turks. It is to be seen whether the Liberals in all the countries of the West will recognize in the challenge of the Turks a challenge from Islam to the Christian world.

The Orientals, and the Moslems in particular, have many just grievances against the West. The methods of the Christian Powers of the West in dealing with the East have, more frequently than not, been far from above reproach. The West has often dealt unjustly with the Orientals; it has broken faith with them time and time again; it has exploited the East for the benefit of the West; it has above all else failed conspicuously in any attempt to use its domination to spread education and enlightenment and to carry out its widely proclaimed ideals of justice and liberalism. The Islamic world has in fact some justifiable reasons to fight against the tyranny and oppression of Europe. But nevertheless the Liberals of the West should not fail to realize at this important crisis that Islamism in its present form is incompatible with the best in Western civilization, and that any extension or consolidation of Islamic power means an extension and reinforcement of a most odious moral, social and political system. Islam is the bitter enemy of all progress and all liberalism. The return of the Turks to Europe will mean a blow to the growth and development of human progress, and it will mean that the forces of barbarism are again established within the gates of Europe. In self-defense the people of the West must turn a stern and determined face against Islam, until such a time as there shall rise up among the Moslems fearless leaders who themselves will smash the debasing tyranny of Islamism which for centuries has corrupted the minds and souls and bodies of countless millions of Orientals.

WILLIAM YALE.

Port Said, Egypt.

A SENTINEL ON GUARD

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

It is always a privilege to be admitted to intimacy with an interesting personality, particularly when the person in question has lived long at a centre of action where great events have been witnessed and ability to make a real contribution to knowledge has been acquired. It is in the hope of some such good fortune that we open with eagerness the memoirs of men who have played active parts in public life. Hitherto this opportunity has generally been denied to contemporaries. Disclosures of personal relations of a public character have usually been reserved for posthumous publication, and sometimes withheld for several generations. A new fashion in this regard now seems to prevail, and not only diplomatists but prime ministers, and even kings and emperors, hasten to publish their autobiographies, in the endeavor to influence history while it is still in the state of formation. It is not without a degree of suspicion, however, that the critical reader opens one of these self-revelations when it is apparent that the aim of the author is to present an *apologia pro sua vita.* One is often reminded of the observation of Albert Sorel, that great master of diplomatic history, regarding the memoirs of Talleyrand, which he described as "an attempt to negotiate with posterity", with the author "intriguing" as he writes.

It is, therefore, a delight to have spread before one's eyes the thoughts and impressions of a sagacious observer who wrote in the midst of a stupendous world drama from the very centre of the stage without the slightest idea of influencing posterity, and indeed with no suspicion that he was writing for publication either in his own generation or at any time. Such a book we have before us in *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page.*

These two stately volumes will be widely read for more than one reason. They possess the charm of spontaneous expression,

they throw new light upon many important matters, and they manifest a frankness of disclosure quite uncommon with diplomatists. We are not informed whether or not all or any of the confidences in these letters were intended by Mr. Page to be given to the public, and so soon; but, having now become public property, they will pass into history, qualified or unqualified, as the case may be. It is inevitable that a phenomenon so unique as the publication of these letters should give rise to divergent opinions. Without reserve, and with unexampled promptitude, Mr. Hendrick has conducted us into the inmost penetralia of Page's sanctum sanctorum. We can almost hear him think.

There is no evidence in these volumes that President Wilson, at the time Mr. Page was sent to London, supposed there was any specially important work for the American Ambassador to do. It would appear, in fact, that few Presidents have ever thought that any American Ambassador in time of peace had any very important tasks to accomplish. The post was regarded chiefly as a coveted honor, next in rank to a position in the Cabinet. There was between the President and Mr. Page a long and close friendship, dating from their boyhood. To Page the old labels "Democrat" and "Republican" had ceased to have meaning. He was looking for a new evangel, and Wilson was the "way out". A Southerner who wanted a new South, in hardly any degree a partisan, Page was intensely a democrat, in the sense in which he understood democracy; which with him was not a creed or a reality, but an ideal inspired by an ardent interest in the "forgotten man". Believing in Wilson as a kindred spirit, as early as 1910 he had visited him to urge him to accept the Governorship of New Jersey; "then the Presidency".

"Do you think I can do it, Page?" asked the hesitating Wilson.

"I am sure you can," was the reply.

It was Page who made Wilson acquainted with Colonel House, an event which won him Texas and made House an adviser and a confidant. It was Page also who proposed that he should deliver his messages to Congress in person. Page was thought of by his friends for Secretary of Agriculture, but he recommended Houston, who was appointed. The Interior was also suggested, but Page was a Southerner and the Department had to deal with the

pension bureau and its hundreds of thousands of Civil War veterans. That would never do; and so, after Page had been summoned to appear, an excuse had to be offered for calling him, and he was shown a tentative list of the new Cabinet and asked what he thought of it, as if he had been sent for merely to obtain his advice.

When Colonel House showed him the list, the first name that attracted his attention was that of Josephus Daniels, as Secretary of the Navy, to which Page promptly expressed his dissent.

"Why, don't you think he is Cabinet timber?" inquired Colonel House.

"Timber!" Page shouted. "He isn't a splinter!" and he took the train to offer his protest to the President-elect at Princeton, where he learned that, as the offer had already been made, Mr. Daniels would be appointed.

On December 31, 1912, Page records his distrust of some of the President's advisers, if not of himself. Little attention appears to have been given to his own recommendations, and he thought the President too inaccessible to suggestion and too silent. "The Sphinx was garrulous in comparison," he writes, in his characteristic vein of picturesque exaggeration. But what had he to lose, he asks himself, whose life was too well planned to be affected by the sentiments of others toward him or "fear of any man"? Did the President know men? Did he know the men about him?

While Page was in this doubtful mood, having retreated into that inner shrine of patriotic faith where a man feels himself on a level high above the scramble for public office, the telephone rang one morning and Colonel House greeted him as "Your Excellency". "What the devil are you talking about?" asked Page. The answer was that the President had decided to appoint him Ambassador to Great Britain.

At the time of his appointment Mr. Page was probably less known by the people than most of his predecessors when they were first named, and yet he had long been a successful editor of *The Forum*, of *The Atlantic Monthly* and finally of *The World's Work*, and had been prominent in the promotion of educational progress in the South. By taste, by his habits of mind, by the

whole shaping of his career, and in his style of writing, he had been, in the best sense of the word, a journalist; and modern journalism is increasingly impersonal. But when we stop to reflect upon it, is there any calling in life that better fits a man, outside of special study and actual experience in diplomacy, to represent his country abroad than the experience of a great editor? In an unusual degree that experience, ranging from the efforts of a traveling reporter, through the editing of local newspapers, up to the shaping and guidance of public opinion and analyzing public problems in the conduct of a high-class magazine, had given to Page an alertness of mind and a breath of knowledge which were of great value in the prosecution of his mission.

In May, 1913, the Ambassador sailed for his new post. His first impressions are deserving of the attention of every American citizen who loves the name and cares for the influence of his country. Like his predecessors and colleagues at other capitals, he spent his most busy and anxious period of residence in London in a hotel. Of this experience he wrote:

> That residence at the Coburg Hotel for three months was a crowded and uncomfortable nightmare. The indignity and inconvenience—even the humiliation—of an ambassador beginning his career in a hotel, especially during the court season, and a green ambassador at that! I hope I may not die before our Government does the conventional duty to provide ambassadors' residences.

And the chancellery, the strictly official place of representation of the United States, that was entered through "a dark and dingy hall between two cheap stores—the same entrance that the dwellers in the cheap flats above used. And the Ambassador's room greatly depressed me," he writes,—

> dingy with twenty-nine years of dirt and darkness, and utterly undignified. . . . I did not understand then and I do not understand yet how Lowell, Bayard, Phelps, Hay, Choate, and Reid endured that cheap hole.

At his official presentation the King quite frankly commiserated the American Ambassador upon the fact that a great country like the United States had not provided a residence for its representatives, saying, "It is not fair to an ambassador." The Ambassador's modest reply was that our domestic tasks had been so absorbing, and we had so few absorbing foreign relations, that

we had only begun to develop what might be called an "international consciousness." Whatever the reflections suggested by this incident, it must, I think, be admitted, that both the King and the Ambassador expressed a truth worthy of attention in our country. What sensible man could wish to be an ambassador at the expense of commiseration by a king?

Page makes in his letters no concealment of his belief in the British race, both English and Scotch, and his high appreciation of English courtesy and hospitality. On this he says:

> They show a strange contradiction to their dickering habits in trade and their "unctuous rectitude" in stealing continents. I know a place in the world where they are steadily moving their boundary line into other people's territory. I guess they really believe that the earth belongs to them.

Writing to the President, in November, 1913, he says:

> About the obligations and inferences of democracy, they are dense. They don't really believe in it. . . . You must not forget that they can't all at once take it in, for they do not really know what democracy is or whither it leads, and at bottom they do not really believe in it as a scheme of government—not even this Liberal Cabinet.

And, after a passage too long to quote, in a postscript he exclaims, "By Jove, I didn't know that I'd ever have to put the British Government through an elementary course in Democracy!"

One does not need to read between the lines to learn that, in Page's mind, democracy is not anywhere an actual achievement, not even in America, where it is most advanced, but "a scheme of society", a social ideal not anywhere fully realized. In this he was a disciple — or was he in some sense the master? — of Wilson. Again, he writes to the President:

> I can't get away from the feeling that the English simply do not and will not believe in any unselfish public action—further than the keeping of order. They have a mania for order, sheer order, order for the sake of order. They can't see how anything can come in any one's thought before order or how anything need come afterward.

It is possible that Page did not realize in making this statement what a tribute he was paying to the British genius for government; for, after all, order is the necessary prerequisite of all social development. In a beautiful passage for which the reader must refer to the full text, Page speaks of the fundamental

article in the creed of American democracy as "the unchanging and unchangeable resolve that every human being shall have his opportunity for his utmost development." This is a noble statement, but how could it ever be permanently applied, unless order is rendered secure through constitutional guarantees of human rights and the forbidding of legislation which would destroy them?

The test of Page's idealism was soon to be found in the Mexican question. That country had, after two recent revolutions, fallen into the power of a new dictator, Huerta. The hope of the realists was that he would restore order, and with order the prosperity Mexico had known under Diaz. This was the English thesis, and Huerta was, therefore, promptly recognized by Great Britain as the head of the State.

President Wilson held a different thesis. To his mind Huerta was a usurper who had won his place by force. Therefore he was not only not to be recognized but to be put down by force exercised in the name of representative democracy. "I am going to teach the South American Republics to elect good men," was the President's reply to a request that he should explain his policy.

Page's account of the British reaction to this announcement is full of instruction as well as interest. He had often praised the suavity and courtesy of British diplomatic methods, in which he thought our Government was painfully deficient. "If I could outdo these folk at their game of courtesy, and could keep our treaty with 'em," he wrote to Colonel House, in November, 1913,

> then I could lick 'em into the next century on the moral aspects of the Mexican Government, and make 'em look up and salute every time the American Government is mentioned. See? Is there any hope? Such is the job exactly. And you know what it would lead to—even in our lifetime—*to the leadership of the world:* and we should presently be considering how we may best use the British fleet, the British Empire, and the English race for the betterment of mankind.

With all due allowance for the jocular mood underlying this exaggerated boastfulness, Page was quite serious in his conviction that America, being both morally and materially superior to Great Britain, could by entering into a close partnership with that nation become the leader of the world. "What are we going to

do with this England and this Empire, presently, when economic forces unmistakably put the leadership of the race in our hands? How can we lead it and use it for the highest purposes of the world and of democracy? We can do what we like if we go about it heartily and with good manners."

It is impossible within the limits here available to enter fully into the negotiations regarding Mexico either in a narrative or a critical sense. The bare facts are that Great Britain had recognized Huerta and sent in the person of Carden a Minister to Mexico notoriously active as a commercial diplomat and hostile to American interests. Page set out to get him recalled, to have Great Britain repudiate Huerta, and to leave the whole problem of dealing with Mexico to the United States. Sir Edward Grey's confidential secretary, Sir William Tyrrell, of whom Page wrote to Colonel House, "He of course has Sir Edward's complete confidence, . . . and I have come to reckon it worth while to get ideas that I want driven home into his head," was sent to the United States to sound President Wilson.

The crux of the situation in Mexico was oil. "The British oil men," Secretary Bryan declared, "were nothing but 'paymasters' of the British Cabinet." "You are wrong," replied Sir William, in his conversation with the Secretary. "Lord Cowdray hasn't money enough. Through a long experience with corruption the Cabinet has grown so greedy that Cowdray hasn't the money necessary to reach their price." Bryan, who could not comprehend this banter, concluded: "Then you admit the charge."

Failing to impress upon the Secretary his contention that what he believed was precisely what the American oil interests wanted him to believe, Sir William left the office in a spirit of persiflage with the rather undiplomatic statement, "You have stripped me naked, Mr. Secretary, but I am unashamed."

For an hour, as Colonel House informed Page, the President and Sir William discussed the Mexican questions, during which the President went elaborately into the question of tolls in the Panama Canal, concluding with a declaration of his sympathy with the British views on that subject, much to the satisfaction of Sir William; who, in turn gave assurance that his Govern-

ment would work cordially with the President and do all they could to bring about joint pressure through Germany and France for the elimination of Huerta. Soon afterward Huerta was repudiated by Great Britain, Carden was transferred to another post, and Mexico was turned over to the President to use a free hand.

To Page's mind this looked like the success of his diplomatic theory of American leadership and the crowning of his hopes; for he had steadily held and argued that if the United States would repeal the act of Congress exempting American coasting-vessels from payment of tolls in the Panama Canal, Great Britain would consent to be guided by American policy.

The fruit of Sir William Tyrrell's conversation with the President was that the act to exempt the vessels of the United States coasting trade from the payment of tolls in the Panama Canal was to be repealed. As his letters continuously disclose, Page had been greatly annoyed by the constant reference to the "dishonor" and the "outrage" of that act as a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. He believed that if this cause of offense were removed, the policy of the United States in other matters would prevail and the partnership with Great Britain in the extension of democracy throughout the world under American leadership would be achieved. He did not see that the repudiation of Huerta was a mere incident in the eyes of British diplomacy, implying nothing more than leaving Mexico to the will of the President, on the ground that his good will was worth more to Great Britain than that of a Mexican revolutionist whom the President intended to destroy. The British belief, expressed by Sir Edward Grey, that Wilson's policy meant "chaos" in Mexico did not prevent a willingness to let it be tried and see what would come of it. If it failed, Great Britain's hands would be clean. If it succeeded in making Mexico a second India, then America could never reproach England with imperialism and a defective democracy. As for the Panama tolls question, it was worth a few doubtful concessions to put the United States in a state of *confessio tibi* on that.

This is not a place to revive the controversy regarding the exemption of American coast-wise vessels from paying tolls in an

American-owned canal through which British ships were passing for a fraction of the cost of construction and maintenance, but it cannot be permitted that the account of the matter presented in Mr. Page's letters and the historical setting given to it by his usually fair-minded biographer shall pass into history without comment. The Ambassador had been annoyed by the fact that he was constantly hearing from the British Government and people that the Government of the United States had been "dishonorable" in the matter of the Panama tolls act.

"Dishonorable" is a word which no friendly Government should lightly use regarding another Government, and it is an accepted principle that a diplomatic officer cannot hear his Government accused of acting "dishonorably" without reply. What reply Page made, if any, we are not informed. There is no hint of asking or receiving instructions. He seems to have felt that the charge was true.

The one sure thing about the whole controversy is that the American Government had not acted "dishonorably". When Mr. Wilson, as a candidate, in his campaign speeches approved the tolls act he was not accused of being "dishonorable". Why then should the action of Congress which passed the bill, that of the President who signed it, and that of the Secretary of State who defended it, be deemed "dishonorable"? Great Britain had never regarded a ship-subsidy as "dishonorable". The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty had never been submitted to judicial construction. Great lawyers, even English lawyers, were not of one mind as to whether "all nations" stood for all nations except the United States, or all nations including the United States; since conditions had changed since the expression was first employed, and there were rules which "all nations" were bound to obey, but which the United States could not obey. Indisputably, competent opinion was divided.

It was never claimed by the British Government that British ship-owners had suffered any actual loss, but that they might do so. They had been told that, if they did, that question would be arbitrated. It is not true to say that the Treaty had been "repudiated". There were different interpretations, and one or the other, no doubt, was legally wrong; but it is not "dishonor-

able" to be wrong in the honest interpretation of a law. High courts have made that mistake without dishonor.

It is not historically just for Mr. Page's biographer to say, "A great nation had committed an outrageous wrong: . . . but the unprecedented thing was that this same nation had exposed its fault boldly to the world—had lifted up its hands and cried, 'We have sinned!' and then had publicly undone its error."

In repealing the tolls bill Congress never said anything like this, or implied that the act was in any way "dishonorable". The President himself made no such statement.

The Tolls Act was, I think, an error in domestic legislation; but it was not conceived in dishonor or abandoned in repentance. The President urged it as a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood. "We ought," he said in his special message, —

> to reverse our action without raising the question whether we were right or wrong, and so once more deserve our reputation for generosity and for the redemption of every obligation without quibble or hesitation. I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the Administration. I shall not know how to deal with other matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it to me in ungrudging measure.

Although the President's confidential interview with Sir William Tyrrell was not publicly known at the time, it was believed by close observers that the repeal of the tolls legislation was Great Britain's reward for giving the President a free hand in Mexico. Mr. Hendrick assures us that this is not so. He confides to us the interesting explanation that the real motive was to promote the proposed secret mission of Colonel House to England, France, and Germany in order to secure the peace of Europe!

That explanation we must consider further, but it is best perhaps to close the subject of the repeal of the tolls act, which cost the Ambassador much criticism both of his private silence and public utterances, by quoting the comment of Lady D——, after the obnoxious act had been repealed, which the Ambassador reports to us with approbation: "The United States has set a high standard for all nations to live up to. I don't believe that there is any other nation that would have done it."

In the report of the confidential conversation with Sir William Tyrrell regarding Mexico and the Panama question there is no mention of this mission for European peace. Page's reason for urging the repeal was indisputably to reassure England, to help to get rid of Carden, and to promote the President's idea of a reconstruction of Mexico by giving him a free hand there. And these were the consequences that followed. If the promotion of peace in Europe was intended as the "great business", the course pursued at that time in Mexico was not well calculated to facilitate it.

There is not much evidence that the President was deeply interested in the secret mission for European peace at this time, or at any other time. What we hear about it is chiefly from Colonel House, who deserves all the credit for this project, whatever it may be. It was only mildly, and in a secondary way, that Page was interested in it. His own project was an Anglo-American understanding, under American leadership, by which the armies and navies of the two nations, including the British Dominions, would "clean out bandits and yellow fever, and make the world healthful, safe for life and investment, and in the end for self-government, as presently in Mexico." That, he thought, was the President's "great business", in which Great Britain should aid. Of Germany, even of France, he did not expect co-operation in this task of organizing a "scheme of society".

There was, no doubt, at that time, as there still is, a strong American impulse to teach Europe how to live in peace, and many Americans have felt called to deliver the message. Colonel Bryan, the Secretary of State, had a project of this kind. He wanted to extend the Chautauqua system to Europe and lecture on peace in each of the great European capitals. On February 14, 1914, Page writes to House:

> Now God restrain me from saying, much more from doing, anything rash. But if I've got to go home at all, I'd rather go before he comes. It'll take years for the American Ambassadors to recover what they'll lose if they carry out this plan. . . . We not only tolerate him; we like him; but when he comes as American Prime Minister—good-bye, John!

Page's advice was that "he be kept at home on the Mexican business".

Before and during the secret mission of Colonel House, begun in May, 1914, the President was, with more or less vacillation, wholly absorbed by his Mexican programme. On April 20, he requested of Congress the privilege of making war on General Huerta, having previously, on April 14, sent the whole Atlantic fleet to Vera Cruz. On April 21, while the Senate was considering this situation, Congress not having yet given its approval, Mexican soil was invaded; a pitched battle was fought; Vera Cruz was captured and occupied; 126 Mexicans were killed and 195 were wounded, including women and children, besides 19 American soldiers killed and 70 wounded. The excuse for all this was a technical discussion between diplomatists regarding a salute to the American flag.

With this background, although no war was then in sight in Europe, the Balkan troubles being at an end, Colonel House proceeded to propose disarmament to the Kaiser.

The record of that adventure is so well and completely told in the chapter on "America Tries to Prevent War", that it would be an act of vandalism to deflower it in a paragraph. At Berlin the German officers, suspecting the mission of the President's emissary, did all in their power to prevent a personal conversation with the Kaiser without the presence of a listener; but, although the Colonel carried his point and obtained a private audience, the Kaiser himself spoiled the purpose of the meeting by doing most of the talking. In another field the Colonel came off better. Pressed by the military officers, who wanted to discuss with him as fellow-officers certain military questions, to explain his rank, he informed them that he was not a military, but only a "geographical colonel".

At London the Colonel had been given his proper rank through Page's introduction of him to Sir Edward Grey, on a previous occasion, as "a private citizen, a man without personal political ambition, a modest, quiet, even shy fellow, who helps to make Cabinets, to shape policies, to select judges and ambassadors and suchlike merely for the pleasure of seeing that these tasks are well done." In that rôle he was well received in London, but his mission for disarmament ended in opposition at Berlin and at London in indifference. "But just think," said the Colonel to

the Ambassador, when war fell like a bolt from heaven, "how near we came to making such a catastrophe impossible!" "No, no, no," answered Page. "No power on earth could have prevented it."

Let no one fail to read that thrilling chapter on "The Grand Smash". What a panorama of weeping ambassadors, muddled strivings for fitness in war, hysterical Americans, multiplied diplomatic duties in deserted embassies taken over by our Embassy—before then so humble among them all—and in the midst of the chaos and turmoil an American Ambassador, transformed from an amateur diplomat trying to work great combinations with an unpracticed hand, standing now like a tower of strength and refuge surrounded by his faithful secretaries, with Laughlin, full of Berlin memories, at the head; cool, businesslike, sympathetic, vibrant with noble emotions but perfect master of them all! No more rubbish about "shooting ideas" into inferior races by armies and navies—Vera Cruz and the retreat of the American forces with their purpose still unachieved exploded all that. No more bravado about "continuing to shoot men for two hundred years till they learn to vote and rule themselves". No more boasting about "the good fortune to do one piece of work that was worth the effort and worth coming to do, about that infernal Mexican situation". No pæan about our "using the British fleet, the British Empire, and the English race," when we have "the leadership of the world"! For Page, the period of all that was ended. It was realities, the grim realities of war, that faced him now. If the sentinel had been dreaming at his post, he was now wide awake.

From the beginning he was not personally neutral, and he resented the President's exhortation addressed to the American people,—"We must be impartial in thought as well as in action." "Neutrality," Page wrote in a letter to his brother, "is a quality of government. . . . A government can be neutral but no *man* can be." The President, he thought, had totally missed the larger meaning of the war. With this belief he found his official duties extremely embarrassing. "If German bureaucratic brute force could conquer Europe," he wrote in September, 1914 "presently it would try to conquer the United States; and we

should go back to the era of war as man's chief industry and to the domination of kings by divine right." He had in hand the proof from Germany itself that it was there believed that the "ultimate enemy" of that country was America.

"Waging neutrality," as Page called it, was for the Ambassador a perplexing task. His antipathy to lawyers and their methods added greatly to his difficulty. It was undoubtedly right that, as a neutral, the Department of State should urge the adoption of some sure law of the sea; and the Declaration of London, which the United States had ratified but other nations had not, was a recent and the most complete code of maritime rules; but he saw, and he was right in this, that Great Britain could not be bound by a code she had not recognized. He further saw that Great Britain would not accept any law that deprived her of that clear supremacy on the sea which, apart from the submarine, she undoubtedly possessed. This made Page and Sir Edward Grey, the former pushed by the Department of State, the latter by the British Admiralty, protagonists of contradictory positions which both regretted to be obliged to hold.

Another source of deepest anxiety was the peace propaganda. These records show how diligently it was pressed by the German Government and those who sympathized with it; always, as Colonel House discovered on his second peace mission to Germany, in the sense that "peace" was to be only a "truce" until war could be renewed with a better chance for the success of the aggressor. In the course of time this became so apparent that it could no longer be doubted by anyone who could appreciate evidence.

What impeded both judgment and action in America was the deplorable ignorance of Europe, in which the President shared. Indeed, the President, to whom everyone naturally looked for leadership, seemed the most incapable of all to grasp the truth. The sinking of the *Lusitania* was a blow that should have awakened the most somnolent intelligence to at least a lively perception. To Page the President's attitude regarding it was a shock that left him stupefied. The announcement that we "were too proud to fight" awakened in Great Britain, as it did in Germany, a sentiment of contempt that soon bred a complete

indifference. The first note on "strict accountability" suspended judgment for a time; but stolidity to the outrages that succeeded, following upon the ignominious retreat from Mexico, made the Ambassador feel that his country, the country of his pride and his devotion, was nothing to the world. Not ostracized—he was too much esteemed for that—but secluded, pained and humiliated to look his friends in the face, the path from his home to his chancellery was the loneliest beat that a neglected sentinel ever trod.

With a courage that is almost without example on the part of a diplomatic officer, Page, in the hope of stirring his old friend and admired leader to a sense of the situation, through letters to House, the confidant of both, and directly to the President himself, while plodding on in the disheartening task of trying to secure regard for the rights of a nation neutral in the midst of an assault he believed to be directed against itself, did not hesitate to pour the truth, as he saw it, into the mind of the President, only to find himself regarded with coldness and suspicion, neglected and discredited.

In the winter of 1917, unexpected events and revelations forced the Administration at Washington to accept the truth Page had so long but ineffectually urged upon it. New labors and responsibilities were thus thrust upon him by America's entrance into the war, and shortly before the armistice, worn out and dying, he was obliged to abandon his post; but he lived to know of the victory of which, even in the darkest hours, he had never wholly despaired.

It would be a fitting tribute to the memory of a great American and a valuable lesson in world history that is still in the making, if every citizen of the United States could read these inimitable volumes—so replete with facts which, in an article like this, cannot be even briefly summarized—the pathetic but inspiring record of a noble endeavor to serve our country and the world.

David Jayne Hill.

TINKERING WITH THE ARMY

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HARDING CARTER, U. S. A.

WHEN the Armistice was declared in 1918, the American people exhibited far more interest in dismantling the costly military and naval establishments built up during the World War than in profiting by their recent military lessons. Salvaging of war material then seemed more important, in an economical way, than any schemes for avoiding similar experiences in future. The nation, to be sure, had learned the fallacy of its previous attitude as to our geographical isolation, for if we could transport across the seas, in face of courageous and daring submarine activity, two million men, with material and supplies necessary for waging successful war, other nations could do likewise when in future the current of military activities should be reversed. But our hearts were not in it, and when the Administration sponsored a proposal for retaining an army of nearly six hundred thousand men, based on the League of Nations, the Congress was aroused and determined not only to defeat such a plan, but to go farther and reduce the establishments authorized prior to America's entrance into the war.

Out of mighty travail and much investigation of our alleged failures to measure up to expectations during the war, the statutes providing for the national defense were amended to provide definitely for preserving a knowledge of modern war, in its material and scientific aspects, as well as in the utilization of officers trained in the latest methods of organizing and preparing the human element. On the theory that our future needs would be best met by a large corps of officers and a small Regular Army, trained in conjunction with Organized Reserves, and the National Guards of the States, a well balanced scheme was adopted as our future military policy, and the necessary steps to carry it out were undertaken by those in authority.

Politics makes strange bedfellows, and scarcely had the new

policy been initiated when combinations to defeat it appeared on the horizon. It soon became apparent to wise and patriotic supporters of the new military policy that its success or failure was wholly in the hands of the committees recently created to handle all appropriations under the Budget system. To expect appropriations for the military establishment, proposed under the Budget, to be accepted by Congress without curtailment or modification, was to ignore the whole history of our political system. It soon became evident that those in control of the purse strings were inimical to any military policy which involved large and continuing appropriations, at a time when after war readjustments were forcing the most stringent economies throughout the nation. One of the results has been a recurrence of the tragedies among the officer and non-commissioned personnel, which has characterized the reorganizations of the Army after each of our wars.

Under the new military policy provision was made for about eighteen thousand officers, to be selected, in large part, from those who had served during the late war, and who, having been invited to become members of the permanent military establishment, relinquished whatever advantages they might have previously gained in business or the professions. Having sundered the ties of civil life and accepted commissions of presumed life tenure, it now comes as a distinct shock to the recently appointed officers to find themselves facing discharge at a time when business opportunities are few and far between. The Government has suggested to those whose heads are to fall under the axe that they should continue to give the nation the benefit of their experience by joining the Reserves, with possibility of future employment in war, but this will not appeal to men who feel resentment at the curtailment of their military careers without default on their parts.

Our nation is still young, yet our history is replete with just such instances of what has come to be known as the ingratitude of the Republic. Many are still borne on the register who witnessed the wholesale discharge of officers, upon the reorganization of the Army, a few years after the Civil War. Never has resentment been deeper and more determined than at the close

of the Revolution, when the Continentals—the Regulars of that day—faced discharge without adjustment of their long overdue pay. Washington's tearful appeals alone saved the tragedy of a mutiny. There is little in the present situation that has not been experienced after all our other wars by our military forebears. More than a hundred years ago, following the war of 1812, a similar catastrophe befell the Army, as disclosed by the official history of the period:

DEPARTMENT OF WAR, May 17th, 1815.

The Act of Congress of the 3rd of March 1815, declares that the military peace establishment of the United States shall consist of not exceeding ten thousand men, as the President of the United States shall judge proper.

The President of the United States, having performed the duty which the law assigned to him, has directed that the organization of the military peace establishment be announced in general orders; and that the supernumerary officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, be discharged from the service of the United States, as soon as circumstances which are necessary for the payment and discharge of the troops will permit. . . .

The difficulty of accomplishing a satisfactory organization of the military peace establishment, has been anxiously felt. The Act of Congress contemplates a small but an effective force; and, consequently, the honorable men whose years, or infirmities, or wounds, render them incapable of further service, in active warfare, are necessarily excluded from the establishment. The Act contemplates a reduction of the army from many to a few regiments; and consequently a long list of meritorious officers must inevitably be laid aside. But the attempt has been assiduously made to collect authentic information from every source, as a foundation for an impartial judgment on the various claims to attention; and even while a decision is pronounced, the President of the United States desires it may be distinctly understood that, from the designation of the officers who are retained in service, nothing more is to be inferred than his approbation of the designated individuals, without derogating, in any degree, from the fame and worth of those whose lot it is to retire. The American Army of the War of 1812 has hitherto successfully emulated the patriotism and valor of the army of the War of 1776. The closing scene of the example remains alone to be performed. Having established the independence of their country, the revolutionary warriors cheerfully returned to the walks of civil life; many of them became the benefactors and ornaments of society, in the prosecution of various acts and professions; and all of them, as well as the veteran few who survive the lapse of time, have been the objects of grateful recollection, and constant regard. It is for the American Army, now dissolved, to pursue the honorable course, in order to enjoy the same inestimable reward.

In his instructions to Major-Generals Brown, Jackson, Scott, Gaines, Macomb and Ripley, who were assembled as a board to make the selections of those officers to be retained in service, the President said:

> It is, undoubtedly, a painful task to make a discrimination, which affects the interest and possibly the subsistence of honorable men, whose misfortune it is, by age, or by infirmities, or by wounds, to be disabled from rendering further service to their country; but the task must be performed by those who are charged with the execution of the law; leaving the relief which may be justly claimed by suffering merit, to the beneficent care of the legislative authority.
>
> It is the opinion of the President, therefore, that in the selection of the officers to be retained upon the military peace establishment, those only should be recommended in your report for his approbation who are, at this time, competent to engage an enemy in the field of battle.
>
> In every grade of appointment, almost every officer has gallantly performed his duty. It is obvious, therefore, that with respect to the field officers, and the regimental officers, as well as with respect to the general officers, men of high military merit must unavoidably be omitted in the present organization of the army. It has not been, and it never can be under such circumstances, a mark of disrespect, or a subject of reproach, to omit the name of any officer; and the President wishes it may be distinctly understood, that from the selection of officers nothing more ought to be inferred than his approbation of the selected individuals, without derogating in any degree from the reputation and worth of others.

Suave language, that, and a gallant appreciation of brave men whose services were no longer needed by the nation. As their forebears had done, they too went about the carving of new careers, in a country filled with opportunities for the ambitious and deserving of their day.

There is no pride akin to that which comes from a knowledge of having rendered the State some service. Those who now find their services no longer wanted and their connection with the army severed have given high evidence of their patriotism during a gruelling war. They are not insensible to the unwisdom of maintaining an army on the pay rolls larger than is necessary to carry out the military policy of the nation, but there is much resentment at the course pursued by Congress, which, only two years ago, approved the simple and effective doctrine of preparedness involved in dividing the country into military areas,

and provided for unity of training of all the elements upon which we are to depend in war, the Regulars, the National Guard and the Organized Reserves.

The present condition of affairs is due to the methods of handling appropriations, where economy is held as of more importance than the execution of any fixed policy. The net result of the reorganization now being carried out, however, is to leave the nation with a policy in theory, but with a military force, in practice, unable to fulfil its peace mission, and more expensive in proportion to its efficiency than any military establishment we have ever had. The price being paid is not measured in broken hearts, but in treasury dollars and reduced efficiency. The federal appropriation for the National Guard of the States now exceeds the cost of the whole Regular Army prior to the war with Spain, and the total budget for next year is nearly two hundred and sixty millions for the Regular Army, Reserves and National Guards.

As far as officers go we have the best equipped body of professional military men the nation has ever had. The doctrines laid down for their training, as a result of war experience, have been adhered to, and when the broad scheme has been carried to maturity, practically all officers will have a standard of military education in the theory and practice of war which will make them dependable for any emergency requiring leaders. The danger which underlies the nibbling policy of Congress, as regards the army, is akin to that of the economists who propose to legislate a reduction of particular classes of warships without reference to the effect on the general plans for naval operations. It would be wiser to construct a new policy embracing all essentials, rather than hold to the old in theory while destroying it in practice.

War is hateful, but the nations accepted as leaders of modern civilization seem utterly unable to influence other nations except by display of force. Face to face on the same fields of action where marched and fought the Crusaders a thousand years ago, the Cross and the Crescent once more seem to hover above embattled armies. America sincerely desires to avoid any entanglement in this or any other European adjustment, for no sooner is one question settled than another is projected on the screen. It

is certain that if we maintain a system which will enable the nation quickly to organize its great resources for war, we sacrifice none of the advantages of peace, for other nations will take warning and not repeat the mistake of the Kaiser, who was lulled to security under the belief that America would not fight.

We want to avoid the extravagance, the loss of life, the destruction of character and lowered standards of ethics and morals incident to war; we want this nation to go forward in the development of our geographical empire in a normal, healthful way.

The people cannot be expected to possess knowledge of all subjects sufficient to guide and advise their representatives in Congress, but they have the right to expect policies which demand enormous appropriations to be developed after careful investigation, and not to squander the taxes of an overburdened people in a fruitless way. We criticize propaganda, but should not confuse it with the legitimate advice of experts in lines of governmental administration.

In all questions affecting the nation's readiness to defend its rights and preserve internal order, there should be helpful and united action and not partisan criticism and factional opposition. The least army that will meet the requirements of our accepted policy is all that should be provided for by Congress. Military men are all agreed, however, that army organization is too important a question to be settled in debate on an appropriation bill, and if that course is pursued, the people may expect something similar to a clock with some essential works omitted.

No branch of the public service can be prepared to deliver the maximum effort if subjected to constant tinkering for political advantage. The tendency of such a course is to destroy morale and make it difficult to build up the officer corps with the type of young men necessary to make it dependable. Never before have commissions in the army seemed so unattractive.

Conditions are not favorable to efficiency. There should be no nibbling or tinkering. If the policy under which the new army started out two years ago is not satisfactory, it should be reëxamined by qualified men to the end that billions may not be squandered to little purpose.

WILLIAM HARDING CARTER.

FINANCING A NEW REPUBLIC

BY ALZADA COMSTOCK

"BEFORE Austria was, we were; and when Austria no longer is, we still shall be," said the Bohemian revolutionist Palacky in 1848. Seventy years later the Austro-Hungarian Empire shivered into fragments and the Republic of Czechoslovakia rose to fulfil the prophecy.

Little more than the name of Austria is left. Four-fifths of the industries of ten years ago now lie within the carefully guarded boundaries of Czechoslovakia. The granaries of the former Empire are in the fields of the new Republic. Gay, careless Vienna, accustomed to draw the means of life as tribute from her sturdy Slav outposts, is helpless and confused. The things that are Cæsar's are at last rendered unto Cæsar. In the new map of Europe the frontiers of Czechoslovakia follow closely the ethnographic boundaries drawn by geographers before the war. But the clearing of the tangle has been only begun in the four years that have passed since the new lines were drawn. Austria still stretches empty hands westward, pleading that she has never been taught to work. Her vitality seems to have flickered out in the cataclysm of 1918. Only the Slav toiler to the northward straightens his bent back, looks across the rich fields that he can at last call his own, and turns again to his task with the zeal of the patriot.

Four years is a short period of apprenticeship to the modern business of international commerce and finance. In the case of the Czechs the inertia of centuries must first be overcome. For three hundred years, while western nations were growing wise in commercial ways, Bohemia lay under the hand of the alien. After the defeat of the Bohemian noblemen at the battle of the White Mountain in 1620, three-quarters of the land changed hands. The new German aristocracy was at odds with the Bohemian peasantry in religion and language. German and Latin pushed out

Czech in the schools and the use of the Czech language was confined to the peasants. Bohemia became a country of absentee landlordism, ruled by Vienna industrially as well as politically. When the industrial revolution occurred in Bohemia in the latter half of the nineteenth century it served to give the Czech workingmen a keen national consciousness and to sharpen their differences with their alien employers. Gradually the aspirations of the Slav peoples in the whole wedge, which is pushed east from Russia through Slovakia and Moravia, were seen to be common with those of Bohemia. Slovakia was still in an early stage of agricultural development, but the ties of race and the similarities of the Slavic languages held it close to its industrial neighbors. The revolution of 1918 brought liberation to five countries in this Slav wedge, Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Slovakia, and Russinia. United under the name of the Czechoslovak Republic, they discovered that they possessed a territory almost as large as that of the new Austria and the new Hungary combined, a wealth and diversity of resources almost unequalled in the Europe of to-day, but no money and little experience in business leadership.

The miracle has been accomplished. After four years the position of the Czechslovak Republic is unshaken. Its currency has a better rate in the world market than that of Austria, Hungary, Jugoslavia, or Poland. Excessive issues of paper money have been avoided. Foreign trade is increasing. The wealth of resources in the country, resources so diversified that the country is capable of becoming practically self-sufficing, is only a partial explanation of the progress of the last four years. The key to the situation is in the fact that the newly-formed Czechoslovak Government included men who knew that financial stability was one of the first requirements of the important commercial nation which they hoped to see established.

The reform of the currency was the first step towards economic independence. At the time of the armistice the currency question was acute in Czechoslovakia, as it was almost everywhere in Europe. When the Austro-Hungarian Empire was dissolved in 1918 it bequeathed to the States which succeeded it the greatly inflated currency of the Austro-Hungarian Bank. Further issues of notes followed, until the circulation which had stood at about

two and one-half billion crowns in peace times reached more than thirty-seven billion crowns at the end of February, 1919. The inevitable consequences of rapid inflation under such circumstances—soaring prices and a delayed adjustment of wages and salaries—were felt throughout the country. The Czechoslovak Government immediately undertook drastic action along the lines which were subsequently approved by the Peace Treaty. The aim was the establishment of a national currency and the reduction of the circulating medium. The frontiers of Czechoslovakia were closed on February 26, 1919, in accordance with the terms of a law passed on the preceding day. Between March 3 and 9, 1919, all Austro-Hungarian bank-notes for sums of ten crowns and over found within the country were officially stamped. These stamped bank-notes were declared to be the only legal tender in Czechoslovakia, with the exception of one- and two-crown notes, after March 10. The Minister of Finance was authorized to retain one-half of the stamped notes and to issue deposit certificates to the holders. In this way the Government reduced the inflation by retiring about two billion crowns in bank-notes. The deposit certificates and the notes left in circulation were later authorized as payments of the capital levy and the tax on increases of wealth, so that the uncovered note circulation was still further reduced.

The next step in the reform of the currency was the requisition by the Czechoslovak Government of all of the offices of the Austro-Hungarian Bank within the territory of the new Republic. At the same time a Banking Department was established within the Ministry of Finance, so that a provisional State bank of issue might be ready for action. The country was then ready for the issue of Czechoslovak currency to replace the stamped bank-notes.

The Czechoslovak crown was created and designated as the monetary unit of the country by a law approved April 10, 1919. The same law ordered the exchange of stamped notes for Czechoslovak crowns, a process which was begun in July, 1919, and completed in 1920. The circulation of uncovered State notes was limited to the amount of bank notes stamped at the time of original stamping plus one-half of the bank transfer accounts and drafts of the branches of the Austro-Hungarian Bank which were

requisitioned early in 1919. This limit was approximately six billion crowns. The law provided that the amount of paper money in circulation could not be increased by obligations incurred by the State. Issues of notes above the specified limit must be covered by commercial transactions. From the beginning the aim of the Czechoslovak Government has been the reëstablishment of the free exchange of notes against gold, but it has realized that the organization of a bank which can do this is impossible in the existing state of European finance, and it has accordingly made use of bills of exchange as a means of stabilizing the price of the Czechoslovak crown abroad.

It is often said that Czechoslovakia alone among the countries of Central Europe has kept her printing-presses silent since the war. In the sense in which treasury officials refer to the activities of government printing-presses the statement is wholly accurate. Czechoslovakia alone has refused to expand her uncovered State notes for the purpose of meeting government expenditures. This action, together with the stimulation of commerce as a basis for the "covered" note issue, represents Czechoslovakia's great contribution to post-war finance. The situation of the uncovered State notes has steadily improved. At the end of 1919 only about ten per cent of the circulation of more than six and one-half billion crowns was covered. At the end of 1920, when the circulation was eleven billion crowns, 46 per cent of the amount was covered. By December, 1922, the total circulation had dropped to less than ten billion crowns. The whole situation reflects coolness and decision on the part of the government officials at a time when the demand for inflation is universal and unremitting.

Under the Government's present policy the value of the Czechoslovak crown is dependent partly upon the character of foreign trade. For this reason and for others valiant efforts have been made to restore the country to its former position as an exporting region. The task has proved unexpectedly difficult. The period of reconstruction was full of political complications and the post-war depression did not spare Czechoslovakia. Nevertheless the Czechoslovak Republic held firmly to its policy of government control of industry. The country escaped catastrophe but not calamity. Sugar was counted upon to remain the chief article of

export, to help to stabilize the currency, and to supply the Government with a third of a billion crowns in revenue. The Ministry of Foreign Trade made the mistake of ordering the stock to be held for high prices in 1920, at a time when prices in the open market were about to fall. The result was the loss of valuable markets, including the American, and a hurried readjustment of the Government's financial affairs to provide for the unexpected failure in receipts. A drop in prices followed the State's purchase of cotton and the Government was forced to compel the mills to purchase its cotton at a higher price than they would pay in the open market. Exports of beer were kept down by the regulation that only beer brewed from foreign grain could be exported. Coal was controlled by a government bureau and taxed to yield huge sums to the State treasury, far more than the amount yielded by any other indirect tax. Coal prices were formerly low in Bohemia, but after the war they rose to a point higher than those of almost any other industrial country. Manufacture for export in all its branches has been correspondingly handicapped. The situation of the State railroads is slightly more satisfactory, although rates have remained high and deficits have been common. As soon as rolling stock can be obtained, Czechoslovakia will stand high among European countries in respect to railroad facilities. One of the peculiar difficulties of the present is the north-and-south trend of the principal railway lines, while the present needs of internal and foreign commerce are for east-and-west routes between industrial Bohemia and agricultural Slovakia.

Czechoslovakia, like Austria, has been partially dependent upon the outside world for its food supply. Flour and other food-stuffs were imported in immense quantities in 1920, to the value of more than two billion crowns, more than twice the value of any other class of imports. In the case of the necessities of life the Government's concern of course extends far beyond the effects of the large volume of imports upon the price of the Czechoslovak crown. The policy of State regulation includes the control of agriculture in all its relationships, but the task is proving unexpectedly difficult.

The trouble reaches back to the ownership of land, a question

which is seething through all Europe in these days of an insufficient food supply. One of the early acts of the Czechoslovak Parliament was in the direction of land reform. The new land law provided that all estates of more than 250 hectares (625 acres) should be taken over by the State under a kind of trusteeship. Except for the holdings of the Hapsburgs and of other enemies in the late war, payment for the estates are made to the owners at present value as determined by a government board. Another law provided for the purchase of land which has been leased for a long period of years.

The reform programme was intended to bring new life into agriculture and to stimulate agricultural improvements, but it appears to have had the contrary effect, at least in part. The transfers of land have proceeded slowly, and the large landholders whose estates are not yet taken over are reluctant to sink money in the lands while the danger of losing them is imminent. The market supplies of grain from home sources actually decreased in the period following the adoption of the new law. The time when Czechoslovakia will be free from the necessity of purchasing imported food now seems remote. The Government places its hopes in the more permanent results of land reform, in appropriations for commercial fertilizers, and in the continued control of agricultural production.

Behind the persistent efforts of the Czechoslovak Government to stimulate industry and agriculture is an understanding of the inexorable laws of national economics. The bold steps which have been taken to control the currency will have been in vain if the commercial transactions necessary are not forthcoming. When Czechoslovakia succeeded in establishing a favorable trade balance with the United States in the autumn of 1920 the future seemed bright, but the advantage was not followed up. The promotion of industry and agriculture is still the country's fundamental necessity, and upon its success rests Czechoslovakia's prosperity for years to come. "The master of Bohemia is the master of Europe," said Bismarck. The mastery of Bohemia itself is yet to be gained.

As soon as the reform of the currency was under way the Czechoslovak Government turned its attention to the national

debt. The revolution of October, 1918, left the new Republic in an almost penniless state. The liquid assets of the region were largely concentrated in Vienna, and the treasuries of the constituent countries were empty. Funds were necessary for military purposes and in particular for the operation of the railways. Short-term borrowings were decided upon, in the belief that the wealth of the country would make it possible to pay off the debt at an early date and to keep the country free from a permanent war burden. The sums borrowed mounted with a disturbing rapidity, and in a few months Czechoslovakia's share of the Austro-Hungarian debt, foreign loans, and the obligations of the currency reforms were added. The estimation of the total amount of indebtedness is still a difficult matter on account of the variety of currencies in use at the time of contraction of the various debts and the fluctuations of international exchange during the whole period.

The public debt may be divided into four parts: debts contracted by the Czechoslovak Government, debts allotted to Czechoslovakia under the Peace Treaty, contributions to the Reparations Fund, and Austro-Hungarian war loans. The first group, the debts contracted by the Czechoslovak Government, is made up of internal loans, the obligations which resulted from the reform of the currency, and foreign loans. Together this group of obligations amounts to more than one-half of the total debt. The greater part of the foreign debt, which consists largely of credits granted for the purchase of foodstuffs, is owed to the United States.

Under the terms of the treaty Czechoslovakia was required to take over that part of the Austro-Hungarian debt which was guaranteed by the railroads, mines, and salt works which were apportioned to Czechoslovakia, and a part of the floating debt proportional to the contributions of the various countries which now form the Czechoslovak Republic. This gives Czechoslovakia about six and one-half billion crowns, or about one-third of Austria-Hungary's pre-war debt.

The third item, that of contributions to the Reparations Fund, represents the "liberation tax" of a little less than ten billion crowns which Czechoslovakia must pay as its share of the war

expenses of the Allies. The fourth group of obligations was undertaken voluntarily. The Peace Treaty left Czechoslovakia free from responsibility for the war borrowings of Austria-Hungary. The Government held, however, that conditions within the country demanded that at least a part of the debt should be assumed. It was decided that Austro-Hungarian war bonds should be accepted in payment of a Czechoslovak internal loan at 75 per cent of their nominal value.

The total burden of indebtedness is a heavy one when the circumstances of Czechoslovakia are taken into consideration. The debt policy has been one of the less successful parts of the Government's financial operations. The measures for taking over the Austro-Hungarian war loans have proved generally unsatisfactory. Contrary to expectations, it has not been possible to lift the burden of debt in these first years.

The consideration of the proper methods of taxation for the new Government was postponed in favor of the more pressing issues of the first few months of independence. It was possible to temporize by using the established channels of the Austrian revenue system and by borrowing. The first budget (1919) was made up along old familiar lines. The total revenue was placed at 3,800,000,000 crowns and expenditures at 8,600,000,000 crowns, so that a deficit of nearly five billions resulted. The second budget showed larger expenditures, a smaller deficit, and few changes in method.

In 1920 Czechoslovakia adopted a device which has come into favor in Europe since the war, the levy on capital. After months of consideration a law providing for a capital levy and for a tax on war-time increases of wealth was passed on April 8, 1920. In the case of Czechoslovakia these measures are distinguished by the fact that they were adopted for the express purpose of improving the position of the crown through the withdrawal from circulation of the notes used in payment. In addition, the yield was designated as payment of war liabilities, particularly liabilities in foreign countries. It cannot be used to meet current government expenditures. All residents of Czechoslovakia on March 1, 1919, were liable to the levy, but capital owned by them and taxed in a similar way in other countries was exempt. The rates

reached a maximum of thirty per cent on capital of more than ten billion crowns. The tax on war-time increases of wealth reached its maximum at forty per cent on more than ten billion crowns. The latter tax was so arranged that the rate of increase was taken into account, and the owner of capital who had no fortune before the war was more heavily taxed. Only fifteen per cent of the tax due was to be paid immediately upon assessment. The remainder was due in six half-yearly instalments.

The third budget (1921) was framed under difficult circumstances. It was necessary for the standing of Czechoslovakia abroad, a matter which the Government continues to keep in mind, that the financial position of the country should be set forth in the most favorable light possible. On the other hand, the loan situation was bound to appear unsatisfactory, for the loan which was to replace the Austro-Hungarian war bonds had not come up to the Government's expectations. The financial situation was described in the presentation of the budget in two sections; the ordinary budget, which balanced, and the extraordinary budget, which was added to provide for enterprises which would swell the revenue after they were established. The ordinary budget amounted to slightly more than fourteen billion crowns and the extraordinary budget to three and one-half billions.

In introducing the third budget the Minister of Finance said that the scheme of taxation which it provided would mean that the rich would bear the heavier part of the tax burden. The income tax, the death duties, the land tax, and the war profits tax were counted upon to accomplish this purpose. In themselves these taxes represent fairly heavy burdens, but their combined yield was estimated at only 1,000,000,000 crowns, while the yield of the indirect taxes was placed at five times that amount. The coal tax alone, the chief indirect tax, was set at 1,200,000,000 crowns and the enlarged sales tax at 1,000,000,000 crowns. As a matter of fact the greater part of the tax burden was widely distributed.

It is significant that the financial policy of the Czechoslovak Republic so far contains little that is unique or startling. Czechoslovakia is often called "a Socialist experiment on a large scale", and its career is watched with interest on the assumption

that collectivist principles of government are being worked out. There is little in the country's financial organization which merits special attention for this reason. The control of the currency, the phase of finance in which Czechoslovakia's record is best, was accomplished along lines which were recognized as safe. At the beginning little else could have been done except to stamp the circulating notes, and a similar policy was later recommended to all of the succession States. Czechoslovakia's greatest contribution was in its promptness of action in this matter and in its caution in regulating the issue of covered and uncovered State notes. The debt policy has been over-cautious and hesitating. The tax measures are modest in comparison with those which have been used by France, England, and the United States during the same period. Even the capital levy, the measure which is regarded in Czechoslovakia as an important advance, has been adopted by Austria, Germany, Hungary, and Italy, and has been considered seriously in Great Britain.

Full of difficulties as the financial path is, the fact remains that Czechoslovakia is now in a more nearly normal condition than any other country of Central Europe. Errors of policy have been made, but they are the mistakes of a people whose training is still incomplete and who have been so thoroughly taught by centuries of experience to be suspicious of great individual enterprises that they put an almost unreasoning trust in government control. The failures of the debt policy and the deficits in the budget are less serious than the failures and deficits with which the other succession States are beset. As for the successes and accomplishments of the four years, what do they foreshadow? Will the master of Bohemia be the master of Europe?

ALZADA COMSTOCK.

GREATNESS IN WOMEN

BY MARY AUSTIN

In the recent popular poll for names of greatness, all the categories of greatness as they are recognized among the great seem to have been missed with singular completeness. This was perhaps to be expected in a popular expression in which the great themselves could hardly be invited to participate. There was also to be noticed a curious and informing difference between the lists of the greatest twelve men and similar selections among the names of women. Almost without exception the lists of men were made up from among the names of men admittedly able, and distinguished, by reputation at least, for sustained achievement. But the women's candidates were so generally selected from among the names of those merely prominent, that apparently the only selective principle at work had been the frequency with which those names appeared in the newspapers.

Confirming this impression that American women are without any recognized criterions of superiority in non-feminine achievement, comes the first general election in which the demand for women in public place, which was supposed to be the mainspring of woman suffrage, has had free play, with the result that the only woman in the Senate owes her position to a man's appointment.

Not to know their own prophets is rather a serious predicament for women, who have hoped for the amelioration of social conditions through the interpenetration of the social organism by woman thought. Not to be able to know them is surely culpable. For however much we concede to the inexperience of women in group activity, it remains a fundamental law of human nature that revelation arrives by way of individuals rather than by way of committees. Prophetic inspiration is not to be produced by the accretion of small individual foresights, nor is there any discoverable way of compensating by the high seriousness of collective intention for those flashes of illumination which, from

the souls of the truly great, light up unexpected horizons. America must, if her women are to make a contribution commensurate with the contributions of men, not only produce great women, but also be able to measure and appreciate their greatness in terms of the present hour. It begins to appear to the most hopefully obtuse of feminists that the demand for great place for women gathers little force in the absence of any number of women widely recognized as capable of filling it.

Also it is rather more important for women than for men to know their own greatness, for women, in the nature of their racial experience, have had little incentive to acquire the indispensable faculty for making adherents by which an ideal is made socially coherent.

The only group in which woman has had much experience, the family, is not one to which she has succeeded through any proved fitness. It has been compacted much more by its inner necessities than by any faculty of hers for social correlations, and she has been able to proceed directly to its administration without the expenditure of energy required to bring together and organize unrelated social items. Finally, she has not been required to refer her standards of success in the administration of the family group to any criterions but her own preference. All of this has left her rather at a loss in the selection of leaders who must continually recreate their own groups out of shifting masses, and coördinate them in reference to standards subject to incalculable conditions of change. The man who expects to lead men understands that he must have, first of all, the gift for unifying their desires by making them feel less fragmentary. Now and then there arises a woman, like Frances Willard, endowed with this male faculty; but in all my experience with women I have met but two who could be called natural "spellbinders." At present the ranks of feminism are crowded with slightly bewildered individuals of more than average capacity, unable to proceed toward well conceived political goals because of their lack of the power to coördinate the masses even of their own sex.

It is possible that women, having had less experience in the type of group coördination by which political results are arrived at, are also less susceptible to the types of influence by which

men are politically unified. So, if they can not normally expect their great women to be born with that capacity for social electrification which is so often an overt sign of greatness in men, neither can they expect to recognize their great ones as men do, by the effects they produce. Great women must be sought for, and in order that the search may be successful, some method of knowing and utilizing them when found must be developed.

We are already clear on one point, which is that "greatest women" shall be great as women, and not in any sense imitators of men's quality of greatness. This is a way of saying that they must be, in type, maternal. Woman's genius may take protean forms, but its mode will be almost universally to seek fulfillment in group service rather than in the personal adventure.

Let me not be understood here as merely setting up the traditional compliment of woman's greater altruism. I am speaking of a mode of procedure rather than of moral qualities. So far as this disposition has showed itself, one may count on the fingers of one hand the instances where woman's tendency to group service has served society better, or even as well, as man's genius for personal distinction. What I mean by maternalism in greatness is not so much a question of ethics as of the nature and direction of the feminine drive. To take the field of woman's special "womanly" preëminence, the relief of pain, and conceding the incipience of such conspicuous relief as the field hospital and the Red Cross to women; have they accomplished any more by such measures than the man who discovered the use of chloroform, than Lister and Pasteur and a score of other men working separately, under pressure of ambition, intellectual curiosity or the hope of gain?

Men are often supremely qualified for working with and through the group by ambition, egotism, the will to power. Women are seldom good protagonists within the group; but by virtue of their maternal quality they are more likely to function at their highest only for and on account of the group, with a marked disposition to function more often administratively than constructively. Napoleon, I suppose, is the outstanding male type, enlarging France that he might himself be enlarged as Emperor of it, and Joan of Arc is the type maternal, spending

herself that France might be freed. With men the personal revelation which is the driving wheel of great careers is so interwoven with the male endowment that it is seldom, even for purposes of classification, to be separated from it. With women the revelation not infrequently transcends the feminine qualification. Thus great women are often accused of being masculine in their time—even Joan suffered under that stigma—and more often than not find it necessary to forego womanly rewards for the sake of maternal achievement.

In women whose genius is not social, the maternal faculty takes the form of that divine givingness without which one may not become great even as a courtesan.

If you think suddenly of a great actress, for example, you immediately think of some great actor or playwright to the elucidation of whose genius she devoted her own. If she is a great thinker, like Olive Schreiner or Mary Wollstonecraft, you find her thinking for other women. Always this givingness of great women differs from the givingness of men in being centered on the recipient rather than on the act. Eve, when she had secured the apple, found in the end nothing better to do with it than to give it to a man. Women will die for a faith, for a child or a lover. But men think it more important to die well when it is required of them, than to inquire why so much dying.

This disposition to emphasize the objective of greatness rather than its mode characterizes that other universal concomitant of greatness, as it is exemplified in women, the gift of prophecy. True greatness cannot exist only for the hour. In order to serve it must foresee, and in women, here again perhaps because of long training in the maternal capacity, the gift of prophecy tends to run forward to meet a specific occasion. It is men who make large impersonal claims upon the future of the universe, who write all the Utopias and invent the world machine. The prophecies of women are for the abolition of slavery, the prohibition of alcohol, the elimination of war. As for the great artist woman, depend upon it, she will be found in the last summing up more interested, as Sara Bernhardt is, for example, in making her art contributory than in making it exceptional.

But it is not quite enough for greatness that a woman should

be maternal in her quality and prophetic in her modes. She must also be greatly endowed.

It is at this point that the average American feminist fails. She is a poor judge of the personal equipment necessary for a woman who is to adventure successfully in the field of national or world accomplishment. Neither in respect to the work done, nor in the choice of critical substitutes for opinion, is she able in general to justify her preferences on established grounds. The most cursory examination of the lists under discussion showed that the women who made them had made their selection of the "greatest writer" and "greatest actress" with no reference to anything but their own preference. Following up this somewhat disconcerting revelation, an editorial writer in one of the women's magazines instanced six women, every one of whom might have been included among the "twelve greatest", namelessly, described by their achievement only. The guessing among the two million women subscribers as to the identity of the six went far to confirm the earlier suspicion that women in general can not discriminate between a woman who is truly distinguished and one who is merely prominent. There were an astonishing number of letters phrased somewhat like this: "I don't know what she has done, but I am sure So-and-So ought to be in this list." In part, this failure to identify the qualifications for distinction is the result of inexperience and the narrow range of social contacts among women, but in part, I am afraid, it is one of those inherent indifferences of women by which their past subjugation has been accomplished. Women are shrewdly intuitive about character, but by their apparent incapacity for soundly rating the intellectual endowment, and by their failure to establish criterions which compete successfully with men's criterions for the greatest and the next greatest, they have been obliged to accept leadership where men have found it.

The fact that men have shown themselves willing to follow women wherever greatness in the particular woman has been presented to them in terms with which they are familiar, militates against the old notion that women have been kept from leadership because of man's will to power. The great queens of the world have always been greatly served. Men accepted Joan of

Arc; they believed in Frances Willard; we owe it to man that the writings of Ellen Key became widely known in America. But in several of these cases, and possibly in all of them, there was present the faculty for psychological unification by which the group is made to cohere around a personality, to which men respond most readily, even when no other element of greatness attends it.

But one of the driving forces of the feminist movement has been the deep-seated opposition of women to the continuing of social control in the hands of political groups, unified and set in motion by the operations of personality. Especially are they opposed to the type of feminine control which is arrived at by the art of producing a given effect upon men. Yet by their failure to provide themselves with some sure way of knowing which women are intrinsically endowed with the qualification for a superior kind of leadership, they find themselves plunged in the alternative of not having any women in situations of pivotal political or intellectual influence. With the ballot in their hands, the influence of American women in international relations, in domestic policies, in education, in literature and the arts and religion and science, is still largely indirect.

There does not appear to be any immediate way out of this predicament. The process of educating even a minority of women to acute, impersonal judgments of natural capacity in other women, will be unavoidably long. Not much help can be expected from men; for though they have worked out an approximate method of arriving at objective judgments in respect to what is written or painted or discovered, their criterions are almost exclusively based on the way the thing has been done by men.

It must be remembered in this connection that though Joan of Arc depended for her following in the French Army on the personal reaction to her spiritual endowment, she was also a great military genius and gave to France the three modern modes of warfare which Napoleon afterward perfected, methodic organization of cavalry, grouping of artillery, and open order of infantry attack. These were things men could understand and honor accordingly.

Women in the arts, and in our institutions of scientific research, agree in insisting that back of the masculine will to power, and every type of professional competition, there is a more serious deterrent to the success of the women greatly and originally endowed. This is the general incapacity of men to recognize original genius when it occurs in a characteristic womanly manner. All testimony of professional women seems to agree on this point, that a woman who does a new thing has to wait much longer for recognition than a man would have waited for precisely the same thing. In view of recent revelations it hardly seems possible to go on charging this condition wholly to the account of masculinity.

Feminists generally are confessing themselves disappointed with the results, in the field of national influences, of their amazingly efficient organizations. Is it not, perhaps, that the very efficiency of such organizations tends to inhibit the expression of the fortunate variations of woman's genius, and let nothing through into the thought stream but the capacity for efficient organization? Long ago men discovered that this, in the absence of individual genius to be forwarded by it, is a sterile capacity indeed.

It is not unlikely that we have women of superlative quality in the United States; equal at least to the superlativeness of our men. What is lacking is some sure method of recognizing and making use of them.

MARY AUSTIN.

"CANADA'S NATIONAL STATUS": A LAST WORD

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY

[*Professor Kennedy's original article on* CANADA'S NATIONAL STATUS *appeared in the September, 1922, number of* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; *Mr. John S. Ewart's reply, under the same title, was in the December number; and the following is Professor Kennedy's rejoinder.*—THE EDITORS.]

I HAVE no desire to enter into a controversy with my friend, Mr. John S. Ewart. He doubtless has a point of view, and doubtless so have I. On the other hand, it is I think necessary to make some reply to his criticisms of my article *Canada's National Status*. This then is "a last word".

First of all, I wish to make it clear that I attempted carefully to make a distinction between a "nation" and a "state". When I wrote that at present Canada has no status as a sovereign state, I felt that I did not in the least contradict my previous statement that Canada's national manhood had been suddenly matured by the events of 1914–1918. Mr. Ewart knows as well as I do that "nationhood" and "statehood" are not necessarily the same thing. Indeed I recognize fully, as perhaps he does, "*la nation Canadienne*" in the Province of Quebec.

Secondly, I know very well the dispatch of Sir Edward Grey to which he refers as a substantial modification of Lord Ripon's conditions. Mr. Ewart states correctly the facts which issued from Grey's instructions; but Grey instructed the imperial representatives at Paris and Rome that Canada desired to open negotiations with these Governments; he declared that the strict letter of Ripon's conditions need not be adhered to, because the eventuality which they were intended to prevent had not taken place—lack of knowledge by the imperial Government; he stated that if a treaty were concluded at Paris the British representative there would sign with the Canadian negotiators, who were given full powers for the matter in hand.[1] It is obvious to

[1] The French-Canada treaty just concluded has been signed not merely by Canadian Ministers but by the British Ambassador at Paris.

me at least that the powers given were given by the British Government, and Mr. Ewart knows that the treaty referred to was only finally approved and signed after most careful imperial consideration. The Foreign Office was behind the scenes all the time. Mr. Ewart knows that deviations from the conditions of 1895 and 1907 were pregnant with grave irritation in the Reciprocity move of 1911 between the United States and Canada.

I am quite aware that there is a long list of semi-international arrangements carried out by Canada, even leading up to the Radio-Telegraphic Conference where Canadians went with full powers, "on behalf of the Dominion of Canada". This is referred to always as a dramatic advance, as they were outside the British Empire delegation. But it is just as well to remember that the Canadian delegates received their powers under the great seal of the United Kingdom, and that though control of these delegates so appointed might lead to the exposing of anomalies, there it existed: and the King ratifies any convention agreed on on the advice of imperial Ministers.

Of course, there may be inserted in political treaties clauses stating that Canada is not bound by them unless it gives formal assent. That I call only a "family compact" arrangement within the Empire. The Empire can make any plans it likes, just as was done in the treaty of June 20, 1919 to which Mr. Ewart refers. Internationally it is not worth a scrap of paper. This provision which Mr. Ewart calls "noteworthy"—that Canada may abstain from participation in an imperial war if it wants to —is purely gratuitous. We had not to wait for the pundits of Versailles to teach us what Sir Wilfrid Laurier had taught us years ago. All that such a clause can mean is that Canada is bound to no *active* participation in an imperial war. But Laurier also taught us that when Great Britain is at war Canada is at war. In other words, even though Canada is "bound by no political treaty to which it has not given formal consent," even though it is generously told that no obligations lie in the matter of the Anglo-French treaty of June 20, 1919, unless approved by the Dominion Parliament, yet when Great Britain goes to war, Canada is in a state of war, is liable to attack; her citizens are "alien enemies", along with those of Great Britain,

to Great Britain's foe. I believe there has been an advance in "national" status within the Empire in this connection; but in interstate life none. No foreign enemy is going to recognize the internal *modus vivendi* of the British Empire, and no foreign enemy is going to regard Canada from an interstate point of view in war, no matter how *inactive* Canada might be. The British Empire is in a state of war as a *whole*.

Mr. Ewart thinks that I underestimate the advance made in the proposal for a Canadian Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, when I state that in the proposals "the diplomatic unity of the Empire has been expressly preserved". I may grant that it has received a "shock". I quoted, however, Mr. Bonar Law and I had in my mind especially the terms of appointment announced to the Dominion Parliament on May 10, 1920: The appointment will be made by the King on the advice of the Canadian Cabinet; and the arrangement will not denote any departure from the principle of imperial diplomatic unity. I also had specially in mind that during the debates Mr. Béland was informed by the then Minister of Justice that the Canadian Minister to Washington would be appointed by the King not merely on the advice of the Canadian cabinet, but on the advice of the imperial Foreign Secretary. Of course, it is open to Mr. Ewart to say that this is all an acquisition "of one of the elements of international status". That is a matter of opinion: I merely suggest that "international status" is not what Canada or Mr. Ewart or Professor Kennedy considers it to be, but what other states consider it to be; and there is not a state in the world that would recognize the appointment of a Canadian Minister to Washington as an element in international status as long as the approval of the *British* Foreign Secretary covered such appointment.

Mr. Ewart and I may differ about the position of Canada at the Peace Conference and at the League of Nations. In connection with the former I should only like to add that the Dominion possessed no voting power separate from the British Empire. Of course, the Council of Four controlled the situation, and the limitation was practically useless; but it is worth remembering. With regard to the League of Nations, I am quite conscious of

great difficulties. Mr. Ewart, however, concedes that I may be as wrong or as right as he is in my interpretation here, so I leave it at that.

There is hardly any necessity to reopen the debate about the "Imperial War Cabinet". I have my opinion of it, which I have previously expressed. Sir Robert Borden, however, referred to the British Prime Minister as *primus inter pares*, saying that each nation preserved its perfect autonomy and the responsibility of its ministers to their electorates, when speaking to the Empire Parliamentary Association on April 3, 1917, while at the same time he laid stress on the equality of the Dominions with Great Britain in the work of the "War Cabinet". Of course, in connection with its work Mr. Ewart may have information to which I have not had access, and he may be right in criticizing me for saying that its deliberations remained mere deliberations until concurred in by the British and Dominion Governments. I am perfectly willing to be corrected. In self-defense I relied on Sir Robert Borden who at least knew the Cabinet from within. Speaking in 1918 before the same Association he said that the War Cabinet was a cabinet of Governments and that its conclusions could only be carried out by the parliaments of the different nations of the imperial Commonwealth. I accept Mr. Ewart's correction in connection with the method of correspondence between Canada and the imperial Government. I overemphasized the new arrangement.

Finally, there is little disagreement between Mr. Ewart and myself about the method by which Canada might leave the Empire. It is quite true that the Thirteen Colonies did not need any Imperial Act to do so, and neither does Canada if it wishes to accept a similar path—that of revolution. Indeed "the similar path" would be easier I think for Canada, as I do not imagine Great Britain would use compulsion to try to prevent it. All that I was concerned to challenge was the popular conception that Canada could pass an Act of Parliament dissolving the connection. The only constitutional method is an Imperial Act. I may be wrong if I have interpreted the Covenant of the League of Nations in the sense that it binds Canada closer to the Empire. I am aware of its difficulties. If Canada is a separate member of

the League, as distinct from the unity of the British Empire (as perhaps Mr. Ewart believes), I venture to think that it guarantees the territorial integrity and existing political independence of other members and that Article Ten fully applies. I say "if." If Canada is a member of the League within the unity of the Empire the binding force is obvious. I say "if". I do not pretend to decide.

I shall not enter into a discussion on sovereignty. There is no such thing as absolute sovereignty, one and indivisible. I am not trying to juggle with words, nor am I trying to make "a political unit out of two completely sovereign states". I do not believe any completely sovereign state exists or ever has existed, except among lawyers. I believe Canada has now a sovereignty—real, but relative. I believe Great Britain has the same. If this does not square with current international theory, so much the worse for the theory. I refuse, however, to be bound down by a theory of sovereignty which will not square with facts.

I am very glad that Mr. Ewart has replied to my position. Doubtless we may never agree, but in wholesome discussion we shall at least make it clear to the United States of America that it is very hard to explain the Canadian status, because we are none too clear on it ourselves.

W. P. M. Kennedy.

WHAT IS PSYCHOLOGY?

BY HENRY C. McCOMAS

PROBABLY no other word in the English language can be found in so many connections as the word "psychology". The President of the United States connects it with business depression; ponderous German professors connect it with their war's failure. If we turn from the newspapers to the university libraries we find the word in more bewildering connections. We may take down a volume under the heading of *Psychology* and discover that it deals with the dancing mouse, or the spiritual aspirations of the mediæval monks. Nor are we helped very much when we pick up *The Psychological Index* and find thousands of articles of every description covering studies ranging from the knee-jerk to race degeneracy.

Naturally, a professional psychologist becomes accustomed to the question, "Well, after all, is there a real science of psychology?" He usually has a stereotyped reply, which he uses on these occasions. Often it is too brief to satisfy his questioner, and occasionally it is too tart to encourage further questioning. However, the question is a perfectly proper one and should be met with patience and as long an explanation as the questioner can endure. It is in the hope that these questions may become fewer that the present article is written.

There are certain clear characteristics which every true science possesses; should we fail to recognize these in any claimant we may be confident that it is not a science. The first of these is the method of making observations. All science is based on observation. Of course, everyone makes observations, some of them very accurate, and well worthy of a scientist; but ordinarily no one makes a sufficient number under varied conditions. To illustrate: a very common observation in winter is that, when one has a cold, he does not enjoy his meals, everything loses its taste. This, of course, is quite correct as far as it goes, but probably the

observer fails to notice whether the cold is in the head or the throat when he experiences this distaste to his meals. There, of course, lies the secret of the matter. If he has discovered that only a very bad cold, which closes the nasal passages, robs him of taste, he probably has not carried his observations further and learned that even under such conditions his tongue continues to report sensations of taste for things sweet, salt, sour, and bitter. This interesting bit of information anyone could acquire by persistent observation, and he would be traveling one of the by-paths of Science.

However, the highroad of Science and such a bypath soon diverge. For in scientific observation it becomes necessary to note every observation, whether it is interesting, whether it seems important, or not. This calls for long and tedious labor. Moreover, in those sciences which permit it, observation is made under controlled conditions. That is, the matters being observed are placed in some sort of a laboratory and carefully inspected while being subjected to as many differing conditions as promise different results for the observer.

By way of example: the reader observes that he fails to notice misprints in some words, but quickly detects them in others. A little closer observation shows him that it is not either the length of the word or the familiarity with it which causes the trouble. What, then, can it be? If the conditions of reading are carefully controlled we soon observe the reason. Lay a slip of paper upon a line of print, before reading the line, in such a way that only the lower halves of the letters show. Notice that it is almost impossible to read the line. Now place the slip so that the upper halves of the letters show. The line can be read with ease. Evidently words are more readily recognized by their upper portions than by the lower; because the upper part is better differentiated. The next step in such controlled observations would be to select a large number of words of the same length and the same print and to let the reader observe them each for an instant of time and thus discover what sort of words are the most easily read.

This last set of observations calls for a laboratory and an experimenter who is practised in this kind of work. Also, it calls

for a special apparatus which will show the whole word for any length of time from a fiftieth of a second up.

This leads us into another characteristic of a true science, namely, the development of what is called a technique. By that we mean a specialization in the methods of controlling conditions of observation. In psychology, as in other sciences, such a technique is well established. Indeed, the character of the observations is such that it has become necessary for experimenters to specialize and develop an especial technique for each class of investigation. Perhaps this characteristic is the most trustworthy one in determining the honesty of any claimant to the title of "a science". For that reason it will be worth our while to follow the development of some observations and their necessary technique.

Again, if the reader will observe the page before him he will notice that his eyes do not move uniformly across the lines of print. They make a succession of little jumps. These are very hard to detect. One ordinarily thinks his eyes move uniformly along the lines. Move your finger below a line, follow it with your eyes, notice how the letters blur. This is what would happen if your eyes moved uniformly across the page. If the reader is not convinced let him watch the eyes of a friend who is reading. Curiously enough this trick of the eyes is so seldom observed that we do not find the scientists discussing it until as late as 1879. Then some simple observations were made by merely watching the eyes as they moved, and the conclusion was drawn that one actually sees what he reads only when the eye pauses, and may read some ten letters during these pauses. That seems a rather startling observation. Can it be possible that we actually look at a page of print and fail to see it when the eyes dance from point to point? There are other observations of a very simple sort which point the same direction. Look closely at your eyes in a mirror. See if you can detect their movements. Glance from one eye to the other, look from one side of the right eye to the other side. Absolutely no movement can be seen. A friend standing beside you can easily observe your eye movements. Again, as you ride in the train your eyes follow the passing landscape. They must move, of course, in two directions,

they follow the direction of the passing objects, then quickly jerk back to a new point of vision and again follow the passing scenery. During these quick jerks of the return movements we do not see the scenery blur, or move in an opposite direction. We virtually see nothing.

To explain this apparent blindness during quick movements of the eye we need the aid of the psychological laboratory. Here we find that, as the years have gone by, a technique has developed and some interesting apparatus has been invented. When it became obvious that accurate observations could not be made by merely watching the eye resort was had to apparatus. Among the first of these was a clever device by which little movements of the eyelid touched an electric contact, which in turn caused a click in a microphone. Inasmuch as the eyelid makes a slight motion when the eyes make their little movements, it was possible to aid one's observation of the eye movement by means of the clicks. This apparatus did not always tell a true story, for the eyelid may quiver at other times than during their movement. It was necessary to have a more accurate device. The next step forward was made by several forms of apparatus. These involved attaching a light cup to the eyeball and connecting the cup to a very light marker, such as a very fine bristle. This, in turn, rested upon a sheet of paper covered with lampblack. Every movement of the eye made a tracing on the paper. From these tracings the movements of the eyes could be studied. From such devices a great deal of valuable information was obtained. However, it was felt that one may not read quite naturally under such conditions, so a further advance was made in ingenious apparatus. A beam of light was directed upon the side of the eye, where it would not disturb the reader, and reflected to a moving photographic plate. Now the reader could proceed with his reading quite free from any discomfort or distraction. Every pause and motion of his eye were written upon the sensitive plate.

We are now in the position, thanks to the patience and ingenuity of a number of able psychologists, to use a technique which gives us very accurate observations of these puzzling eye movements. We learn that the eye pauses from four to six times as it crosses the page of an average book. Of course, the shorter the

line the fewer the pauses. For the newspaper line the average reader makes something over three pauses. Furthermore, it is now possible to say with some confidence that a fast reader permits his eye, for about one-fifth of a second, to pause, before a quick movement carries it forward. This movement may swing the eye in arcs of from two to seven degrees, depending upon how far the book is held and how fast he can read. On the average the time occupied by these little leaps is twenty-three thousandths of a second. The return swing of the eye to the left hand side of the page requires about forty-one thousandths of a second.

If we ceased our observations with just this information we should probably conclude that the eye fails to see when it makes quick movements. But new conditions were tried, and it became apparent that when an object moves with the eye it can be seen. Furthermore, after persistent practice one can train himself to catch some of the field of vision while the eye is moving quickly. So it is evident that the eye does see during these swift motions; but, inasmuch as what it sees is badly blurred, the mind does not take cognizance of it. That is, the attention being directed towards certain definite things, no notice is taken of those brief reports of the eyes, with their blurred and useless material.

Should this be true we ought to be able to find many instances of the eye reporting to the mind and the mind ignoring such reports. And surely there are many such occasions. When the hunter brings his shotgun to his shoulder, usually both eyes are open, but he sees only along the line of his barrel. The left eye sees the side of the gun, but this is useless, and the hunter is unaware of it. If two large pieces of paper, one colored green and one colored red, are held before the eyes so that the right eye sees only green and the left eye only red, a curious thing occurs. One seems to see a whole field of red, or a whole field of green, sometimes a little of each field. But if a pencil is moved across the red paper the whole field of vision becomes red. If the pencil then is quickly moved across the green field, one sees only green. That is, the pencil directs the attention to one field or the other and you see that color to which the attention is directed.

From all these observations, some made easily, with no ap-

paratus and no technique, and some made after years of experimenting, under carefully controlled conditions, the psychologist is in a position to draw some safe inferences. He can harmonize fact with fact, and this enables him to establish a *law* in his science. It is the aim of every science to find such laws. The older sciences, dealing with less elusive materials, have discovered many such laws. When it is necessary to make many observations, under many varying conditions, a science is compelled to develop very slowly.

In psychology the fields of investigation differ so greatly in difficulty that progress is made in some directions much more satisfactorily than in others. We have been considering some experiments in perception. In general, a psychologist would class these experiments under the head of peripheral factors rather than central. That is, the studies were concerned with the functions of an end organ, the eye. But we saw that the study eventually took us to the consideration of the attention. The attention, of course, must be classed as a central process, along with memory, imagination, and reasoning. When we find ourselves observing phenomena of the central processes we become at once aware of the increased difficulty and complexity of our study.

Naturally, men with differing interests and temperaments are drawn into different fields of psychology. So we find some men who specialize upon a field which promises accurate findings and refusing to venture into such a *terra incognita* as the emotions. Indeed, the difficulties in psychological work are such that the experimenter finds himself drifting into a specialization. This is another characteristic of a real science.

Unlike any other science, psychology affords two classes of observations. One may observe by inspecting, or by introspecting. In the former case his attention is upon what occurs in the objective world. In the latter case his attention is directed to his own inner experiences. So difficult is this latter type of observation that some psychologists are tempted to abandon it. Others employ it with caution. Some champion it as the one unique method of their science and insist that it yields dependable results to those who have an aptitude for it.

Perhaps this should also be listed as a characteristic of Science. For it seems that no science has ever yet started without developing two or more different "schools". Each school must have its extremists and its moderates. Thus, we find psychologists who would define their science as a study of the phenomena of consciousness; while others would leave consciousness out of their province entirely. Between these two extremes the great body of moderates continue their experimenting, interested in both the behavior of an individual and his introspection. They would study a reader by observing the number of pauses his eyes might make, and they would supplement this by asking the reader if the material was interesting and easily read. From this study of both the outward behavior of the reader and his introspection they learn that the eye moves more quickly over subject matter which is interesting, and more sluggishly over the lines which make a less appeal to the reader's interests.

Interest and attention are matters of vital importance. Everyone may well concern himself with these matters. Every educator does. Unfortunately in this realm our observations cannot be made with the accuracy we should desire. Attention is undoubtedly a factor in every mental process. Interest is related in an intricate way to one's feelings, emotions, and indeed to one's entire personality. When psychology can go with confidence along her well-laid highroads through these difficult fields we shall have the most serviceable science of them all. Today no such highways exist. We have only surveyors and adventurers. From the former we may obtain some facts of a dependable character; from the latter we get glowing descriptions. Of course these descriptions are not without their value. Many an adventurer can supply us with information the surveyor would never think of reporting. So eager are we to learn about the subtle and elusive phenomena of human nature that any explorer finds willing listeners. But is this science? Is it psychology? A qualified "yes" may be given both queries. It is psychology largely because we cannot find anything else to call it. It is science in so far as the observations are sufficiently numerous and accurate to enable us to harmonize fact with fact and describe some tentative "laws".

It would seem, then, that as we go from the knee-jerk to race degeneracy we go from the more certain to the less certain. Unfortunately, we also go from the less interesting to the more interesting. And this is the bane of psychology. In fields where facts may be established with scientific precision no one cares to tarry long. But in fields where one may get a glimpse of the motives which drive us through life, the emotions that lift us to great heights, or plunge us into the depths, everyone is eager to go. As a result psychology is always subject to the temptation to move too quickly into the unsettled territory.

To-day psychiatry has won a wide interest. Observations made upon many patients suffering from different forms of mental disorder have yielded some theories concerning central principles of the personality. Such valuable practical results have been obtained, with so many cases, that it is not surprising to find the theories occasionally discussed as "laws". To the scientist, trained to use an exact technique and a precise apparatus, these "laws" seem rather precarious. Psychologists, trained by their laboratory experience, find the field of psychiatry hard to survey with their appliances. From time to time the psychiatrist and the psychologist have tried to get together. It is to be hoped that the future will see better team work than the past.

If it is difficult to adapt the scientific methods of psychology to abnormal mental states, it is far more difficult to use them in such fields as those of Art, Morals and Religion. Indeed, when we find human nature out in the open and so constituted that it changes when we thrust it into a laboratory, it is perfectly obvious that our rigid technique and precise apparatus cannot be used. A great, important, but ill-defined field, which might be called Social Psychology, cannot be housed under any roof. No laboratory can accommodate it. Does this mean that we must abandon our scientific methods? Shall we fasten the sign over this great field: "Abandon science, all who enter here"? No; the methods used under the roof cannot be used in the open, but that does not imply no new methods are possible. The old principles of many observations, under many conditions, still apply. In place of the laboratory apparatus and technique comes now the statistical method. It must do service in evaluating the ob-

servations. Have we now something that may be called a science? In part; in so far as observation and statistical treatment yield a series of facts which are in harmony with each other and indicate underlying laws.

Psychology, then, with its rigid methods of observation in the structure and functions of the nervous system, the sensations and perceptions; with its less exact technique for the attention, memory and imagination; with its occasional explorations in feeling, emotion and volition, is truly entitled to be called a science. Psychology, as it played its part in the great war and as it is playing its part in the industrial world, has brought some of the methods of the laboratory to the outside world, and still retains its title. Psychology, as it seeks to find some laws of causation in the social consciousness, in racial traits, in national ideals and in kindred matters, is scientific only when the investigator is a scientist. Psychology in the hands of the untrained can, and does, enter every field of interest. It explores the human conscience, it tears the drapery from the soul, it leaves nothing unexplained; it makes few observations but many explanations. Upon a fact, or a half fact, it founds a "system". These "little systems have their day; they have their day and cease to be".

What is psychology? It is the study of human nature. It is scientific. It is unscientific. Where is it the one, where is it the other? Who shall draw the line? In the meantime, as charity is a cloak that covers saint and sinner, so psychology will still head the shelves upon which stand the books written by Science, Near-Science and Nescience.

And it is all "Psychology"!

HENRY C. MCCOMAS.

THE ROSEBUD WALL-PAPER

BY AMY LOWELL

So you been peekin' int' th' winders o' the old porch house to the Four Corners,
Have ye?
Wall, I dunno as anybody wouldn't be puzzled
Not knowin' nothin' 'bout it, an' seein' it the way 'tis.
I bet you had a time pushin' through them cat-briers
That's growed up all about it.
Terrible stiff bushes they be, and the scratchiest things goin'.
Oh, you needn't tell me!
Many's the first-class tear I've got from 'em in my time.
Not those pertic'ler ones, I ain't no call to go shovin' through them,
An' what on earth you wanted to tackle 'em for beats me.
But, since you been ther',
It's just nater you should want to know.
A house all sagged down an' rotted, an' the chimbly fell,
An' every room spick an' span with new wall-paper!
Sort o' creepy, was it?
I guess the creeps is ther' all right,
But we figgered we'd smothered 'em with that rosebud paper.
Mrs. Pearson, the doctor's wife, had the choosin' of it.
She went to Boston a purpose when the town decided to put it on.
I al'ays thought 'twas kind o' gay for what they wanted it for,
But Mrs. Pearson said it had ought to be gay,
An' she's a real tasty woman;
Nobody darsn't go agin her judgment in this town,
Least of all the selectmen with the doctor chairman o' the board.
Well, Mr. Day, ther's a good long story to that wall-paper.
The beginnin's way back, all of thirty year, I guess.
Ther' was a storekeeper here at that time, name o' Amos Sears.
He warn't a native o' th' place,
I've heered he come from somewheres down Cape Cod way,
He just sort o' drifted here an' stuck.
His wife was dead, an' he had a son, young Amos,
Who used to play around with us boys.
You know what boys be, al'ays in an' out o' one another's pockets.
Young Amos was a fine, upstandin' chap.
We all favored him, but he an' Luke Bartlett was like a plum an' its skin,

You couldn't peel 'em apart.
They beat the band for mischief an' high jinks,
The rest of us just follered along an' caught the lickin's.
'Bout the time we was gittin' through school, old Amos died.
We thought, o' course, young Amos 'd settle right down to the shop,
But he wouldn't hear to it, said he couldn't rest quiet without he'd done a bit o' trapesin'
Afore he took root for keeps;
An' first thing we knew, he'd hired Tom Wetherbee to look after the business
An' was off.
He wanted Luke should go with him,
But Luke was a real steady youngster, he'd 'prenticed himself to a stone-mason,
An' wouldn't budge.
I guess now he wishes some he'd gone,
But I dunno, 'tain't easy seein' into other folks' minds.
I went studyin' surveyin' to Barre
An' warn't here when Amos left.
Luke heerd from him two or three times,
But pretty soon the letters stopped.
Tom Wetherbee went on 'tendin' to the shop
An' payin' his own wages out o' the earnin's.
What he didn't need for repairin' an' to keep the stock up, he put in the bank for Amos,
But Amos never drawed any of it,
So it just piled up.
What Amos lived on, I dunno, he never told nobody to my knowledge.
But he lived somehow, an' after ten years
He come back with a wife.
Mrs. Amos was a fine figger of a woman,
With eyes like steel traps, an' a tongue like a mowin' machine.
She al'ays reminded me of a sumach when it's turned in the Autumn,
Sort o' harsh an' bright. You couldn't see nothin' else
When she was around, but she warn't the easy kind,
Her nerves was like a bundle o' firecrackers,
An' it didn't take no slow-match to light 'em.
She could do anythin' she set her hand to,
But she made such a touse doin' it
You'd full as lives not have it done.
Amos found quite a bit o' money waitin' for him in the Wiltshire bank,
An' he found the store in extra good shape,
So the first thing he done was to buy a house.
Not the one you see, that didn't come till later,
The third house from the post-office was his.

Then he took Tom Wetherbee into partnership
An' moved into his new house, an' things begun.
They begun with a vengeance, but we didn't know nothin' for some time.
The house, maybe you noticed, stands quite a piece above the road.
Did you see anythin' queer 'bout the grass either side the steps?
Well, that was 'cause Amos and Mrs. couldn't come to no agreement 'bout fixin' up the lawn.
He set by a straight slope an' she wanted terraces,
So they had a straight slope to one side an' terraces to the other.
Amos made a joke of it, but Mrs. Amos she made a grievance;
She made most everythin' a grievance.
She was al'ays runnin' roun' an' tattlin' aginst Amos.
I expect she had one o' them tongues they say's hung in the middle;
If one end got tired, all she had to do was let it be an' go right along with the other.
When she warn't scoldin' Amos, she was scoldin' 'bout him.
But in the end 'twarn't him as give, 'twas her.
She up an' runned away, boarded the afternoon train to Boston
One day while he was mindin' the shop.
When Amos found out she'd gone
He got Bill Rivers (Rivers kep' the livery stable then) to hitch up his Morgan mare in a couple o' shakes
An' drive him over to the junction, lickety split, to ketch the night train from Fitchburg.
He ketched it all right, but 'twas nip an' tuck,
The conductor was hollerin' "All aboard!" when they come in sight o' the depot.
I mind Rivers was some put out 'cause Amos didn't say a single word
All the way over,
Didn't even think to thank him when he got him ther'.
Amos was back in a little over a week,
But he didn't bring Mrs. Amos with him.
Luke went up to see him right away,
An' he told Luke Mrs. Amos had gone for a stewardess on a Halifax steamboat.
She had the sea in her blood, he said,
An' he guessed she couldn't be happy livin' so far from it.
It seems she was a New Bedford woman,
An' all her folks had been whalers.
Everybody supposed as how Amos would sell his house an' shop
An' go an' settle somewheres his wife would like.
But he didn't do no such thing.
He just hung on, lookin' as gloomy as a rainy fourth o' July;
An' he kep' a-hangin', neither here nor ther' exactly,

He didn't seem fixed to stay, an' he didn't go.
Things went on like that for more'n a year,
An' then Amos bought that parcel o' land to the Four Corners, an' put up the house you see.
When 'twas finished, he sold the old house an' moved in.
He druv into town every day to the store,
But folks didn't go out to see him.
He'd turned terr'ble glum an' pernickety,
An' Luke was the only man on real terms with him.
You couldn't git anythin' out o' Luke,
He was mum as a fish.
That's how we didn't come to hear 'bout Mrs. Richards bein' with Amos
Till she'd been ther' quite a spell.
I dunno's we'd ever have heered but for Bill Rivers drivin' some Summer boarders
Up Hog Back one August afternoon.
One o' the ladies had a faintin' fit or somethin',
An' Rivers stopped to Amos's to ask if she couldn't rest ther' while the others went on.
He was took all aback when Mrs. Richards come out.
Rivers was a awful talker,
He'd twist a bit o' news under his tongue same as if 'twas a chaw o' tobaccer
An' I never see a man take such relish in spreadin' it.
So the whole town knowed 'bout Mrs. Richards 'fore he'd been back an hour.
You know how folks be, once git a story started
An' it's off rampagin' like a forest fire.
Somebody said Luke'd know, and two or three went up to Luke's
And asked him.
But Luke just said "Why not? Amos had to have some one to do for him,
An' Mrs. Richards was a respectable widow from Millbridge."
Ther' warn't no gainsayin' that, when Luke pointed it out,
But what folks don't say ain't al'ays a handle to what they thinks.
Luke was a real smart man, an' he wouldn't listen to a word aginst her an' Amos,
An' nobody darsn't say a thing to Amos himself nat'rally.
So it went on. Amos had a hired housekeeper, said Luke;
Amos had somethin' he shouldn't have had, said others.
But that was only hearsay, an' Mrs. Richards's husband had been the post-master to Millbridge for years
Until he'd been took off by the pneumony three years before,
An' left nothin'.
"So his widow had to work," said Luke's friends.
Amos's friends didn't say nothin', seein' he didn't rightly have any,
Barrin' Luke, but that was enough.

Luke was a powerful perseverin' man, an' wouldn't stand no nonsense.
But, spite o' Luke, ther' was talk, heaps of it.
You can't keep women from enjoyin' a story like that.
Nor men neither, I guess.
A good few o' the boys went out to Amos's
An' they telled how cozy 'twas out ther',
With white curtings to the winders
An' the chiny on the dresser all set out elegant,
Nothin' out o' place an' a sort o' cheery look to everythin'.
Amos had planted apple-trees and they was just come to bear.
Early sugar apples they was, you know the kind,
Yaller streaked with red and sweet as honey.
To hear the talk you'd think no one else in the town
Had apples. Boys will be boys, even when they ain't,
An' ther' was somethin' 'bout Mrs. Richards menfolk couldn't have enough of.
But Amos didn't turn a hair, he know'd his woman.
'Twas al'ays the same—apples, an' cookies, an' blackberry jam, an' a welcome.
Amos warn't like the same man he was to the store,
He'd laugh an' joke, for all the world like he used to do in the old days;
'Twas good to hear him.
The women didn't go, though I guess they was itchin' to,
But none on 'em darst begin.
Women is sticklers for custom,
An' all that whisperin' made a sort o' fence
They couldn't break through.
I've sometimes wondered if that ain't the real use o' women,
To keep things goin' on even and straight, with no bumps an' jumps to onsettle ye.
O' course ther's the other kind o' women, the Mrs. Amos kind,
But, praise the Lord, I ain't had much to do with them.
But, however stiddy they be, women is terr'ble cur'ous critters,
They can't git along without a deal o' worritin' 'bout the neighbors' concerns.
An' I do believe our Parson's wife was the most cur'ous woman ever was.
She was at the Parson from mornin' till night to go out to Amos's.
You see she wanted to know how things was at first hand,
But she know'd better'n to say so.
What she said was that his duty called him to go an' see if Amos was a errin' man;
If he kep' a scarlet woman to the corners, the Parson ought to try an' git him away from her
An' save his soul.
'Twas a bitter strong argiment to use to a Parson,
An' she used it every day an' all day.

'Twas clear he wouldn't git no peace till he went,
An' Parson Eldridge loved peace.
He was a meek little man
An' didn't hold with pokin' in wher' 'twarn't agreeable,
But he had to go, an' he did.
Mrs. Eldridge must have been mortal disappointed,
For all he said when he come back was
That Amos didn't appear to be livin' in sin.
He didn't say he warn't, mind you,
But he 'lowed to his wife he couldn't see no openin' to start savin' his soul.
"The Almighty works in his own ways," he said,
"An' Amos has had a heavy cross to bear."
He didn't name no names, but it set us all to thinkin' o' Mrs. Amos
An' what a dance she'd led Amos.
It made us feel sorry for him,
An' after that we kind o' sidelooked his failin'
If so be as 'twas one,
An' the tittle tattle an' speculatin' died down.
Also we was gittin' used to things, I guess.
Well, they kep' that way fer a good fifteen year,
An' then one night Amos called the doctor on the telephone
His voice was gritty an' shakin', so the doctor said afterwards,
An' he know'd at once somethin' had happened.
Mrs. Richards was real bad, Amos said,
Could the doctor come right away?
So Dr. Pearson got out his flivver an' started for the Corners.
'Twas just commencin' to snow, but 'twarn't so deep the car couldn't run,
Nor it warn't so light it didn't matter.
'Twas one o' them stingin' snowstorms,
With the flakes so little you can't hardly see 'em
But drivin' with a awful force.
That kind o' snow don't seem to lay none at first,
But ther' ain't no melt to it, an' it goes on an' on,
Comin' every way to oncet, an' blowin' up into drifts which you can't make out wher' they be or ain't till you're on 'em.
One side the road'll be swep' clear,
An' the other all piled up with snow higher'n your head,
An' all the time you're as good as blind
'Count o' the flakes bein' so sharp an' sheddin' down so almighty fast.
Some men wouldn't have gone out;
Dr. Blake to Millbridge wouldn't, I know,
But Dr. Pearson went wher' he was needed;
Battle an' murder an' suddin death couldn't stop him if any one was sick.
It took him all of an hour to git to the Corners,

An' he know'd when he got ther' he couldn't git back.
Amos met him at the door.
"I mistake but you're too late, Doctor," says he.
And so 'twas. Mrs. Richards was dead.
She'd had a heart attack, and died while the doctor was on his way.
The doctor done what he could just to comfort Amos by doin' somethin',
But in the end he had to tell him 'twas all over.
Then the doctor was scared, Amos acted so queer.
He turned as white as marble, an' as stiff.
He stood ther', lookin' down at the bed,
Lookin' with his eyes like stones o' fire,
Froze an' burnin' at the same time.
He never moved 'em from the dead face,
Just stared still as ice, as if he was all shelled in it,
But somethin' hot an' hard was scaldin' him inside.
The doctor tried to rouse him, but he didn't seem to hear.
Then the doctor took his hand an' raised it up,
But when he let it go, it fell down by his side agin,
An' Amos didn't seem to notice that he'd took it an' dropped it.
Doctor Pearson couldn't leave him ther' alone,
An' he couldn't go anyway 'cause o' the storm.
The snow kep' risin' higher an' higher on the winders.
The door was clean blocked, an' when mornin' come
The doctor couldn't see his car, 'twas all buried in.
All night long Amos had stood just the same way,
Starin' at the dead woman.
He might have been dead himself, or a moniment.
He didn't give a sign he was livin',
Only ther' was mist on a hand-glass the doctor held to his mouth.
The doctor tried to force some coffee down his throat,
But his jaw was clinched an' he couldn't prize it open.
He tried to throw him over so's he could git him layin' down,
But he couldn't budge him no more'n if he'd been a granite boulder.
Seem's he had the stren'th o' ten men
Just to keep standin' ther' lookin' at that dead body.
'Twas a Sunday night Amos called the doctor,
An' 'twas Wednesday mornin' afore the storm broke.
An' all that time Amos had stood ther' without movin' a muscle,
Only he'd sort o' shrunk together; not stoopin', I don't mean,
But collapsin' in sideways.
The doctor put it he looked brittle,
Like you might snap him in two but couldn't overset him nohow.
Maybe 'twas the sunlight done it. The sun shone straight in his eyes,
But he never even winked 'em, just kep' on lookin' an' lookin'.

'Bout 'leven o'clock a sleigh come for the doctor.
They'd been tryin' to git to him for two days
But couldn't, the drifts was so high;
They'd had to shovel most o' the way as 'twas.
When the doctor let 'em in ('twas the two Fowler boys and Sam Gould)
The first thing he told 'em was to come upstairs an' help him with Amos.
But they hadn't hardly set foot in the room
When Amos tumbled over on the floor—same as a tree, they said,
Stiff from head to foot, not limp like a man in a faint.
The boys picked him up and laid him on the bed in the next room,
An' the doctor worked over him; but 'twas hours 'fore he give a sign o' life,
An' when he did, he went right out of his head with fever.
He warn't sensible for some days, and by that time the funeral was over an' done with.
They telled him how 'twas when they thought he could stand it,
But he didn't seem to care,
I guess he'd buried her in his mind long before,
Durin' the storm.
Folks was awful sorry for Amos,
But he didn't act to take much stock in that neither.
He got up an' went about,
But he didn't go to the store no more,
An' he didn't take no steps to git a new housekeeper.
Mrs. Eldridge had a string o' middle-aged women to suggest for the place,
But the Parson kep' her off him somehow.
I al'ays had a likin' for the Parson after that;
Maybe he'd sensed more'n we thought, all along.
He was a good man, too good to go interferin' with the Almighty's doin's,
An' that's what you can't say o' most parsons.
Come Spring, one afternoon when Luke Bartlett was workin' in his yard,
Tinkerin' at a funereal urn for Elder Townsend's moniment,
Who should come creepin' in but Amos Sears.
Luke was all took aback seein' him comin' in so quiet,
Almost stealin' in, you might say,
'Cause Amos had shown him pretty plain that he didn't set nothin' by seein' him.
Luke was a sensitive man, an' Amos turnin' from him had hurt him dretful.
Amos crep' up to him, peerin' as if he couldn't see very well,
An' hangin' onto his stick like 'twas a third leg he couldn't do without.
"Luke," says he, "Luke, we been old friends, you an' me."
"We have, Amos," says Luke.
"Luke," says Amos agin, "I've had a sight to bear in my life."
"You have, Amos," says Luke.
" 'Tis you, Luke, an' you only can ease me now, if you will," says Amos; an' ther' was tears in his eyes.

Luke seen 'em an' they made him feel sick all over,
Amos warn't one to cry.
Now what do you s'pose it was he wanted Luke should do?
Why, make a gravestone for Mrs. Richards, an' that was all ther' was to it.
Everythin' went slick as paint till they come to th' inscription;
Amos had that all writ out nice on a piece of paper
An' he read it to Luke.
"Here lies the body o' Mary Richards,
Beloved friend an' onlawful wife o' Amos Sears,
For seventeen years his sole comfort by the grace o' God.
Blessed be the name of the Lord Whose ways are inscrutable.
Erected by her bereaved husband in the sight o' Heaven wher' ther's no marriage nor givin' in marriage,
But joyful meetin' without end for ever an' ever. Amen."
Luke took the paper when Amos handed it to him,
But he couldn't git aholt o' no words quick enough to speak 'em.
Maybe he'd know'd al'ays, same as Parson Eldridge,
Maybe he'd thought what he said he did.
But anyways you look at it that inscription was a baffler.
Here was Amos givin' himself away to the whole town.
He put it to him so, but Amos said he wouldn't keep it hid no more,
That 'twas like the burnin' bush to him,
The love they'd bore each other.
Then Luke argid 'twas sacrilege to ask the blessin' o' the Lord for a onsanctified union.
"Who says 'twarn't sanctified?" shouted Amos.
"She was the Lord's givin' to lighten the sorrow He'd set so heavy on me.
God's just, as I've heerd from the pulpit many a time,
An' I don't cal'ate you're denyin' it,
An' He done the square thing by me.
I'd be a limpin' coward if I didn't proclaim it to all an' sundry,
Witness as I be to His mercy an' comprehendin' kindness."
That was too much for Luke. He was a Godfearin' man,
An' he thought Amos had gone blasphemin' crazy.
But Amos hadn't, not then.
They went at it, hammer an' tongs,
Each talkin' nineteen to the dozen.
Then the pity of it come over Luke,
An' he said he'd try to see it Amos's way
An' tell him in a month when the stone'd be near done.
An' Amos had to do with that for the time bein'.
Luke made the gravestone just as Amos said,
Of good black slate, with the top poked up in a little round just big enough for a angel's head,

An' the wings reachin' out right an' left underneath—
Luke had a won'erful knack with angels, he put on most all his stones—
But when it come to th' inscription, he couldn't stomach it.
So he just put "Here lies Mary Richards. God's will be done."
He'd worked it out that them words 'd fit most anythin' an' they wouldn't shock nobody.
If Amos was right 'bout the Almighty's designins, they'd mean that,
An' if he warn't, they'd mean otherwise. They'd come in handy either way.
Then he went an' set it up himself,
I guess he was kind o' afeard Amos might break it or somethin'.
Well, the month was up by then, an' he had to give his answer to Amos.
I dessay he didn't look forward to it any,
But Luke warn't the man to shirk a duty,
An' that very evenin', soon's supper was over, he started for the Corners.
Luke never telled what happened that night, but I know for a fact that him an' Amos never spoke agin.
Ther' warn't much time fer speakin', as a matter o' fact,
For 'twas the next Tuesday I went up to the graveyard.
I don't mind now why, I hadn't buried none o' my folks for years,
But I did go up, an' wandered round for a spell,
An' all of a suddin I come on Mrs. Richards's grave.
I didn't know nothin' 'bout th' inscription,
Luke didn't say anythin' 'bout it till 'twas all over,
So 'twarn't that made me look at the stone.
Then I couldn't scarcely b'lieve my eyes,
The stone was all writ over with red letters.
First I thought they was blood,
But then I see they was red chalk runnin' straight between the lines Luke had cut.
Yes, Sir, you've guessed it. 'Twas Amos's inscription,
Fixed so's to read right along with Luke's;
An' Luke's letters was chalked too, it looked all of a piece a little ways off
Thinks I, the man who could do that must be goin' through blazes,
His grievin' must have plumb crazed him,
I guess 'twould be a Christian act to go an' see how he be.
I warn't anxious for goin', but I didn't see how any decent man
Could leave them letters an' just go off home.
I'll never forgit that drive to the Corners, never.
Every tree I passed looked so's I'd never seen it till that minit,
They stuck out at me an' made me notice 'em,
I can almost tell you how many leaves ther' was to every branch.
An' ther' was the Ford chuggin' away,
An' the thrushes singin' their sunset songs,
An' the sun goin' down behind Hog Back.

My! How black the mountain was with the sky turnin' all kinds o' colors be'ind it,
An' the air comin' cool an' damp when we struck the shadow o' the mountain!
'Twas all shadow to Amos's, but back yonder t'other side o' the valley was full o' sun,
It holds a good hour longer down ther'.
I jumped out o' the car an' knocked on the door,
But nobody answered.
Then I done the same as you did, I peeked in't th' winders.
But I couldn't see if Amos was inside or not.
In the end I just made bold an' opened the door.
Red chalk, did I say?
Red, an' white, an' green, an' blue, an' purple chalk!
'Twas chalk, chalk, all roun' the room!
An' 'twas ships done with chalk!
Ther' was a steamboat fightin' waves as tall as the funnels,
Roarin' over her they was, with a noise like artil'ry;
I swear I heered 'em, an' I sensed she'd be swamped in a minit.
'Twas a rackin' thing to watch her strugglin' to keep up
With no more chance than a fly under a pump-spout.
An' another steamboat (they was all steamboats) runnin' on rocks, black rocks, with red an' green waves dashin' the ship onto 'em.
The next was the ship goin' to pieces,
An' the waves was all full o' people clingin' to bits of wood.
Some was hangin' on a little longer, some was drownin' as you looked.
I can't describe how awful 'twas.
One ship was afire, with great tongues o' yaller flame bustin' through black smoke.
Not another vessel was near, just the heavin' sea wallowin' in the glitter o' the flames.
Ther' was a steamer struck by a bolt o' lightnin',
Riv' clear down the middle, an' the crew was takin' to the life-boats,
An' the life-boats was over-loaded an' sinkin' as fast as they was launched.
I was cold all over with lookin' 'fore I come to the last,
An' that was the worst of all.
'Twas a dismasted hulk driftin' with the run o' the waves,
Only ther' warn't no waves, the ocean was calm,
So calm it made you want to scream.
Dawn was comin', an' the light was just showin' that ther' was a ocean at all,
But 'twarn't no good to see it for ther' warn't nothin' to see but it.
'Twas done pretty big, an' you could make out ther' was somebody on the ship,
An' that 'twas a woman.
Somehow you know'd she was all the folks ther' was,

An' the hulk had drifted out o' way o' other ships,
An' that 'twas just goin' to float along like that with the woman on it
Till the food give out an' she died o' starvation.
By that time I was in a sweat all over.
There was a lonesomeness an' a downright nastiness 'bout them picters
I can't describe to ye,
But you'd have felt it too, if you'd seen 'em.
I'm glad you didn't, I wouldn't wish any one to be haunted by 'em same as I been.
I'd just finished an' was startin' all over agin 'cause I couldn't keep from it,
When Amos come in.
"You didn't know I could do nothin' like that, did you?" says Amos,
Beginnin' in the middle, with not so much as a "How d'you do?" to set things goin'.
"No," says I, "I didn't. Be these your doin'?"
"They be," says he. "I'm pretty smart at drawin' now.
I guess ther's more in a man than he knows till he tries."
I didn't answer, not findin' what to say,
But he didn't notice that.
"I been at it all Winter," he says,
"Quick as I worked out a new way for the sea to kill
I slapped it down on the wall yonder.
I guess I ain't left out a single one; if I learn I have, I'll put it on the ceilin'.
Curse that woman! One on 'em must strike!
The sea's so notional at killin' 'twon't leave her be much longer.
Stan's to reason she's nearin' her term.
Eighteen year she's been at it, temptin' it an' floutin' it
Same's she's flouted me.
The sea won't desert me the way Luke done,
The sea'll be my friend.
Ain't I prayed to it every night an' mornin'
To git her quick?
I shall go mad 'fore long if somethin' don't happen.
Joshua"—an' he grabbed my arm—"you think it'll git her pretty soon, don't ye?"
I was scared, Mr. Day, scared to hear him sayin' such things.
He was tremblin' from head to foot, an' his eyes had a mean, dry look in 'em
I'd never see in nobody's.
"Amos," I says, "be you speakin' o' your wife?"
"You tarnation fool!" says he, droppin' my arm an' ragin' off roun' the room,
"Of course I be. If I warn't a God damn coward, I'd kill her with my own hands.
But the sea's my depity; I've appointed it in my place, an' I'm just waitin' for news.

An' I'll wait till Hog Back's a valley, an' don't you go doubtin' it."
I didn't doubt, I was beginnin' to know Amos,
But what he said riled me so, I couldn't keep from hollerin' out:
"God in Heaven, man, don't you know she was drownded in a wreck two year ago?"
'Twarn't right to tell him like that, an' I was ashamed to the marrer at what I'd done the minit after,
For Amos went down as if he'd been shot.
You see, Mr. Day, he couldn't git a devorce
'Count o' havin' signed a paper agreein' to a separation when his wife left him,
An' that queered his case accordin' to law.
An' here he might ha' been married to Mrs. Richards for two years anyway,
If he'd ha' know'd.
I can't think how he didn't, 'cept that 'twas in a Portland paper I read it
One time when I was down that way.
'Twas enough to upset any man comin' on him suddin like that,
But I warn't prepared for his way o' takin' it.
I hadn't had time to think o' the half o' what I'm tellin' you
When he was up an' runnin' at me with a chair.
"Get out!" he screamed. "You get out, or I'll smash you into hell!"
Chair for chair, I was no match for him,
It was just dodge an' run for me.
When I got to the door I made a bolt for it,
An' I'd just got my car goin' when he reached me,
But a motor on high ain't a thing to fool with
An' I got away.
I druv for all the car was worth to Parson Eldridge's
An' telled him the whole story.
He got a posse o' men together an' off we all went back to Amos's.
But we couldn't find him anywheres about the place.
Parties searched the woods, and the ponds was dragged,
But we never come on a thing, not till this day.
Nobody knows if he's dead or livin'.
All the towns for miles was notified,
But he warn't never found,
No one ain't ever see hair or hide of him since that day.
That was six Summers come next,
An' anybody you don't know's dead ain't lawfully such for I don't know how many years,
So nothin' couldn't be done with his effects.
Ther' stood the house an' them fearsome picters,
Any one could see 'em through the winders if they was lookin' for 'em,
An' they was scary as I can't tell ye.

It got to be a dare with the little fellers to go out an' peek,
An' some o' the boys couldn't sleep nights for 'em.
After John Baxter's youngest screamed himself into fits,
The selectmen took it on themselves to order the walls papered.
'Twouldn't injure his property none to put it on, they 'lowed,
He could rip it off when he come back, if he'd a mind to.
The house must ha' been jerrybuilt to have fell away so in the time,
But that was kind o' like Amos's life, warn't it?
'Twas jerrybuilt clear through, I guess.
But you just thank your stars for them rosebuds, that's all.

BUNYAN, THE BIBLE AND BEDFORDSHIRE

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

NEVER was there a man who was more conscious of the drama of life than John Bunyan: never a man whose philosophy fell more pat upon the footprints of his earthly wayfaring. And the whole store of his simple meditations were derived directly from the Bible. The Bible and Bedfordshire—in those two words we have the sources from which he drew all his inspiration; the grave, formidable sentences of the old Authorized Version working upon the imagination of a countryman whose days had for their background the familiar pastoral landscape of seventeenth century England with its fields and elm trees, its church steeples and turnpike ale houses.

Every incident of his desperate spiritual struggles has for its setting some scene from the unsophisticated visible world that he knew so well. Indeed he could never rid his hungry, religion-haunted mind of the conception that the commonest pastimes of the old world village life of Elstow were actually taking place under the unclosing and awful eye of God! He could not go up into the belfry of the church tower to ring out the old year on a frosty winter's night but it was an action remarked upon by his conscience; he could not dance on the village green on a midsummer's evening without strange misgivings intruding themselves into his rustic head. The very puddles in the roads, the very settles by the way, the very adders in the grass, were associated in his mind with this or that religious experience. All the sights and sounds of nature brought with them their particular message—the "yawling, bawling cuckoo" in a wayside spinney, the swift-flying swallows circling about the old "Moot Hall", the "comely, ruddy dog-roses" in the dew-drenched field hedges, the glinting flint stones lying at the bottom of the river Ouse!

And yet it would be a mistake to bring an accusation of senti-

mentality against him. The very power of his style rests upon a certain quality of tough, racy, realism. It is as infracturable and sinewy as a freshly grown willow sapling, and it has about it something of the robust aroma that belongs to the more sturdy kinds of wild flowers such as yarrow and ground ivy. And yet how pathetic are the spiritual contests undergone by this strong, simple soul as they are revealed to us in his *Grace Abounding*. A single enigmatic text from the Scripture would be sufficient to "dash and abash" his spirit so that it would fall into despair "like a bird shot from the top of a tree" and leave him to go "moping into the fields".

All day long as he worked at his pots and pans the terrible sound of hell fire was never out of his ear-shot, as it roared and raged "not so very far down under ground", below the cowslip grown meadows that surrounded his cottage home. "Have ye forgot," he once cried, to his awestruck congregation, "the close, the milk house, the stable, the barn, where God did visit you?" Then he would fall to wishing that "either there had been no Hell, or that I had been a Devil, supposing they were only tormentors." He counted man to be "the most doleful of all creatures". "Blessed," he thought, "were the conditions of the birds, beasts, and fishes, for they had not a sinful nature. They were not to go to hell fire after death; they were not obnoxious to the wrath of God." "Hell!" he somewhere exclaims, "who knows that is yet alive what the torments of Hell are?" This word Hell "gives a very dreadful sound". And again in describing the miserable state of those that die unrepentant: "They go as an ox to the slaughter and as a fool to the correction of the stocks; that is both senselessly and securely. O! but being come at the gates of Hell! O! but when they see those gates set open for them. Then they roar like lions, yell like dragons, howl like dogs . . . this however must not be till they have gone out of the sight and hearing of mortals whom they do leave behind them alive in the world."

In his cottage, by his own fireside, he would be continually thrown into an "exceeding maze" by some crafty and deceptive thought. "How can you tell but that the Turks have as good scripture to prove their Mahomed Saviour as we have to prove

our Jesus is?" Presently, he would get up and leave his good wife and go into the wood shed behind his house to chop a stick, and lo! a new blasphemy would "bolt out of his heart". "How could he tell but that St. Paul, being a subtle and cunning man, might have given himself up to deceive with strong delusions?" Or, worse still, might not the Holy Scriptures themselves be but a "fable and cunning story"? At last, after many years, by dint of much studying of the Bible, "wisdom did most sweetly visit my soul." And indeed every word that comes from him has upon it something of the tone of that ancient, sober covered book, whose pages he had so constantly turned over with his hard skinned, work worn fingers.

But even after he had got possession of his soul and had become the evangelist of the district, he had his difficulties. At the time of his trial there were those who did not hesitate to liken him to Alexander the coppersmith and to suggest that he had far better leave the mending of souls and return to the soldering of his kettles and cauldrons. There were others who were not ashamed to make base insinuations against the moral character of the rough old God-intoxicated tinker. "They reported," he tells us, "with the boldest confidence that he had his misses, his whores, his bastards, yea, and even two wives at once." No wonder he was roused to speak plain words! "My foes," he stoutly asserts, "have missed their mark in thus shooting at me. I am not the man. I wish they themselves be guiltless. If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged up by the neck till they be dead, I, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would still be alive and well." And if we may be allowed to take as truth what he himself tells us with regard to his attitude towards women, we can easily understand how particularly galling to him these calumnies were. "It is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasantly towards women . . . their company alone I cannot away with. I seldom so much as to touch a woman's hand: for I think these things are not so becoming to me." Indeed, when his friends protested that such salutations were but a piece of common civility, he urged them that it was "not a comely sight". And when they in return spoke of the "holy kiss", he asked them pertinently enough, "Why they

made baulks?" "Why they did salute the most handsome and let the ill-favored go?"

And yet John Bunyan was no small, sour souled Puritan. There is evidence that his large, rough heart, being full of "a great softness and tenderness", was capable of embracing within its ample boundaries not only the person of his beloved "King Jesus" and his little blind daughter, but also the very rooks that pecked for grain in the upturned furrows of the Bedfordshire ploughed lands. "Oh," he exclaims in describing the sufferings he underwent during his imprisonment, "the thoughts of the hardships my poor blind one might go under!" And in his sermons he was never weary of exhorting his flock "to carry it lovingly towards children rather than be churlish and severe with them". "But oh! how I now loved those words that spake of a Christian's calling 'Follow me', 'Come after me,' and oh! thought I, that He would say so to me too! how gladly would I run after Him. . . . Yea, I was now so taken with the love and mercy of God that I remember I could not tell how to contain till I got home. I thought I could have spoken of His love and have told of His mercy even to the very crows that sat upon the ploughed lands before me."

There are two stories that illustrate very well the particular vein of shrewd native humor that is characteristic of him. It was his custom sometimes, when the informers were more than usually active, to go to his meeting places in disguise. On one such occasion, when he was driving along on a wagon dressed in a farm laborer's smock, he was accosted by a constable who asked him if he knew "that devil Bunyan". "Know him!" came back the answer, "you might well call him a devil if you knew him as well as I did once." Again, on being congratulated by some of his friends on the "sweet sermon" he had just preached, he replied "Aye! aye! ye need not remind me of that; for the Devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit."

And what a racy understanding of life is revealed in his *Life and Death of Mr. Badman.* It is an odd thing, but the style of this remarkable piece of writing reminds one more than any thing else of Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais. Mr. Badman, we learn, was most "arch in the sin of uncleanliness".

"Cursing and swearing he made no more of than the telling of his fingers." "I can," he is made to say, "be religious and irreligious. . . . I can drink and wench and not be troubled for it. This I have attained with much study, care and pains." The poor, meek woman, his wife, he would call "whore, bitch, and jade", and would constantly assure her "that it was well if she missed his fingers and heels". Eventually the rascal breaks his crown from a fall he took from his horse as he came home drunk from the tavern, thereby being in jeopardy of going pell mell from "the pot to the grave". In his sickness he is seized with a most horrible fear of death, and his unhappy partner is suddenly transformed "to his dear wife, his Godly wife, his honest wife, his duck, his dear, and all". Sick bed repentances, as Bunyan declares, are seldom of more value "than the howling of a dog", and upon Mr. Badman's recovery his remorse counts for little, and his wife dies of a broken heart. Mr. Badman now marries a woman of his own kidney, but soon comes to realize that he has been "catcht", to use Bunyan's sinister word. For his new lady we are told "could fit him with cursing and swearing, give him oath for oath and curse for curse." They would fight and fly at each other like cat and dog, and so they lived she "with her rogues and he with his drabs, till they parted as poor as howlets".

The story certainly gives you an amazingly realistic glimpse of the ruder aspects of life in England at the time of the Restoration. Take for example the digression which tells of what John Bunyan himself saw take place under the raftered beams of the old tavern which "in Oliver's days" stood "a bow-shoot from his door". The old master of the place had a simple witted son called Ned, and it was a pastime of his to amuse his customers by getting the lad to swear at him. We are made to see the scene as if we ourselves had been present, as if we ourselves had been sitting amid the din and clatter of those far off days with the sunshine slanting down on the fields and thatched cottage roofs outside. "I have heard Ned, in his roguery, cursing his father and his father laughing thereat, most heartily and still provoking of Ned that his mirth might be increased." And then one day, all of a sudden, down fell the father in a kind of fit which "the brave fellows that

did come to the tippling house to fuddle and make merry" concluded was caused by the Devil himself having been summoned from Hell by the thoughtless words of the "innocent". Bunyan assures us that they "were horrified to see his flesh, as it was thought, gathered up in a heap about the bigness of half an egg, to the unutterable torture and affliction of the old man".

Sir Walter Scott and others have fostered the belief that John Bunyan came of gypsy forebears, but there is little evidence to support the supposition. His father is merely described as belonging to the "national religion". We know that at one time his illustrious son, believing that only Israelites were to be saved, made every effort to find some Hebrew blood in his descent, efforts which met with small encouragement from his father, the tinker, who, whatever his attitude may have been towards gypsies, had, so it appears, no ambition to be thought a Jew!

Bunyan himself somewhere writes, "I do confess myself one of the old fashioned professors that wish to fear God and honor the King." Indeed, whenever he has occasion to allude to the sovereigns of England, it is always with respect. In one passage he even goes so far as to apply the epithet "noble" to Henry VIII. There is something touching about his references to the dissolute Charles as "his gracious Prince", and this after having suffered a twelve year imprisonment, "in that he had devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to Church to hear Divine Service and was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of the Kingdom."

His great work, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, was actually written in jail, between the intervals of his making "long tagged laces". And what a fund of excellent matter the book contains!

> Thus I set pen to paper with delight
> And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.

It was the one book beside *Robinson Crusoe* and *Don Quixote* that Dr. Johnson would have had longer. It would seem a useless task to cull quotations from a volume which contains so many admirable passages. Where could we look for writing more vigorous and unaffectedly direct than this?

Now I saw in my dream that at the end of the valley lay blood, bones, ashes and the mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone the way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave where two great giants POPE and PAGAN dwelt in old times; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger whereat I somewhat wondered: but I have since learnt that PAGAN has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them.

Or would it be possible to find a passage of prose more chaste than the following?

Now as they were going along and talking they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a very fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sang. Hark, said Mr. Greatheart, to what the shepherd's boy saith. . . . So they hearkened, and he said—

"He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide."

Then said the guide, Do you hear him? I will dare to say, that this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.

The Pilgrim's Progress was immediately appreciated by the poor people of England. Innumerable editions were spread broadcast and still there was a demand for more. But this sudden renown made little difference to the manner of John Bunyan's life.

He died in his sixtieth year in the house of his friend John Strudwick, a grocer at the Sign of the Star, on Snow Hill, Holborn, London. He died "like a lamb, or as men call it like a chrisom child, quietly and without fear". "Take me, for I come to Thee!" are reported to be the last words he spoke. And surely it is not impossible to believe that in the inscrutable ordering of the Universe the ardent faith of this simple, good man, somehow, somewhere, found its justification.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

SUNDAY MORNING WALKS

BY J. BROOKS ATKINSON

PLATITUDINOUS folk say Sundays are for rest. For rest? Ah! there's the rub. "One man's meat," as the old proverb sayeth, "is another's poison." For rest in church, building fragile castles in Spain, or nodding as the sermon grows dull; for rest at home in slippered ease, reading the voluminous newspapers; for rest on the golf links, or paddling languidly on the river, or tearing over the roads in an automobile; for doing whatever soothes the soul. In those talkative and enervating days before war touched off our mad reformers, when life was "words, words, words" and idle speculation, Anatole France sought his rest Sunday mornings in the Villa Saïd, off the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, by receiving writers, artists, politicians, Spanish Anarchists, Russian Nihilists and such fashionable company. In describing those mornings Paul Gsell says that M. France, the angle of whose red skull-cap indicated the frame of his mind, tried upon this bizarre group some of his most ingenious apophthegms, putting them down in writing afterwards. A fitting manner of Sunday rest, as well as a thrifty manner of literary composition. Less cerebral fellows like Flute, Snout and myself, seek our Sunday rest afoot and light hearted on the open road.

But not without slight misgivings. Admirers of Anatole France though we be, we are perhaps skeptics, but not pagans; and since we still linger in the pale lavender scent of Boston, the summons of the meeting house does not go unheeded. No real Bostonian thus brazenly defies his ancestors. Major Henry Lee Higginson, far from a regular churchgoer, confessed to a fondness for keeping outdoors on Sundays. But in recognition of his spontaneous generosity to Boston and Harvard College, Dr. George A. Gordon once wrote to him: "I give you a free pass to the highest realms of light, if you do not go to church." Alas! we walkers three have no instinctive benevolence to fall back

upon; we squeeze our pennies reluctantly before we cast them to charity with vain flourish. Doubtless we shall reap our reward for truancy from Sunday meeting—and it will not be in heaven!

Casting about as boys for excuses for remaining away from Sabbath school, I remember the joy with which we chanced upon that commonplace of the worldly wise: that we might worship the more devoutly in woods and fields of God's creating. *Enfin!* Here logic and happiness ecstatically joined hands; thought and wish stood on the same plane of equality. But as we grow older the world seems, if not more crotchety, at least more complex. Indeed, it is. Some people doubtless need not put their tongues in their cheeks when mouthing this shop-worn phrase; people of some spiritual persuasions do actually worship the more devoutly under the open sky. But the ice water of the Puritan tithe man still runs cold in our veins. In what the evangelists call "our heart of hearts", we know just how seriously we go on Sunday walks to worship. And so must we cross our fingers when we pass the village parson, or worthy people with hymn books under their arms who, "ruffling out their cravats with a crackle of starch," look at us scornfully as we swing down the street. We are truants. We shall suffer for it. In the meantime we spend Sunday mornings on the road.

For such as we there is no virtue in walking on Sunday afternoons, when the roads are filled with mothers and fathers pushing baby-carriages, amorous fellows and girls, and "tough" adolescents who smoke cigarettes and foul the air with blasphemy—all dressed, according to the familiar phrase, in their "Sunday best". Middle class promenading! The coins in our pockets may damn us as hopelessly middle class, but intellectually and emotionally we aspire to the select. We belong to that multitudinous group whom Thackeray, had he been an American, would have called "outdoor snobs". I remember the dreary Sunday afternoon walks I took with my parents as a lad in a day when small boys wore ruffled blouses and could not so much as pick up a stone without soiling some part of their Sunday vestments. Perhaps the memory of those stiff, tormentous walks, when we passed through the woods without ever being in them, still inhibits me. No: walking in the woods is business for old

clothes. Let the dust, the briars, the mud, the burrs, fall where they may. Anæmic artifices of society cannot be reconciled with the blunt robustness of the out-of-doors; compromise ruins both parties to a bargain. In New England the finger of scorn is pointed at him who does not put on his Sunday finery after dinner. Thus society doth repress us; thus are we forced into sin: we must walk in the morning or stay at home.

Nor, at the risk of protesting too much, is that all. To our way of thinking mornings are most beautiful on Sundays. If, as sometimes happens, Flute and I spend a week-day on the road, leaving the house with lunch box and stick towards eight o'clock, we meet many sober citizens hurrying to the office, their minds already a-tune to the business of the day. A most disconcerting spectacle for idle youths who have made no mark in the world. In a society based upon competition, everyone must at least simulate industry. Even the wealthy these days keep offices and stenographers and prattle at the club about their manifold cares. Idlers have no franchise in the social assembly. Stretching our legs for a week day tramp thus stretches our sensitive conscience to the point where it begins to twinge—a vastly more painful sensation than the pricking we feel on Sundays by the church. On Sundays the clear-throated call of the open air is not challenged by the roar of worldly commerce; the red gods demand bloodshed. Then we can whip our sticks on the tall grass with perfect abandon; we can lie on our backs under the pines without thinking of the office. "Hardly a man takes a half hour's nap after dinner," says Thoreau, "but when he wakes up he holds up his head and asks, 'What's the news?' as if the rest of mankind had stood his sentinels." That is week day philosophy.

Our Sunday walks take us to a patch of woods, low hills and lakes, two miles from where we live, felicitously entitled the Middlesex Fells. Tradition has it that Governor Winthrop once pushed thus far from Boston through the wilderness and ate a parsimonious luncheon of bread and cheese on Bear Hill overlooking Spot Pond. That frugal meal is still commemorated in "Cheese Rock"; bless us! what sentimental folk we are. Since that time many thousands have taken their luncheon to that

precise spot, where a paternal State Government has erected an observatory, fittingly made of concrete; and a trolley line from Boston makes the journey thence more rapid and luxurious. In our philosophical moments we celebrate the virtues of this invasion of picnickers. But surely we are not to be blamed for sweeping the horizon from the top of Bear Hill at an hour when the picnickers have not yet arrived with their greasy papers and omnipresent eggshells. Sundays in summer bring hordes of them from Boston. We seldom see them in the placid coolness of the Hemlock Pool Woods, however, nor following the capricious course of Shillyshally Brook. Indeed, Governor Winthrop with his belly full of bread and cheese did not venture so far. For rumor has it that even now on moonlight nights shrieking tribes of Indians dance around huge fires in these woods and perform their savage potlatches. I went there on snowshoes one moonlight night in February and watched timidly from behind a pine. I saw nothing more fiendish than a rabbit making gauche movements across the snow.

At one time on these Sunday morning walks we were content to cover the two miles to Spot Pond, ramble indolently along the shores, bask in the sunshine, and talk aimlessly on Saddleback Hill, which overlooks the lake, and return home with the Sunday newspaper in time for dinner. Many a warm Sunday we thus had a good talk. Our apophthegms rivalled those of Anatole France, but unlike his were lost in the wind whence, in fine, they had come. But the magic spell was finally broken. For one warm June morning Snout suggested that we walk round Spot Pond, and we did so. We were not modest about our achievement when we got home. "Modesty," says James Huneker, "that virtue of the mediocre." The glory of that day, too, soon faded. Snout, who is forever suggesting and experimenting, led us one balmy morning through the varied country beyond Spot Pond, over soft bridle-paths, through oak and maple woods, to the three Winchester ponds, up Bear Hill and back home—a full ten miles before dinner. Alas! we boasted of what we had done, and that was our undoing. Admiring relatives came to expect as glowing an account every Sunday, and now nothing less than the full itinerary seems manly. Our

Sunday walks are no longer strolls; gone are the days of polite airings. For now we march at a steady pace, pass Spot Pond—once our *Ultima Thule*—with a nodding flourish, as like as not venture into the country beyond the Winchester ponds, and include a view from the top of Lawrence Observatory in Medford before we come home. No wonder we doze in our chairs after dinner.

Although the late spring and early summer are the most interesting seasons out-of-doors, alive with buds and birds, we find winter most enjoyable for Sunday morning walks. No aimless wanderers, no lovesick youths, then clutter the Fells. The city seems agreeably remote. We meet some shabby wanderers who, like ourselves, keep close watch on the seasons, and also some horseback riders who gallop with a tingle of blood through the nipping air of the morning. Our spirits are high; our energy greater; the crisp air forbids dreamy loitering. We walk the fence rails; hop, skip and jump. Indeed, from sheer excess of animal spirits we have upon occasion neglected the stairs and deliberately climbed part way up the outside of the Bear Hill Observatory. Trees may be drab and leafless, but the snow which crunches under foot glitters in the sunshine as far as we can see to the hills in southern New Hampshire. Until the ponds are frozen wild ducks bob around in the cold water. Sometimes we loiter in a little cove where the sun lies warm and strain our eyes to watch these travelers from the northern woods who keep so far from prying eyes. Occasionally we come unexpectedly upon a busy flock of them as we walk along the varying shore, hear the rush of their wings as they shoot into the air, and see them speed across the pond, dart through the trees and out of sight, and then return far down the pond to a distant cove. Theirs is a life which we in the city can little know, an eerie note in this suburban wild. A few cold nights which seal the ponds with ice, and the wild ducks are suddenly vanished. Many miles south where the waters are still open they are doubtless paddling, diving, flapping their wings, and quacking, while fishermen chop holes in the ice of the Winchester ponds and bring squirming pickerel from the black depths a few inches below. Chickadees, kinglets, goldfinches, juncos and cedarbirds swing cheerfully

through the trees in the winter; when birds are scarce they mean more than equally common birds which sing on every bush in the summer. An occasional sinister shrike is a morning's event. "Winter's for books," someone has said; it is also for bracing walks.

In summer—quite the other way. The preachers have retired to the country for their vacations; the churches have closed or combined for union services. Balmy skies, gentle breezes and cool woods draw all and sundry into the Fells for a Sunday of refreshing rest. We who have "kept the across lot routes" open and "the ravines bridged and passable in all seasons", feel like Squire Hardcastle when young Marlow and Hastings mistook his house for an inn. The Fells are exclusively ours for so many months in the year that we have somewhat hastily come to regard these fair weather visitors as intruders on our domain. For a few Sundays we try to swank about in old clothes and brave the looks of disdain which they occasion. But at length we too bow subserviently to the great god Fashion, and lo! we become innocuous park-strollers. There are compensations. Week by week we have seen the beech buds unroll and the leaves growing, and the view from Bear Hill become successively less drab until it is refreshingly green. Wood thrushes build their nests in secluded places and sing cathedral music. The ovenbirds make the woods ring with their crescendo appeal for a "teacher". Goldfinches become glorious creatures of black and yellow and swing buoyantly through the sunshine. Indigo buntings, scarlet tanagers, summer warblers, orioles, rosebreasted grosbeaks, make merry through the treetops. As the summer progresses we note each week how they sing less and less until the summer birds have gone. A few weeks of blazing foliage, a few more when the leaves go twirling to the ground, a frosty Sunday or two, and winter blows his cold breath across the lakes. And at length the first snow heaps field and highway "with a silence deep and white".

No fickle Sunday strollers are we. When Jupiter Pluvius darkens the skies with murky clouds and drenches the countryside with a sweeping barrage of rain, we button up our coats and go out into the storm. The Fells are ours as long as the rain lasts;

even the automobilists do not venture out, and the most devout leave the churches almost untenanted. The colors across Spot Pond may be dull but they are finely blended; leaden waves splash on the shores in mimic fury. And the trees bend and wave as the rain drips from their branches. On such Sundays walking in the city tries the temper. Umbrellas collapse in the wind, trouser-legs are soon soaked, and the indifference of clothes to considerations of the weather, which society stupidly cultivates, dances mockingly away. Those who go to church sit in damp clothes and boots and find the sermon interminably long. One cold Sunday morning early in the winter we walked against a storm of driving sleet until our coats and hats were stiff with ice. Even the romance of walking on such a day soon ceased to warm us. As our fingers grew stiff with cold we began to think more kindly of the fireside. The outdoors seemed up on edge; everything resisted. Wild life had taken refuge. But as we approached one of the ponds, sheltered by a rounded knoll, we saw two flocks of ducks paddling in the open water as in a frolic, quite unmindful of the storm which had driven them where ducks rarely come. And while we watched, a third flock came quacking out of the bitter storm, wheeled over our heads and around the pond as though undecided where to alight, and finally settled down in the water with a relieved flapping of the wings. We stood boldly on the shore watching them, but they went about their business or play as if quite alone. This bleak pond was their refuge, as the meeting house was the refuge of worldly sinners.

But as the months pass on I suspect we become servants to these Sunday morning walks. The tail begins to wag the dog. Begun casually in response to a natural craving for the open air, they have become a weekly duty, albeit a pleasant one. Just as stubborn men persist in sin rather than admit their wrong, and business men cling to an unprofitable enterprise rather than admit defeat, so we set out every Sunday morning as regularly as Tristram Shandy's father wound the hall clock. Not to go walking on Sunday mornings would require more explanation than to go; and not until we have spent several Sundays away from the Fells can we be sure that we are the masters. We are

become offensively sanctimonious; we believe ourselves right, and conclude illogically that all should be like us. We are impatient of those who dawdle away their precious morning hours on Sunday, and are so timid that they cannot stir out uncollared and unhatted. When we return from a spring walk, our heads filled with birds, flowers, trees, colors, smells, after we have thus gauged the season, we are intolerant of those who have been smoking in the garden. We have justified our neglect of the meeting house so long that we are almost contemptuous of it. Those who dash by in high powered motors we abuse shamefully as we breathe their dust. If Saturday comes, Sunday cannot be far behind. Walking in the serenity of that morning puts aside the petty brawls of the world more effectively than the preacher who feels that he must discuss them in a moral tone. Six days devoted to the handling of phrases, of which life is largely composed, requires at least one of feeling the solid earth under foot. Though we might be more godly on Sunday in the meeting house, we are not ungodly in the Fells.

J. Brooks Atkinson.

THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE — IV

BY JOHN ERSKINE

THE CULT OF THE CONTEMPORARY

I

"THE end of playing," said Hamlet, "both at the first and now, was and is, to show the very age and body of the time, his form and presence." It would seem that Hamlet thought the business of art was to portray the age in which the artist lived; not only to address his contemporaries, but to speak to them about themselves. The cult of the contemporary, then, in our own day could ask for no better text than this phrase of the Prince of Denmark; what a pity he uttered it so long ago!

Shakespeare did not agree with Hamlet—at least, he made some pretense to show his Elizabethan audience the form and presence of remote times and far-away countries, Rome and Athens, Denmark itself, Italy, Scotland, Bohemia, the age of King John and the Richards and the Henrys, the time and place, whatever they were, of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*. And Hamlet himself, be it noted, is hardly faithful to his theory, for when he asks the players to repeat a favorite speech of his, it turns out to be Æneas's tale to Dido. It was from a piece, he said, that pleased not the million, perhaps never had a second performance; but in the judgment of the competent and in his own opinion it was an excellent play. Perhaps the million were at the moment bred exclusively to appreciate contemporary themes; costume plays were not the fashion. Hamlet's other choice in drama is poor evidence of his æsthetic theory; the murder of Gonzago seems to have been already ancient history, but he chose it to catch the conscience of the King, since the story fitted his own household tragedy. Shall we follow the hint, and suggest that Hamlet, like Shakespeare,

really had nothing in common with those who would make contemporary life the proper substance for art? Perhaps he would not have mentioned the age and body of the time if he had not just said that the end of playing is to show scorn her own image, if indeed the purpose of his meddling with the drama at all, at that moment, had not been to sting the royal murderer into a confession of his guilt.

The cult of the contemporary follows logically from the cult of the natural. If we are to write of a life untouched with art, we can write only of life about us, as our fathers left it to us—our best of nature, the talent buried in a napkin; and if we are to use the ordinary language of men, we must use today's language, the only speech that to us is ordinary. Homer celebrated the glory of Hellenism. Did not Virgil celebrate the empire of Rome? Well then, we ought to celebrate the United States, our United States rather than the country of Washington or Jefferson; we ought to celebrate the hour and the place we know, for we ought to love what we know—New York, Boston, Chicago or the Middle West. This conclusion seems rational, but the desired enthusiasm does not follow; the celebration of the contemporary in our literature is as dreary in its results as the worship of the natural, inspired merely by a sense of some duty rather than by delight in what is portrayed. Homer's zest for Hellenism is undeniable, and the instinct is right that we too must love life as he loved it before we can write as he wrote. For the moment we postpone the question, whether we must not also live a life as noble in kind as he portrayed. Virgil, writing in a more complicated, a sadder age, nonetheless loved imperial Rome, and we are right to think that before we shall be worthy to sing of our own land, in its own grave and complex era, we must take it to heart, problems and all. "The proof of a poet," said Whitman, "shall be sternly deferred till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he absorbed it." But Whitman's own practice is a provoking comment on his saying; he succeeded remarkably in loving his land under an eternal form; the form and presence of his day he did not leave us. His poems are no guide books to Manhattan and Long Island in 1855; even his beloved ferry-boats are dateless.

In what sense, then, would Whitman have us love our country, the home of our own times, and how did Homer and Virgil, as artists, love the Greece or the Rome they knew? To be of one's age, yet to be immortal, is a problem more subtle perhaps than to achieve an art that seems natural, but it can be solved in the same way, by defining the terms of our æsthetic, and by referring them, as to a touch-stone, to what we know of our common human nature. The question can also be narrowed at the start, and very profitably, by pressing home our reflections on Hamlet's remark to the players. There is one kind of writing which does confine itself to the feature of virtue and the image of scorn, and which does indeed for that very reason limit itself always to giving the form and presence of the time—the kind of writing, that is, which indicts human nature instead of portraying it. Our better selves, our ideals, are of no time, but our faults are personal responsibilities and strictly contemporary. Satire, therefore, which holds up to merriment or to scorn what is ridiculous or base, must always take a present subject, and in general any art that leans toward the consideration of our shortcomings will lean also toward the life enacted at the moment. If Hamlet meant to trap the King, of course he would write into the old play the very murder the King had committed only three or four months ago; this would not be satire in the usual sense, but it would serve the same end, to indict the guilty and to reform the world. The cult of the contemporary, then, is proper quite literally for satire; it remains only to ask how far it is proper for art.

But is satire not art? Did not Martial and Juvenal, Dryden and Pope write highly artistic satires? There is an art of satire, we must answer, as there is an art of preaching and an art of prosecuting a criminal case. But if there is a distinction between art and morals, then satire belongs to the world of ethics, and of ethics on the grim side, rather than to the world of beauty and delight. To survey and judge the morals of one's age is a serious office that no thoughtful and sensitive person seems altogether to neglect; if the purpose of art is to make such a survey, as Hamlet seems to say, then *Twelfth Night* is hardly a masterpiece in art, and *Sandford and Merton* is certainly one. If art, on the

other hand, has for its purpose to salvage out of our crude days the truth which can be translated into beauty, and which so translated may be a joy for ever, then art will have as little as possible to do with men's faults—what faults are joys for ever?—and the kind of writing which confines itself to our frailties or our sins will be as far removed as possible from art. Moreover, the moralist desires a cure of souls, and when the fault is remedied, who will care for the satire or even understand it? It is easy enough, without taking thought, to perish with our own time, but it is one of the oldest hopes art has held out to natural man, that being purified into art he should not altogether die. But mortality is germane to satire. When we read Dryden's terrible excoriations of Og and Doeg, we can only wonder who were the human beings he hated so, and when we come to know something of their lives and characters, we are more confused to name the moral impulse in him which made it necessary to fix them in so warm a hell. In art, loving your own times does not mean loving to find fault with them.

II

A genuine love of your own time is the recognition of what you meet in it, of those best moments which crave to be made accessible even for the remotest of ages following. To immortalize any given moment, however, is to take it out of the temporary and somehow to find a language for it so general in its appeal that hereafter it may preserve in its own significance the trivial circumstances from which it first arose. Whenever a genuine love of life stirs the artist, it will be a passion for what he thinks is the best in his own day; even if he is antiquarian and takes for the object of his devotion some mediæval phase of life, it is mediævalism in his own day that he worships. Such a passion leads the writer toward the future, for since it is an ideal passion, yet to be realized, he instinctively proclaims it to posterity, or tries to; but in his search for the right language in which to utter it, he as instinctively turns to the past. To cultivate the contemporary in art is therefore as absurd as to waste effort cultivating the natural, for the present, like nature, is always with us; but the

problem for the artist is to express a vision which necessarily points toward the future in language which necessarily trails from the past. We cannot remind ourselves too often that even the single words of common speech must be used by each one of us perhaps a lifetime before they are charged with emotions or sharpened to precise meanings, and before the writer can use them with full effect they must be so charged and sharpened for all his readers. The language of poetry, moreover, is far more than single words; it is chiefly the metaphors and the legends, the characters and the episodes, which the race has met with so often that at last they suggest accurately to most men the same feelings and the same thoughts. Life at each moment may be on its way to become something to talk with, but only the rash would try to express a serious ideal through a picture of that life which is still near us and therefore still imperfectly seasoned or digested. The patriotism that Shakespeare dramatized for his audience was certainly a passion for the England of Elizabeth; that is why he expressed it through Faulconbridge, the child of Richard the Lion-Hearted, or through John of Gaunt, or through Henry V. Why didn't he put Elizabeth on his stage, with Raleigh and Spenser and Drake and Sidney? Was he blind to the glory of his own hour? He seems not to have been so, but in his own hour neither the Queen nor any of her great courtiers was as clear a figure to the emotions as time has since made them all; the sentiment of the audience would be divided as to each one of them, the adherents to Rome still perhaps cursing Henry's daughter in their hearts, the friends of Ireland perhaps cursing the poet of *The Faerie Queene.* But the wise dramatist was on safe ground, he knew, when the audience heard their common love of country issue unprejudiced from the lips of old Gaunt, who died two centuries earlier:—

> This fortress, built by nature for herself,
> Against infection and the hand of war,
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happier lands,
> This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England.

When a poet turns to the past for language with which to express his love of the present or his vision of the future, he soon learns that not all epochs lend themselves with equal felicity to his purpose; he must select that aspect of the past which is adequate in nobility and energy to what he has to say, and he must select that aspect of the past which will be understood emotionally by his readers. We are prepared, everyone of us perhaps, to admit the necessity of this twofold selection, but to admit so much is to admit a good deal; it is to admit that not all epochs are equally available for the language of art, and that though we exist in our own time, it may be the part of wisdom and good taste to derive our artistic speech from another period. When Molière's hero pronounces his scorn of artificial verse and contrasts with it an old song of the people, he is rejecting a fashion that was contemporary and temporary for one that was lasting. When Homer wrote of ancient Troy, or when Virgil sang the founding of Rome, either poet was choosing the date of his story with the same taste with which he selected his theme, or selected the words of which to make his lines; he was choosing what the race after long reflection had realized was dignified, noble and true in feeling. The poet, whoever he was, who left us *The Song of Roland*, no doubt was expressing a sentiment toward France which flourished in his own day, and which may have been very foreign to the feelings of the original Roland; as in all these instances, the old story had to be changed and expurgated to make it altogether the vehicle of contemporary experience; yet he was right in taking the great figure of Roland for the outer clothing or language of his emotions, since heroic sentiments had already connected themselves with Charlemagne's peer, as they had not yet with William of Normandy, not with his immediate predecessors. In English history there have been efficient and picturesque writers in plenty, yet the poets were right who have retold their national epics in the story of Arthur rather than in the biographies of Alfred or Edward I or Cromwell, for the Arthurian legend, as the race has chosen to remember it, is of richer fabric emotionally and of a simpler structure than any nearer and more actual history could well be. Theodore Roosevelt, for all we know, may have been a greater man than Cromwell,

and time may make him seem more significant, but if the poet wishes to say things about the strenuous life, he had better say them now through the image of Cromwell, about whom our emotions are more classified; better still if he says them through the image of King Arthur, who much more than Cromwell has become a precise symbol in the imagination. Arthur was to have been the hero of Milton's epic—at least, Milton considered him for a possible hero—but the poet discarded him in favor, not of Cromwell or Hampden, but of Adam; and again the choice was wise, since Adam is still an image more universally understood than any of Milton's contemporaries, and we know what we are expected to feel when we hear his story.

To say then, that in writing, even when our purpose is art and not satire, we should express ourselves in terms of the life about us, is to lay down a formula which has been contradicted in practice by all the influential writers of the world. To find a language already widespread and therefore intelligible, the artist should always draw to some extent on the past, even though he does so unconsciously, and how far he goes back into the past should depend on what it is he wants to express. When Miss Lowell, in *Patterns*, wished to contrast a vigorous etiquette with a passionate nature beneath, she put the story in the eighteenth century—an artist's decision, since the life of that time, as we all think of it, was highly polite; the eighteenth century was as much the right word, so to say, for her idea, as our own times would have been the wrong word. But when Thackeray had satire for his purpose, as in *Vanity Fair*, he chose a period somewhat more remote than for *Pendennis* or *The Newcomes*, where his purpose was less obviously and exclusively moral; the resulting effect in each case is somewhat peculiar, since most of us, unless we count up the dates, perhaps get the impression that *Vanity Fair* was the contemporary book. In one sense it makes little difference, and we might use the illustration to indicate that the method of satire will make life in any period, however remote, seem contemporary. But we are left to wonder also whether Thackeray did not intend *Vanity Fair* to be more satirical in its effect than it actually is, and *The Newcomes* to be less so. Did the great but easy-going artist make here a careless choice of the

time for his story? At least he made none in *Henry Esmond*, where he used the age of Marlborough to express a flavor of romance that could not be said in life of a later date.

Even the writers who seem now to have been most contemporary were really not so; what seems contemporary in them are eternal aspects of life, which even in their day were old. We sometimes doubt the value of those scholarly labors which search out for us the sources, so-called, of the great poets, the residuum of earlier times which they adapted to express their genius; but these labors would be justified sufficiently by the answer they give to those who think that art speaks through contemporary life. They think that we should look in our heart and write, as Sidney did, or return directly to nature, as did Burns and Wordsworth, forgetting that when Sidney looked in his heart to write, he wrote some masterly translations and paraphrases of earlier Italian or French poems, that when Burns drew his inspiration from nature, it was to perfect old Scotch songs, already popular, and that when Wordsworth drew on his personal experience, as in the immortal lines to the cuckoo, he recast an earlier fine poem by Michael Bruce. The believers in the contemporary urge us to paint the record of our own times as immediately as Chaucer wove his neighbors into the tapestry of *The Canterbury Tales;* they do not know how many versions there were of the famous tales before Chaucer shaped them to his own purposes. Indeed, so much of the past has gone into all that we now are or say or do, that the attempt to detach ourselves from the best that has gone before is, in a way, a denial of contemporary character to our own times, or to any other period; for the quality of civilization in 1923 which distinguishes it from civilization in 1823, is the gift, for good or evil, of the hundred years in between, and to be contemporary with any moment in history is to be aware of all the past that still is articulate in that moment.

III

If a writer fails to use the past as the language with which to express his present, the reason may be that he does not know the past, or that he has theoretical objections to using it so, even

though the great writers have followed no other method. But this reason is rarely the true one. Today as at other times any sincere writer will be interested in the great examples of his art, and will find them out, and probably the same instincts will eventually show themselves in his work as in the work of his predecessors. Undoubtedly there are poets and novelists today who through a mistaken cult of the natural are striving for a strictly contemporary utterance—rejecting, that is, all that they can recognize in our speech as having a history. If their scholarship were more complete, they would have to reject even the meagre vocabulary of word, image and legend they are now content to use. But the writer who willingly would avail himself of the full inheritance in his art finds himself limited perhaps for another reason—he finds that his readers do not know the past, that many of them cultivate an ignorance of it, and that therefore, if he uses it to speak with, he may not be understood. It is part of the discipline which every art imposes on those who practice it, that they must speak in terms intelligible to their audience. It remains to ask, of course, who are the audience? and the writer, if he is sufficiently courageous, stubborn, or hopeful, may choose to address a more intelligent audience than he finds in his day, an audience who he thinks will at last recover the traditional tongue in which he speaks, and for whom it will be worth his while to wait. This may seem to some of us the only way out, but we know it is a precarious way. Such a brilliant belated justification came to the Greek classics at the Renaissance; it has come in music to such a giant as Bach, who was as we say ahead of his own day; but to expect it to come to us merely because our contemporaries do not appreciate us, is entirely too obvious a self-flattery. The sane artist will rather do his best to say what he has to say in language his day understands, and he will try also to encourage his audience in the recovery of a larger language, so that he may say more to them.

This question whether the reader has sufficient command of the inherited language of literature is always an acute one for the author; the lasting successes in literature have been made at those moments when a knowledge of the past was widespread, and the audience were as familiar with the older literature as the writers

were. Historical as Virgil seems to us in *The Æneid*, almost antiquarian, he offered to his first readers nothing they were not familiar with, and little that would not immediately kindle an emotion. In one sense then he may be said to have spoken in a contemporary language. But neither he nor his audience would have understood the doctrine that art becomes great by being contemporary, and that it becomes contemporary by discrediting the past. "To have great poets, there must be great audiences too," said Whitman, and here as elsewhere, we are coming to realize, he got at the permanent truth of the matter. And it is a sound observation of literary historians that a country exercises its impulses toward art, in any period, as much by what it reads of the older books as by what it writes; the two activities must go together if the contemporary great writer is to get a competent hearing, and they must be studied together if we are to estimate justly the culture of an epoch. In what was produced, some decades of the eighteenth century in England look to us destitute of poetry, but in those very moments Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton were widely loved, and enjoyed perhaps a more humane and significant treatment from the critics than they have often had since. The weakness of contemporary poetry in Addison's time, in Warton's and Gray's, was not that they knew the older masters, but that their practice departed so widely from them and became so contemporary. The revival in the romantic age was brought about by rejecting the kind of art the early eighteenth century wrote, and by building on the still earlier art the eighteenth century had the wisdom to love.

In our day and in our land, the question of the audience is peculiarly acute, and it has been rendered more so by the intentional efforts of those who believe that literature should be contemporary. Even without those efforts we, who come from many countries, with different race memories and with the legacy of different cultures, should have had difficulty enough to achieve a common language adequately rich in the best things of the past and welded into some continuity with our American future. If we write in those terms which to an Italian would be emotional, we shall hardly stir the pulses of a Scotchman or a Slav, and if we waken the race-memories of the Spanish or the

French, we may leave quite cold the Dutch in Pennsylvania or the Swede in Minnesota. Our first hope, to which some of us still desperately cling, is that we may lose no one of these racial inheritances, but that by a jealous conserving and study of each of them, and by teaching them all to our children, we may build up one of the richest cultures that the accidents of migration have ever permitted the race to compose. The literature of America in a thousand years would carry in its majestic overtones the essential beauty of all the civilizations that have made their entry through our ports, the essential beauty too of the wonderful Indian civilizations which our European coming dispossessed, and above these overtones, perhaps, the far-off suggestions of the Greek and Roman worlds and the immemorial East.

But this hope, whether or not it could be realized, is so far as we can see at present a fantastic dream; our progress toward it has been slight—better to be frank, we have made no progress, rather we have lost ground. There is less general culture of that sort in the United States now than there was fifty years ago. It has seemed wise to many of us, therefore, to moderate our hopes, and to aim at mastering, not all our heritages in common, but at least one tradition, and that the tradition of this country from the revolution till the present day. Such a programme might be carried out in our schools—not in the colleges, since only a fraction of the country's youth get to college, but in those early school years through which all the boys and girls may reasonably be expected to pass; and there would be nothing illogical in burdening the schools with the task, for the training of a common consciousness, cultural or otherwise, in a land of immigrants is the chief problem of elementary education. We thought, then, that we might all absorb our own past and the few decades that preceded our coming, so that hereafter the spokesmen of the nation, poets, dramatists, preachers, statesmen, might at least touch some common chords in us all by naming those who built up the opportunities we enjoy. This programme is still in force in other departments of study than literature, but the teachers of literature have been largely won over to the cult of the contemporary; so far from building up in the land a great audience for the great poets to sing to, many energetic teachers of litera-

ture are persuading their children, if persuasion is necessary, to read only books of the day, about things of the day, and by inference to neglect as really negligible anything written yesterday or written about other times and other problems than ours. Our dream of a cosmopolitan culture has shrunk in practice to an educational discipline which will make us more insular and provincial than we are already, more selfish, more contemptuous of other times and of other peoples, and still further disinherited from great art.

The movement began a few years ago in a protest against the narrow choice of books permitted by the requirements for entrance to college. Some of the schools thought they could do their best work if their teachers—and their pupils—could select the books for this arduous study; there could be some wise consulting of taste, some adaptation to special temperaments. So long as the choice was still to be made from books of recognized merit, it was unreasonable to deny this request. But the trend toward the contemporary developed quickly; if we consulted the taste and the temperament of our students, the children of many racial traditions, we found that few of the older writers were easy for them to understand; the difficulty of bridging over the gap between traditions was too great for many of our teachers to solve, or perhaps they themselves were not at home in the tradition either of the books or of the students; and the most graceful form of surrender was to study only what was easy for everybody. The process was paralleled in society outside of the school-room, in the change in ideals and in competence which overtook professed criticism in our reviews; but the heart of the matter was and still is in the centers of education.

A teacher of English in New York City recently presented the case for contemporary literature *vs.* the classics in some such argument as this: When she was in college, she said, the faculty took such an inhospitable view of the world about them that only one author, of all those they studied in literature classes, was still alive when they studied his books. She and her fellow students felt somehow cramped and cheated, not to be studying more books of which the authors were still living. In other words, whereas the critics in Mr. Shaw's play could not judge the work

till they knew who wrote it, these lovers of the contemporary could not estimate a book till they knew whether the author was in or out of the graveyard. In these better days, the teacher went on to say, she and her colleagues allow for the natural desire of their students to read what is written at the moment—a life of a prominent man like Theodore Roosevelt, the work of a columnist in the daily press, the popular plays, the most talked-of novels. Such reading, she explained, gives opportunity for ethical or social or political discussion in class; she meant, it seems, that you can argue whether the Middle West was fairly portrayed, and if so, what should be done to cure it, or whether we should have gone into the war at all, or if so, what should have been done to make the lot of the private easier, and establish the officer on a less privileged plane. Out of this open discussion of spontaneous interest in current events will come, she thought, a finer taste for the best in art.

It is obvious that the training, such as it is, which is to produce this finer taste is a training not in art at all, but in Americanization, if you choose to call it so, in sociology or in politics. These purposes are good in their place, but if they usurp the classroom where literature as an art should be taught, we need expect no aid from the schools in training us to a common culture, not at least so far as the word applies to poetry, to romance, to the drama, to the novel. We might Americanize ourselves in literature by reading our older poets—three of them, Whitman, Poe and Emerson, of influence in the whole world today; we might read our elder novelists, two of whom, Cooper and Hawthorne, at their best were among the prose poets of the nineteenth century; or we might read Parkman, an historian not likely to be surpassed for the beauty of his spirit, for the solidity of his method, and for the romantic charm of his subject, by any who will hereafter write about this land. We might read Lincoln, about whom we talk so much, and we might profitably read Jefferson and Hamilton. We might even discover the charm of the colonial records, North and South, and the heroic poetry of our frontier, as it pushed through wilderness and across plain and canyon, to face at last the Orient again and our inscrutable future. This kind of Americanization would produce

class discussion of some dignity, even though it had nothing to do immediately with the art of literature, for it would give us not only a sense of our common destiny, but an escape from our own circumstances into other days and other minds, and the cultivation of sympathy and imagination was once thought to be the office of literary study. But to discuss always and exclusively only what is under our own noses, to study a life of Mr. Roosevelt not because it is a great biography but because it is about Mr. Roosevelt, and to study novels not because they are good novels but because they are about us, is to find ourselves in the end just where we were in the beginning, with our prejudices more firmly rooted and our skin a bit thicker to any joy or sorrow in the world not our own. As for the ability to understand great writing when it comes to us, we have learned only this, that since Mr. Roosevelt lived nearer our day than Dr. Johnson, the biography of him is a better biography and a more interesting one than Boswell could write, and we need not read Boswell; and since Main Street is nearer to us than Salem, Mr. Lewis is a greater novelist than Hawthorne, and we need not read Hawthorne. Enough to know that the whole contains the part.

IV

Well then, says the teacher of current literature, there never can be any great books, for you approve of nothing contemporary, and every book, unfortunately, has to be written in its own time. Yes, in a sense, anything you write, on however remote a subject, will in a sense be of your time and will represent it; Walter Pater was expressing one phase of Victorian England when he wrote *Marius the Epicurean*. But the artist hopes to appeal to more than the present generation; even the most contemporary of our contemporaries, who read no books of which the authors are not living, cherish some ambition to have their own works read after they themselves are gone. And since the fame of a book depends on its ability to meet the interest of readers over a long period of time, the life of our works will depend on two things—on our gift for selecting the matter which is permanently interesting to men, and on the willingness or unwillingness of any generation to

be interested in the same things as its predecessors. If readers are now brought up to neglect as a matter of course any works of literature that once were loved, there will be no fame for anyone hereafter, and no masters of the art, but only in each publishing season a nine days' wonder. But if human nature still asserts its primal interests, in spite of mistaken teaching, and continues to like in the long run the same things that have been loved in the past, then the writer will finally be reckoned great who answers not the mood of his hour, but the spirit of those constant demands. He will get his inspiration from life as he knows it; he will express it in an eternal form, as we say—at least in a form so durable that instead of our understanding his work through the incident that inspired it, we shall know of the incident through the work. Molière has so immortalized one moment of his times in his *Précieuses Ridicules;* without the play, would we know much of the temporary affectation? And to be quite frank, has not something died in the play, along with what was contemporary in it, so that we enjoy it now with an historical effort not needed to be at home, let us say, with Falstaff? Tennyson really immortalized the Charge of the Light Brigade, for the incident on so many grounds has since proved regrettable that we should be glad to forget it, but for the poem, and we begin to be sorry that the poem is anchored to so much that was transitory. Our own civil war poet, Henry Howard Brownell, true genius if we ever had one, wrote his verses on the very scene, after the fights he had passed through as Farragut's secretary on the flagship, and the virulence of contemporary passion is in his work forever, an embarrassing alloy. But of the danger of being contemporary, Dante is the great illustration. It is not hard to see what an impact his great poem must have made on his first hearers, it was so immediate in its reference to persons, places, incidents, crimes and disasters which Florence, Rome and Italy well knew; but what an effort it is now to recover all those allusions to the times, indeed how impossible! We wrestle with them, if at all, because the greatness of the poem bears up their leaden weight, and the poem is great for what is least contemporary in it, for the vision which Dante drew from his masters, and which he handed on to the future in images of the past.

At least, says again the lover of current things, you must write in the language of the hour. Some beauty is lost when the poet does not speak in his native tongue, or when we cannot read him in it. Well, some languages are better than others; Greek was a better language, more precise, more varied, more forceful and more colorful, than English or any of the modern tongues. But all language changes, as the works of art in language do not; in literature we have this haunting paradox, that through a temporary medium we can build something imperishable. Much as we may dislike literature in translation, it is perhaps salutary to remember that literary masterpieces must survive in translation or not at all. In what language were the Parables spoken? If Homer were not Homer still in English or French or German, how much of Homer would the world know? Some bouquet of his own time is gone, but perhaps we should not have liked it if it had remained. At least we have kept what we liked; we have kept what suited our spiritual needs, we have loved Andromache and Hector, and wondered in the old way why such fine men as Achilles and Agamemnon should quarrel, and have decided, as all our fathers have done, that for so beautiful a woman as Helen to waste her time on so mean a fellow as Paris, there must have been queer influences at work. To live in art in this timeless way is to satisfy what is eternal in ourselves; it is to leave behind us the limitations of our hour, our place, and our language. And unless art is wide enough for us to live in it so, we shall trifle with it only for an hour, and without regret let it go the way of other contemporary things.

JOHN ERSKINE.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

A HUMANIST IN TONES

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

DOUBTLESS the tragic end of Ernest Chausson (he was killed in a bicycle accident in his forty-fourth year), combined with the lovable nature that his friends impute to him, accounts in some degree for the singular fervor which characterizes almost all that has been written of him as an æsthetic figure. Jean-Aubry declares that no one wrote music of greater purity and sincerity; Pierre de Bréville says that his heart "beat only for noble thoughts"; Camille Mauclair was reminded, in comtemplating certain artistic principles held by Chausson, of the art of Puvis de Chavannes. Some of this fervor—much of it, perhaps—is to be discounted in any attempt at a cool and just appraisement of Chausson's personality as a man and a music-maker; yet one's conviction persists that the personality was remarkable, and that the artist died too soon.

Chausson seems to have been a strange blend of César Franckian mysticism, Wagnerian passion, and a kind of romanticism which an American might call MacDowellesque. Jean-Aubry has described him as "a soul from the Round Table, from the time of elves, of water-fays, of rides through legendary forests, of love-lays and of attachments devoid of pretense, sustained upon ardor and respect: it was not by accident that Ernest Chausson made King Arthur the subject of his only stage work." Others hear in his music the swaying of branches in enchanted woods; they discover the trail that leads to Merlin's fairy hawthorn bush—"a path through the forest of legends, a new and yet a traditional avenue in the French landscape." This was his Weber-like, Raff-like, MacDowellesque, side. The Wagnerian side of him—the ardent, sensuous, *Tristanesque* vein in his music—emerges in the passionate melancholy of the *Poème de*

l'Amour et de la Mer (Op. 19), in the *Chanson perpétuelle* (Op. 37) for voice and orchestra, and in others of the songs. The Franckism in his nature—the spiritual, aspiring, mystically rapturous side—is in the Symphony (where also is the plangent ghost of Richard of Bayreuth), in the chamber-music, and elsewhere.

But there is in the music of Chausson something that came there straight from the heart and mind of the man himself. It is a truly individual quality—an authentically personal touch: a mood, a spiritual and emotional hue, that is unmistakable. This special quality in Chausson's work is a curious thing, for which one can find no precise analogue in music. It is compounded of tenderness, ardor, and complete sincerity. If one could blend something of the elevation and fervor of César Franck, the sensibility of Schumann, the sincerity of Brahms the lyricist, a complex not unlike the musical personality of Chausson would emerge. He seems really to have been both singularly tender and what Pierre de Bréville called "noble". It takes a truly noble soul to endure that epithet; yet when Monsieur de Bréville says of Chausson's music that it is "always affectionate", that "it is saying constantly the word *cher*", and when he adds that indisposing sentence about Chausson's heart "beating only for noble thoughts", you may wince a little in commiseration for the gentle, brooding ghost of the dead composer, but you must own that there is a good deal in his music that justifies these ascriptions.

Chausson, said Camille Mauclair, in his *Souvenirs sur Ernest Chausson*, "impressed one as a man of the world, wholly without ostentation, amiable, cheerful, serene. His life was happy. He had a charming wife and five beautiful children. He was rich; his house was a marvel of taste and a treasury of art; he loved books and pictures, and collected, before they had become fashionable, canvases by Degas, Besnard, Puvis, and Carrière." But the amiable, fortunate, worldly Chausson, the rich composer, was not the essential man nor the essential artist. These outward traits masked a painful shyness, modesty, sensitiveness, and depth of feeling. His air of contented well-being, says Mauclair, dissembled *une âme douloureusement ému de la souffrance humaine.* He was devout, and a mystic, with a high and

clear conception of the necessity for pitying the tragic human soul. He was a compassionate humanitarian, a dreamer; and he had many of those elements which, Lord Dunsany has told us, go to the making of poetry: "For what is it to be a poet? It is to see at a glance the glory of the world, to see beauty in all its forms and manifestations, to feel ugliness like a pain, to resent the wrongs of others as bitterly as one's own, to know mankind as others know single men, to know nature as botanists know a flower, to be thought a fool, to hear at moments the clear voice of God."

A large order; if Chausson had come up to even half of those requirements he would have been a Bach or a Moussorgsky or a Wagner; and he was a long way from being in that class. But he had susceptibility and warmth of temperament, and the priceless quality of genuine utterance. These things found a way into his music, and speak out of it at times in beautiful and touching accents. Above all, you feel its compassionateness. From his preoccupation with a somewhat quaintly jeweled romanticism, its magicians and holy woods and spell-weaving enchantresses, its evocations of . . .

> . . . the sleep that is in pools
> Among great trees, and in the wings of owls,
> And under lovers' eyelids . . . a world
> Where time is drowned in odor-laden winds
> And druid moons, and murmuring of boughs,
> And sleepy boughs, and boughs where apples made
> Of opal and ruby and pale chrysolite
> Awake unsleeping fires—

from this romantic world, the world of his *King Arthur*, of his symphonic poem *Viviane*, he turns, when he is most truly and memorably himself, to brood upon and express for us his sense of the infinite piteousness of life, of

> All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
> The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumbering cart,
> The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry mould . . .

Chausson felt profoundly this pathos of unshapeliness and frustration; and there are moments in his music when you realize his impassioned desire to transmute these things into beauty and

fulfilment and content; and at such moments his music has an extraordinary and endearing gentleness.

Save for a few early songs and piano pieces, his period of activity fell within the first half of the post-Wagnerian generation. He was a pupil and disciple of César Franck's; and among the group of young Frenchmen who were more or less under Franck's influence, he was, thinks Camille Mauclair,

> without a doubt the most spontaneously emotional. He lacked the immense energy, the polyphonic mastery, of Vincent d'Indy, the nervous charm of Paul Dukas, the unfailing distinction of Henri Duparc, the intense, subtle, complicated strangeness of Claude Debussy. Chausson's music flows purely and serenely, without alluring gleams, fresh, lucid, equable; yet now and again achieving a profoundly human poignancy; and, like the man himself, its inspiration was of the heart rather than the head.

In the early 'eighties he entered the Paris Conservatoire as a student in the composition class of Massenet, after he had obtained a bachelor's degree at law; but he soon realized that this was a misfit, and failing to get the Prix de Rome, left to become a pupil of César Franck, with whom he studied until 1883. His symphonic poem *Viviane, d'après une légende de la Table ronde*, dates from 1882; and in this year he began, though he did not finish it until a decade later, the superb *Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer*. The songs run from the *Sept Mélodies* of Op. 2 (dated 1882 by Octave Séré), to the *Chanson perpétuelle*, for voice and orchestra, Op. 37, 1898. His chamber music comprises a trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, Op. 3 (1882), a concerto for piano, violin, and string quartet, Op. 21 (1890–91); and a piano quartet, Op. 35 (1897). He left unfinished a quartet for strings. For the theatre, he wrote incidental music to accompany Bouchor's version of *The Tempest* (Op. 18, 1888), and for the same poet's *Légende de Sainte Cécile*, Op. 22 (1892). His opera, *Le Roi Arthur*, written to his own text (Op. 23), was produced after his death: by Mottl at Karlsruhe in 1900, and at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, in 1903. In addition to these, Séré lists *Jeanne d'Arc*, "scene lyrique" for soli and women's chorus ("paroles d'un anonyme"), about 1880; music for *Les Caprices de Marianne* (Alfred de Musset), Op. 4 (1882); *Hélène*, lyric-drama after Leconte de Lisle, Op. 7 (1884–85); *Hymne Védique*

(Leconte de Lisle) for mixed chorus and orchestra, Op. 9 (1886); and, also for chorus, *Deux Duos*, Op. 11 (1883); *Chant Nuptial* (Leconte de Lisle), Op. 15 ("about 1887"); *Chant Funèbre*, Op. 28 (1897); *Ballata* (Dante), Op. 29 (1897). For orchestra, besides *Viviane* and the much played *Poème* for violin with orchestral accompaniment (Op. 25, 1896), Chausson wrote in 1886 a piece called *Solitude dans les bois*, Op. 10, which he destroyed, and *Soir de Fête*, Op. 32 (1898).

There is, finally, the Symphony in B-flat major—his only work in that form. It was completed in 1890, when Chausson was thirty-five. His master, César Franck, who died in the same year, had finished his D minor Symphony two years before. Wagner had been dead seven years. Brahms had composed all four of his symphonies. Tschaikowsky had written his first five and was soon to begin his sixth (the *Pathétique*). Richard Strauss had composed *Macbeth*, *Don Juan*, and *Tod und Verklärung*—the latter work was first performed in the year which saw the completion of Chausson's symphony. Debussy, with his string quartet, *L'Après-midi d'un faune*, and *Pelléas* still unwritten, was composing the five Baudelaire songs and the *Suite Bergamasque* for piano. Ravel was a student at the Conservatoire. The eight-year old Stravinsky was rolling marbles in Oranienbaum. Honegger was unborn.

Thus it will be seen that musical modernism as we know it today was still in its cradle, though a little restive, and murmuring ominously; but causing slight apprehension except to those who were not quite easy in the presence of Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*. The B-flat Symphony of Chausson seems to have disturbed no one, even at its Paris production by the Sociéte Nationale thirty-one years ago. It has taken rank securely as one of the few French symphonies of the first rank; above all, it preserves for us a rare poetic spirit,—distinguished, humane, sincere.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

ARE WE BOUND OR FREE?

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

PERUSING the other day New York's indispensable *Evening Post*, our brightening eye fell upon this sentence by the eupeptic Doctor Canby, which will surely make glad the heart of Mr. Joseph S. Auerbach, who has so often in these pages broken a lance in the cause of liberalism, and whose *Essays and Miscellanies* (Third Series)[1] has just been published. This was Dr. Canby's sentence:

"So far as literature is concerned, the . . . censorship is dead and gone; the bars are down; Americans are as free to write what they please of sex in literature, short of pornography, as the Elizabethans or the Augustans; in religion and politics they are freer. Writers have all the liberty they need; they are drunk with liberty. If there is to be any more quarreling, it must be over the limit of expression. It is out of date to attack puritanism. The question has become, where do we stop?"

This is indeed glad news. Doubtless Dr. Canby is correct. We surmise that he has in mind those several recent contests at law in which the echinodermatous Mr. Sumner failed to achieve his end of jailing Petronius for writing the *Satyricon* (was it not Mr. Sumner who sought that flagrant immoralist in *Who's Who*, and sent his sleuths to Greenwich Village with a warrant for the reprobate's arrest?). Even if scholars are not certain as to the authorship of *Petronii Arbitri Satyricon*, what was that to Mr. Sumner? It is true, as Dr. Canby records, that he was defeated in court; but he achieved an indisputable moral victory, for now the *Cena Trimalchionis*, as edited with notes and an English translation by the gifted Lowe, diffuses sweetness and light

[1] *Essays and Miscellanies* (Third Series), by Joseph S. Auerbach, A. M., Litt. D. New York: Harper & Bros.

through the subway rush hour where before there was only a maleficent Hearstian dusk. At last—again to rejoice ourselves with Dr. Canby's assurance—"writers are free to express themselves honestly for readers fit to follow them. . . . The danger is no longer puritanism so called; . . . the danger lies in this freedom from all restraints." The situation cries plainly for an exhortation addressed to Mr. Sumner, does it not? The Bible House is still, we believe, printing Genesis XXXVIII and XXXIX; let Mr. Sumner perform his plain duty. Since the living, according to Dr. Canby, are free to say what they will,—having vanquished the Sumnerian dragon,—there remains only the wickedness of the past to extirpate.

But we can safely leave Tamar to look after herself—we would even match her against Mr. Sumner. It is Dr. Canby's diagnosis of the present that enchains and enchants us. Free at last!—"*wirklich frei?*" as Alberich used to ask with most ungracious irony. We can think of no one who will hear the news with greater satisfaction than Mr. Auerbach.

There is no exaggeration in saying that it was Mr. Auerbach's brilliant, caustic, and devastating argument against the suppression of Theodore Dreiser's novel, *The Genius* (printed in part in these pages some five years ago), which put into legal form, buttressed by precedent and commonsense, the whole case against Sumnerism as it is viewed by this generation. Consider the singular courage, the wise tolerance, that was required in 1918 of a man who was neither a radical nor an "agitator" (though to be sure all re-makers of society and of thought have been "agitators", from Christ to George Washington): consider what it meant for such a man, in such a place—a distinguished and honored citizen of New York, a great lawyer, a spokesman of the ruling classes, addressing the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, at the foot of Murray Hill—to speak these sentences:

> It is not alone Mr. Dreiser's book which is on trial before you, but interests affecting the community and the State. For when the voice of conscientious, courageous protest, warning, or comment concerning law or custom or life has died out because of the injunctions of courts and the mandates of arrogant legislation, or is heard in feeble utterance because of the threat of punishment from irresponsible and officious agencies, or of obloquy from a mistaken public

opinion, men will indeed be bondsmen. The suppression of this book would be only a new manifestation of the increasing disposition of men not to desire knowledge of the Truth, provided ignorance ministers to their peace of mind. So foreboding is this tendency, that I hope Your Honors will not regard the following illustrations as irrelevant to the controversy before you.

In many ways to which I do not stop to refer, but with which all thoughtful persons are conversant, the Church itself is not, in the words of the Prophet, valiant for the truth, whilst it feeds men with the husks of creed and doctrine who famish for the nourishment of a quickening faith. . . .

Let us not deceive ourselves by regarding these thoughts as remote from this case. For to-day we of the multitude, by turning away from the Truth whenever it presents a forbidding or even an unconventional countenance, are in the degrading, perilous bondage of an intellectual formalism. It is a bondage which, by construing words to be things, emotional ideals to be ideas, creeds to be faith, superstition to be religion, appearances to be realities, . . . has brought us to the cross-roads where we must take one of two paths; that for which ignorance or craven subserviency to popular prejudice is the sign-post, or that where knowledge which is unafraid is pointing the way.

One is easy to travel, for it goes downwards with the heedless, motley crowd, but it abounds in treacherous places; while the other, even if it require the arduous journey amid prospects often disheartening, has the exhilaration of the upward climb with an undaunted company, and reaches the heights at last.

Mr. Dreiser insists that in his uncompromising portrayal of character he has invited us to see life as it is and not as some visionary souls would conceive it to be. Shall the ascetic zealot, the obsequious time-server, the professional reformer . . . be commissioned by the courts to deny to him this privilege? Nor is it extravagant to say that your favorable disposition of this case will contribute in no small measure to fortify and sustain men in the determination no longer intellectually to "halt between two opinions"—as the people of Israel, when arraigned by the prophet Elijah, were halting in their religious beliefs between Baal and Jehovah.

Extraordinary and courageous words! If, as Dr. Canby assures us, Mr. Sumner is not merely scotched but completely exterminated, a considerable share of the credit for that achievement must go to Mr. Auerbach. It is possible, of course, that to Mr. Auerbach himself the situation may wear a somewhat different aspect. He is, for one thing, not nearly so eupeptic as Dr. Canby. He is one of those rare creatures who traverse occasionally the pathway of the sun and the glimpses of the moon: a dreamer and realist in one. He has imagined an impossible world of candor and honesty and loveliness, where kind-

ness and generosity are not the indulgences of fools; but he is seasoned and shrewd and astringent enough to be aware that he still lives in a world where the stock dividends of the spiritual life are imperfectly diffused among the gentle and the genuine, and where a passion for ideal justice is honored and rewarded about as it was in the days of that fanatical Jewish proletarian who founded Dr. Canby's religion. So it may be that Mr. Auerbach, reading his *Evening Post* on the day that Dr. Canby proclaimed the demise of bigotry, puritanism, and the censorship, was not wholly comforted and assured. Perhaps he was aware of the fact that one of the most prominent and respected publishers in America still considers it necessary to submit the manuscripts of his forthcoming books to an expert in Sumneritis before he ventures to publish them. Of course this publisher may not have heard that the Society for the Suppression of Vice has sent its blessing to Mr. Cabell, Mr. Dreiser, and G. Petronius, and told them, in Dr. Canby's words, that they are "as free to write what they please of sex in literature, short of pornography, as the Elizabethans or Augustans". Or, if the publisher *has* heard of it, he may have cast a watery, suspicious, and comprehending eye on those three innocent words which we italicized in the quotation from Dr. Canby: "free to write what they please of sex in literature, *short of pornography*". That, of course (for we must now give the show heartlessly away) is Dr. Canby's little joke. The whole thing was a jest, a harmless pleasantry. For of course Dr. Canby's position is precisely that of Mr. Sumner's. Mr. Sumner has always held, and still holds, we believe, that you may write what you please of sex in literature "short of pornography". That is his whole case. That, for him, is the law and the prophets. Certainly you may write of sex in literature so long as you are not "pornographic". And who is to decide when you have achieved pornography? Why, Mr. Sumner, of course, and the Society for the Suppression of Vice—they and their kind. The Book of Genesis, *Jurgen*, G. Petronius, the finale of the second act of Wagner's *Die Walküre* (a monstrous Teutonic glorification of incest and adultery, now playing at the Metropolitan Opera House, which we take much satisfaction in bringing to Mr. Sumner's notice)—do these

things fall short of pornography or do they compass it? Mr. Sumner will decide.

We think Mr. Auerbach will agree with us that Dr. Canby has pulled a merry jest. But if it should so happen that Mr. Sumner does *not* raid the Metropolitan Opera House and hale Mr. Gatti-Casazza to the Jefferson Market Police Court the next time *Die Walküre* is performed, Richard Wagner (who, Mr. Sumner had better be informed, is dead) will have Mr. Auerbach to thank for the favor when they meet in the Elysian Fields — where the author of the *Siegfried Idyl* may be strongly tempted, we fancy, to set to music that other idyl of childhood which Mr. Auerbach's volume now delightfully preserves for us: for here, as in Wagner's magical music, "all the fountains of human tenderness are unsealed", and the fragility and sweetness and infinite pathos of certain immemorial human moments are exquisitely captured and preserved.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

DESPITE the phenomenally mild and open fall, minimizing the consumption of coal and facilitating the mining and marketing of it in an almost unprecedented degree, much distress is suffered in the metropolitan district and widely through the East from scarcity of fuel, and there have been severe criticisms and complaints of the system of distribution; circumstances which must cause regret at the interruption of the singularly efficient work of the Administration for solving the coal problem in the late summer and early fall of last year. The situation was at that time exceptionally serious because the United Mine Workers and the Railway Shopmen were on strike together; there was need of large shipments of coal to the Lake region before winter caused the suspension of navigation; and unless the country east of the Mississippi could receive regularly 7,000,000 tons a week there was almost a certainty of the closing of many great industries and consequent non-employment of tens of thousands of men. The non-union fields were shipping about 3,000,000 tons a week; an invaluable supply, though not half enough. In this national emergency, with Congress not in session, the President turned to the Interstate Commerce Commission and had it exercise its authority to classify shipments and direct the placing of railroad cars. Then, under Secretary Hoover, an organization was formed for distributing the non-union output in the most efficient manner, where it was most needed. A Federal Distribution Committee was formed, composed of coal mine operators and railroad managers, under the chairmanship of H. B. Spencer; serving without remuneration, since there was no available appropriation for their payment. Six District Committees were formed, for the various non-union fields, and the extraordinary but most felicitous and effective plan was adopted of assigning an officer of the United States Navy to each district, as the

Government's representative. The operators agreed to ship coal as directed by the Distribution Committee, at not more than the fair price prescribed by Secretary Hoover, and the Navy officers, with dictatorial power, saw to it that this was done. In spite of innumerable obstacles and embarrassments, the system worked even better than anyone had dared to expect. The shipments from non-union fields were soon increased from 3,000,000 to 6,500,000 tons a week, and could have been increased to 8,000,000 tons had the railroads been able to carry it. This achievement convinced the striking miners and shopmen that they were losing, that the country could get along without them; and was thus a potent factor in bringing the strikes to an end. The reassembling of Congress, with a prospect of its legislative action in the premises, and the ending of the strikes, brought the activities of Mr. Spencer's Federal Distribution Committee and the Navy officers to a close. What has happened since has doubtless caused many to regret that those activities were not continued. Certainly remembrance of the doings of last July, August and September, as I have recalled them, should induce a lively and lasting sense of gratitude to President Harding, to Secretary Hoover, to Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt, and to their associates, for performing with singular efficiency and without cost to the nation a duty which carried the United States through an emergency which had threatened it with immeasurable disaster.

With all possible allowance for presumably the best intentions in the world, the recent attempt at Washington to force the hand of the President and State Department—for it was nothing less—must be regarded as chiefly noteworthy for two egregious errors. One was, action without knowledge; which is even worse than talk without knowledge. A brief visit to the White House or the State Department would have given to Senators and Representatives information sufficient to restrain them from attempting action which, on receiving that information after beginning it, they were glad to abandon. The other was, the demand for conducting diplomacy in town meeting. "Open covenants" are and always have been required by the Con-

stitution; but every rational man knows that they cannot always be "openly arrived at". That does not mean, of course, that diplomacy is to be furtive and underhanded. There is a difference between secrecy and privacy. Gentlemen prefer to discuss business matters, or professional matters, or diplomatic matters, in an office or a study rather than on the street corner. In the long run it will be found best, too, to follow the Constitutional method and to let the President conduct the foreign negotiations of the country, subject to the advice and consent of the Senate for all concrete engagements. Henry Clay learned a lesson a hundred years ago as to the impropriety or unprofitableness of Congressional meddling before the fact. That the President should seek the initiative and direction of the Federation of Churches or the Council for Reduction of Armaments in his diplomatic transactions would be a counsel of madness. An organization which in one breath demands dismissal of the Army and scuttling of the Navy, and in the next clamors for the sending of a powerful Army and Navy to fight a great war at the other side of the world, rules itself out of all courts save that of Bedlam.

Our "Century of Dishonor" in dealing with the American Aborigines is happily not—or, to be cautious, not yet—to have a postlude of infamy in the spoliation of the Pueblos. I was half inclined to suspect that the attempted raid upon that people was conceived in a desire to "see" the Turks in their destruction of Armenia and "go them one better". Certainly there is not to be recalled a more insincere and sordid proposal to commit an irreparable wrong in all the discreditable annals of our Indian policies. The one splendidly heartening feature of the episode was the manner in which the whole nation seemed to rise in protest against it; for which, let us "thank God and take courage". Seldom has there been so gratifying a proof that after all the nation has a conscience.

It is easy, and very cheap, to carp at the British Government for yielding to the Turkish demand for the destruction of Armenia but standing resolutely for continued possession of the Mosul oil

fields; but I should hope that those who wish to indulge in that pastime would first very carefully and prayerfully consider some features of this country's Mexican policy in recent years. The incident is chiefly significant as a reminder of the increasingly vital importance to civilization of such natural resources as oil, coal and timber, and of the question of the proper control of them where they exist in countries incapable of developing and utilizing them. A quarter of a century ago many austere moralists were quite ready to accede to the proposition that Colombia should not be permitted to deny the commerce of the world passage across the Isthmus of Panama, and that if she would not accept equitable terms for the construction of a canal, other nations would be justified in proceeding in spite of her. The fabulous dog in the manger is never admirable. It so happens that some of the greatest deposits of natural wealth, of vital necessity to civilization, exist in the most backward and undeveloped countries. Doubtless national property rights are entitled to respect; but so are the imperative needs of the world. We are all familiar with the application of the principle of eminent domain in a State, as against individual obstreperousness. It may, some day before long, depend upon the regard which individual States have for the general welfare, whether or not there shall be applied a principle of worldwide eminent domain in behalf of civilization and humanity at large.

Another phase of the question to which I have just referred is presented in the case of the rich discoveries in the Valley of Kings, the prospect of still further unearthings of inestimable value, and the inclination of the new Egyptian Government to claim for its own everything that is found. The strict enforcement of that narrow policy would mean discouragement if not complete cessation of explorations and consequent deprivation of the world of antiquarian lore of the greatest interest. The Valley of Kings and other fields of exploration are Egyptian territory, it is true; but it would be difficult to prove the present Egyptian Government the ethical heir at law of the Pharaohs and the sole owner of treasures which belonged to another race, which have lain lost beneath the desert sand for thousands of years, and which,

so far as it is concerned, would continue to lie there forever. The course of prudence, of equity and of wisdom is for Egypt to regard herself as the mere trustee of the wealth of antiquity for the benefit of the world, and to acquiesce in the distribution of that wealth fairly, giving a generous portion to those whose skill, labor and munificence restore it to the knowledge and possession of mankind.

It would be difficult to determine which was the more obnoxious to American principles, American institutions, and the very genius of the American Republic, the "Workers' Party" of the Third Internationale, demanding the establishment of a "proletariat dictatorship", or the Ku Klux Klan, giving allegiance to an "invisible empire". Dictatorship and empire are alike detestable. These two lawless organizations are commonly regarded as being at the extremes from each other, yet it is perfectly obvious that each is an incitement to the other. There was in long past years a colloquial expression about "playing both ends against the middle". There is now need that the middle, the vast bulk of the American people, shall exert its might against these two ends, the extremists of conservative bigotry and intolerance and of radical ruthlessness and tyranny. There should be no room in the United States for masks or for red flags.

Another equally flagrant example of un-American extremes has been displayed in the supremely important field of our educational activities. At one side of the continent, in New York, we have seen impassioned campaigns for sacrosanct "freedom of teaching" which would permit officially chartered schools and even instructors in public schools to teach all sorts of Communistic, Bolshevistic and other anti-American doctrines, inspiring American children to enmity toward the American Republic and its Government. At the other side, in Oregon, we have just seen an attempt, actually embodied in enacted legislation, to compel the attendance of all children at public schools, and thus the abolition of all private schools and home instruction. It is difficult to choose between the two, in their sheer unworthiness of a place in the American

system. But though such a thing was perhaps of all things furthest from the thought and intents of the Oregon legislators, there is a significant correlation between the two. The Oregon law would practically remove children from parental control and make them the wards of the State, to be intellectually manhandled as might suit the interests of the political party in power; and that is precisely what Communists and Bolshevists demand to be done. That such a law will be held constitutional is simply inconceivable. If by miraculous chance it should be, there would be more urgent need of prompt amendment of the Constitution than we have often hitherto known.

"There are judges in Berlin", it was said of old. It may so be said today; adding, significantly, that there are judges and judges. Of the 880 German army and navy officials whose punishment for violation of the laws of civilized warfare was demanded by the Allies, and whose just and impartial trial was promised by the German Government, six of the least important have been convicted and mildly sentenced; ninety-three, including the most conspicuous and notorious offenders, have been honorably discharged, fully absolved from censure; and it is understood that all the remaining cases are to be dropped. As the Allies acquiesce in this, not having even taken the trouble to be represented at the hearings, we must wonder what has become of those inflexible resolutions, which were so vigorously expressed at the close of the war, to insist upon the punishment of these offenders. What has caused such a change to come over the spirit of their dream? Did they misjudge these men three years ago? Or has there awakened in their hearts a spirit of forgiveness never known before? As for Germany, let it be set down for eternal remembrance that her Federal Supreme Court, on full deliberation, formally declares it to be no violation of German law to torpedo and sink hospital ships, to torpedo and sink unarmed merchant and passenger ships without warning, to bombard unprotected towns, to murder prisoners of war, and wantonly to destroy private property of non-belligerents. Therefore Eitel Fritz Hohenzollern, Tirpitz, Mackensen, Capelle, Schroeder, the destroyer of the Lusitania,

and their comrades in crime, are pronounced innocent of wrong-doing. "These be your gods, oh Israel!" I am not sure that Germany has ever been more scathingly damned than by this pronouncement of the "judges in Berlin".

Widespread and increasing comment is made upon the fact that in last fall's elections in both the United States and Great Britain, women candidates for important offices were conspicuous for their absence or, in the few cases in which they were present, for their failure of election. The result is that the sex remains, in high public life, as negligible a factor as it was before the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment. A striking contrast, which should be as instructive as striking, is thus presented to the rose-colored anticipations of a few years ago; when it was assumed that the granting of the ballot to women would instantly mean that the halls of Congress would be thronged with women Senators and Representatives, with a woman President in the near future. Those who expected such a transformation scene failed to take into account the continuing force of the inertia of ages. A law of the most revolutionary character may be enacted in a day. The habits, the customs, the modes of thought, the aptitudes for service, which have prevailed for many generations cannot be so easily or so swiftly changed. It is not reproach upon the enfranchisement of women that it has not immediately produced greater results. Perhaps it is, rather, a vindication of it, showing that there was no danger of the disastrous effects which some feared, and that it was high time for it to be enacted, in order without further delay to begin the processes which it is now seen must be protracted and deliberate before material results are produced. It is a rebuke to nothing but superficial forecasts and *trop de zèle.*

An act of noble self-sacrifice for the public good was performed by General Leonard Wood in resigning the Provostship of the University of Pennsylvania, in order to remain at the head of the Government of the Philippines. Had he made the contrary choice, and left the islands for the university, he would have been assured of a lifelong place of dignity, ease and ample emoluments.

As it is, he has chosen instead a few years of hard and dangerous work, ill paid and subject to unjust abuse, and then, since he had already resigned from the Army, retirement upon his own resources. Perhaps nothing in all his fine career has more impressively demonstrated his fitness, in spirit and in purpose, for the great place which he now fills. The University of Pennsylvania has chosen another Provost, who we may hope will serve it as well as General Wood could have done. The United States could not have chosen another Governor of the Philippines who would have served as well as he. The nation is greater than any of its institutions, and the university may well afford to have lost a probably great Provost in order that the nation might retain a certainly great Proconsul.

Attention may again profitably be called to the vital statistics of the last year for which they have been fully compiled, 1921. The Census Bureau informs us that the death rate in the nation was the lowest ever recorded since recording was begun in 1900; the figures being for the registration area which comprises 82.2 per cent of the total population of the United States. That is gratifying, as it also is that there was a marked decrease in deaths from those diseases of the lungs and heart which have long been among the deadliest of our maladies. On the other hand, it is disheartening and discreditable to record that there was a large increase in death from automobile "accidents", from suicide and from homicide. It is appalling to know that the number of the first increased from 9,103 in 1920 to 10,168 in 1921; of the second, from 8,959 to 11,136; and of the third from 6,205 to 7,545. Through these three methods, through criminality or scarcely less culpable folly, 28,849 lives were lost during the year. The salient purport of the statistics is, obviously, that the physicians are doing their work for health and life more efficiently than the police.

An auspicious further step in the development of artistic taste and culture in this country has been taken in the affiliation of several of the most practical art schools of the metropolis with New York University, and the reëstablishment in that institu-

tion of the lectureship and professorship of fine arts which was first filled by the illustrious Samuel F. B. Morse. It is finely appropriate that Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield has been appointed to the lectureship, which bears the name of Morse, since he is the present President of that National Academy of which Morse was the founder and first President. The supreme significance of the movement is suggested by the fact that the professorship held by Morse was that of the Literature of the Arts of Design, and that the full name of the institution which he founded is the National Academy of Design. That word "design" implies that art culture is not to be merely for the painting of landscapes and portraits and allegorical scenes, but is to include the development of artistic taste and proficiency in architecture, furniture, colors and patterns of fabrics, and multiform decoration. For schools practically devoted to the promotion of art in trades thus to be affiliated with a great university, *pari passu* with a college of liberal arts and with great professional schools, is an achievement of singular honor and promise.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LETTERS OF FRANKLIN K. LANE. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Besides being a lively and revealing commentary upon recent political history and a source to which the historian of the future will confidently turn, the letters of Franklin K. Lane seem to present a study in personality of high significance to his countrymen; for here we have the inmost thoughts of a man continuously engaged upon the most modern of our modern problems, political and industrial.

For the purposes of such an examination as the one here briefly attempted the man's temperament may almost be eliminated. "His gay and challenging attitude toward life," writes Mrs. Lane, "expressed only one mood, for he paid, as men must, for intense buoyancy by black despairs." The alternations of mood are obvious enough in the letters, and they make the man more interesting, more human; yet where optimism is clearly the dominant feeling tone, and cheerful activity the preferred state of mind, one is entitled to regard occasional pessimism not as a freakish and temporary lapse into abnormality, but rather as a normal and reasonable thing.

Franklin K. Lane was in many respects the ideal type of modern American. He had all of the most lauded characteristics of the successful and well-liked man of to-day. He was eminently "healthy-minded" (one purposely uses here the common and popular terms); he was "broad-minded" in an unusual degree; he was "a glutton for work"; he was sincerely devoted to the ideal of "service"; he fully believed in democracy, and he reverenced the spirit of Lincoln. Nevertheless, one gains from his letters the impression of a man continually driven by duties too complex and multifarious for satisfactory performance; of one whose extraordinary powers are submerged in toil as in a fathomless sea and in difficulties like the waves of the ocean; of one who, more or less against his will, is painfully bound to the "Wheel of things."

The letters—which are those of a man too busy for self-consciousness, his social life and his reflections squeezed, as it were, into odd moments—are in the highest degree genuine and unaffected. Mr. Lane was a born letter writer, but not after the older fashion: he did not write as if for publication—he scarcely took the trouble to punctuate. Nothing could be farther from his mental habit than George Washington's meticulous regard for literary form and completeness, or than Benjamin Franklin's careful rhetorical self-discipline. Yet he was an instinctive letter writer. "I have a very old-fashioned love," he once wrote, "for writing from day to day what pops into my mind, contradicting each day what I said the day before and gathering from

my friends their impressions and their spirit in the same way." And in another letter he wrote: "Now I have gossiped, and preached, and prophesied, and mourned, and otherwise revealed what passes through a wandering mind in half an hour, so I send you at the close of this screed my blessing, which is a poor gift." Indeed, the perfect sincerity and spontaneity of these letters give them great charm and make them wonderfully true pictures of a personality and of the conditions by which the writer was environed—all the truer because his mind is neither freakish nor moody. Certainly one cannot charge with undue impressibility a person of whom a competent witness can say: "I have never known any one who could with equal facility follow an intricate line of thought through repeated interruptions."

It sometimes happens that, just as one may see the faint, spectral form of a comet more clearly with slightly averted vision than with direct gaze, so the *obiter dicta*, the incidental philosophy and humor of a man whose mind is perpetually occupied with weighty and definite problems, are more striking than would be anything that he might express if he set himself to compose an essay on human life. Such appears to have been the case with Lane.

"It does look to me," he wrote with unconscious profundity, "as if the problem of our generation is to be the effective discovery of some effective method by which the artificial persons whom we have created by law can be taught that they are not the creators, the owners, and the rightful managers of the government." And again, speaking of the Democrats: "As a party we are too much given to generalization." Turning to another aspect of politics he expresses an "evidential fact" thus: "The spoils system is a combination of gratitude and blackmail." The justice that resides in the plain man's criticism of the law and lawyers is aphoristically summed up in the saying, "Every lawyer knows that the law has been turned into a game of bridge whist." The essential wisdom of our wisest educators when they try to tell us why education goes wrong is thus condensed: "That is one trouble with the public school system: because we get our education for nothing we treat it as if it were worth nothing." Lane was, one may say, like many an intellectual person of to-day, subconsciously religious, and the problem of evil was really never far from his thoughts. The entire passage (page 218) beginning with the words, "The mystical hanker after something higher is religion, and yet it should not be all of religion," expresses the real enlightened modern attitude better than it has ever been expressed before in an equal number of words. The strains of life brought Lane in his later years to long for something like the tranquillity of the Buddhist faith, though he remained in essentials more Christian than most of his contemporaries.

These references to Lane's religious reflections bring one to the point of stating certain questions which grow out of a perusal of the letters—questions that it would be unfair to bring forward as constituting the chief significance of these intensely interesting documents, but which seem in a high degree important. First: Was Lane really less great or less competent than the

great men of the past—than Benjamin Franklin, let us say, or Alexander Hamilton; or was he not simply more overwhelmed with work? Second: Under modern conditions, are our leaders—the most competent, the most devoted, the most laborious—really able to lead? We have developed a type of great man whose whole life is as economically toilsome as the existence of an intellectual machine. Is it enough? Third: Must the mood of the intellectual modern man indefinitely approach that of Henry Adams?

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By James M. Beck. New York: George H. Doran Company.

At its best, the judicial mind is characterized by two faculties not shared by the majority of men—the ability to comprehend and accurately to express the broadest and most inclusive principles, and the power of weighing and comparing opposed groups of facts. In short the legal mind is, or ought to be, philosophical. As a matter of fact, of course, the legal mind is likely to be philosophical only within the limits of the law, and hence it too frequently fails to bring conviction to the mind of the layman. In order to become truly philosophic, in order to formulate accurately the tendencies and principles of politics and affairs, and adequately to sum up the facts of life, the legal mind needs to transcend itself and to be raised to the *n*th power.

This is precisely what one feels impelled to say about the mind of Mr. Beck as revealed in his several writings during a number of years. Mr. Beck possesses a transcendently legal mind, a legal mind raised to the *n*th power. It is not too much to say that his is the voice most truly expressive of sane, conservative, yet forward-looking America.

That Mr. Beck's three lectures on the Constitution of the United States, delivered in London last summer under the auspices of the University of London in the historic Hall of Gray's Inn, of which Mr. Beck is Honorary Bencher—that these lectures should be notably lucid, comprehensive and critical, is to be expected. Even so one cannot forbear to comment upon the literary art with which certain ideas, not unfamiliar yet somewhat vaguely held, are expressed. A remarkable instance is the passage upon the adaptability of our fundamental law:

"The Constitution is neither, on the one hand, a Gibraltar Rock, which wholly resists the ceaseless washing of time or circumstance, nor is it, on the other hand, a sandy beach, which is slowly destroyed by the erosion of the waves. It is rather to be likened to a floating dock, which, while firmly attached to its moorings, and not therefore the caprice of the waves, yet rises and falls with the tide of time and circumstance." Equally notable is the liberal spirit in which certain peculiarities of our constitutional system, such as the system of "Checks and balances" are discussed and criticized.

But when all is said, the most remarkable part of the book is not the three lectures upon the Constitution of the United States but the address on the

world-wide revolt against the spirit of authority (and the consequent decay of the saving spirit of Constitutionalism) delivered to the American Bar Association. Mr. Beck is not, of course, alone in sounding the note of warning. His keynote is much the same as that of Ferrero in his extraordinary book upon the decay of ancient civilization and the triumph of Christianity. It is not the originality of Mr. Beck's indictment of modern civilization that so deeply impresses one: it is its considered force, its measured conviction, its studied moderation, its weight. Here we have in fact something like a legal "opinion" upon modern society—a judgment surpassing in clearness, positiveness and authority anything else that has been written upon a grave subject often superficially discussed.

I Believe in God and in Evolution. By William W. Keen, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The controversy between the Fundamentalists and their critics may be safely regarded as a mere epi-phenomenon—a curious by-product of that instinctive desire to get back to simpler ways of thinking which is brought about in some minds by the strain of living under the dominance of scientific ideas and in a civilization controlled by the machine technology. As an intellectual movement it is scarcely worth consideration, though as a social symptom it may have some special significance.

Perhaps if Dr. Keen were more deeply versed in the higher criticism than he apparently is, he would have wasted less than the little space that he has wasted upon the suggestion that Evolution may be reconciled with the Bible. Perhaps if he were as widely read a student of philosophy as he is of medicine and surgery, he would have more correctly taken the measure of the task of reconciling science with religion and would have sought more diligently for a deeper and wider synthesis.

However this may be, the fact remains that Dr. Keen, as perhaps the first authority upon vivisection in America, has accumulated within a very brief space some of the most striking evidences for the truth of Evolution—not "Darwinism"—that have ever been presented to the general reader. To the layman, only moderately familiar with recent scientific progress, these proofs are as novel, as striking, and as convincing, as are to the schoolboy the evidences of the earth's rotundity.

It is moreover really significant that Dr. Keen retains his faith in God despite his belief in Evolution. Indeed, the striking fact about religion is perhaps, after all, just this: that men like Dr. Keen do, after all, retain their belief in it. "Religion," as John Jay Chapman has said, "is indestructible." Only the abnormal specialists, the dehumanized researchers, the intellectual monstrosities, the Haeckels, seem, as a rule, to get on well without it. But the reader must not expect to find in this little book a thorough discussion of the old conflict over which Mallock and John Fiske and many another good and brilliant man has agonized.

SPEAKING OF THE TURKS. By Mufty-Zade K. Zia Bey. New York: Duffield and Company.

Most people who have travelled unconventionally in the East will tell you that the Turks are good people—and they are to be believed. Individually it appears not open to doubt that the Turks are a notably honest people, a notably clean people, a people with strong notions of respectability and of decency, a progressive and highly intellectual people. The same sort of traveller will tell you that the Armenians are good people and that the Greeks are good people—and they are to be believed. There are even to-day persons who will tell you that the Russians are good people. Nay, more! Montessori refers to the Chinese as "that splendid race of men" and Stefansson suggests that the Esquimaux are in many respects superior to those who dwell in more temperate latitudes.

Are we on the eve of arriving at better international understandings, of expanding interracial sympathies, and of getting rid of that old man of the sea, the belief in racial superiority? If so, the prospect is to be welcomed, and it may be said that books like *Speaking of the Turks* are a distinct aid in the necessary process of freeing the world from old prejudices, catch phrases, like "the terrible Turk", and the legends of history.

Here we have, almost for the first time, the truth about Turkish social life expressed with some intimacy and authority. The author after long years of residence in America returns to Turkey with his American wife fully cognizant of American ideals and American ways, yet not wholly out of touch and not at all out of sympathy with native conditions and native thought. He is well prepared to bring out for us the essential likemindedness of the more intelligent and kindly persons who live under both civilizations. He is able effectually to pooh-pooh the conventional notions about the harem and about Turkish women. He knows how to present Turkish religious ideas as on the whole more humane and more liberal than are many types of orthodox Christianity. He endears his countrymen to us by showing us that, far from being fanatics, they are as humanly and as successfully inconsistent as are most Christians—fatalists and at the same time not fatalists, practical idealists, in short. He exhibits for our delight many noble, gentle, and courageous types of character.

Certainly there is a world of valuable truth in all this. One does not need to doubt the truth of the picture, so far as its central part, at least, is concerned. Nor does one feel inclined to question the sincerity of the author: under the circumstances a flavor of partizanship in such writing is not unpleasant and is to be approved. Nevertheless, the reader is to be warned that the book is to some extent consciously propagandist. Regularly and with malice aforethought the disreputable Levantine, Armenian, or Greek is contrasted with the respectable and high-minded Turk. Drunken and obstreperous British sailors are brought well into the foreground.

Whatever enables us to recognize in the individual Turk worthy tradition

and sound character, and whatever helps us to revise our crude ideas of Turkish social life, is of unquestionable value. The question of the hour, however, is this: Is the Turk politically capable and trustworthy? And this is a question that we should not be led into deciding upon insufficient grounds. The disquieting fact appears to be that the methods of the Young Turks were not a great advance upon those of Abdul Hamid. On the whole, *Speaking of the Turks* is a book to be chewed and digested according to the Baconian prescription, and not one to be swallowed whole.

HUMAN NATURE IN THE BIBLE. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The really important question raised by the publication of such a work as Professor Phelps's *Human Nature in the Bible* is not whether the author has written a good book according to his purpose as he conceived it, but whether such a book is needed and is likely to do good. The extraordinary thing is not that a scholar and thinker like Professor Phelps should be able to write about the Bible a book very readable, notably entertaining and instructive in a simple and obvious way. The extraordinary, not to say appalling, thing, is that a scholar and thinker like Professor Phelps should seriously decide that such a book is necessary, and that he should have condescended to write it. Professor Phelps must be perfectly aware that the sort of moral lessons he enforces are, for the most part, exceedingly commonplace and, what is worse, unimpressive. "Who knoweth not such things as these?" He must certainly perceive that a certain levity, with which he occasionally treats the characters of the Old Testament, and the very sprightliness of the humor which the publishers proclaim on the jacket, have a tendency to destroy the mood essential even to the literary appreciation of the Bible and to frustrate, especially in a generation that prefers handbooks to the "real thing", his pious hope that readers of his volume may be led to peruse the Authorized Version. As a scholar, is he entirely at ease in setting down as expressive of human nature curious acts related of the patriarchs, most probably as legends explanatory of facts in existence when the records were written, or in soberly describing a piece of unexpurgated primitive barbarism like the story of Elisha and the bears as a black stain upon the character of the prophet—even though he apologizes for this on the ground that the social conditions of the time required great stress to be laid upon respect for elders?

On the whole, the judgment which Professor Phelps passes upon our culture by the mere act of writing and causing to be published, this book is more scathing than the opinion of our civilization which Mr. Beck expresses in his address to the American Bar Association on the decadence of the spirit of respect for authority. The book appears to be the largest and most significant concession to half-culture that has been made in our time. However inoffensive, however well intentioned, however beneficial to some, the book

may be, the fact remains that it appears to represent the spirit of the Sunday newspaper at work in the domain of scholarship and religion.

Though one would fain write in the spirit of Dogberry's dictum about comparisons, one is almost constrained to add at this point, as the inevitable outcome of what has been said, the statement that a more promising effort seems to have been made by the same publishers in the publication of *The Children's Bible*—a book of selections from the Scriptures prepared by Henry A. Sherman and Charles Foster Kent. This is, in fact, the Bible, somewhat abridged, its language somewhat simplified, but not sufficiently to destroy the grandeur, the tremendous note of authority of the original. It is capable of setting up in the childish mind those vibrations of awe toward supreme authority which the Bible alone can produce, and of impressing the coming generation with the needed lesson that, when all possible has been said in favor of individualism and liberty, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

In perhaps too splenetic a reaction against the pseudo-culture of the time one is tempted to say: Concentrate upon the children, and let those who really need such a book as *Human Nature in the Bible* go their own way!

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RADICALISM *VERSUS* GOVERNMENT

BY BEN W. HOOPER

Chairman, United States Railroad Labor Board

When the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars convulsed Europe, the political seismographs in the young American republic recorded only a slight tremor. There were a few of our early statesmen whose conduct and writings showed that they were somewhat addled by the concussion, but the new democracy, as a whole, was too fresh and virile to be shocked into any neurasthenic social and political delusions. It was more than a century until Europe experienced another human upheaval. In vastness, depth and intensity, it exceeded all that had gone before. From it, America has not escaped so scatheless. Invention had diminished the distance intervening between us and the disturbed area, and modern industry and commerce had multiplied and interwoven our relationships with the people over there. Moreover, by reason of these new conditions, we were drawn into actual participation in the European struggle, a thing we vigorously and successfully resisted one hundred years before. As a result, there is a Babel of strange voices in our land. They are lifted in the preachment of new doctrines that will not square with the Constitution handed down to us by our forefathers. They are singing a raucous, discordant chorus out of harmony with the music of our republic.

Heretofore we have had only long-range knowledge of the Radicalism that prevailed in many of the countries of the Euro-

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pean continent. The meager newspaper and magazine reports and discussions of Anarchy, Communism, Socialism, Bolshevism and kindred "isms" across the sea have aroused but mild and casual interest in this country, until today we are face to face with similar problems of increasing gravity.

There is no occasion for immediate alarm among those who are devoted to the preservation of our form of government, but there is ample cause for serious thought and prompt action. The man who does not recognize this fact is blind to the signs of the times, and his failure to see what is passing before him now will compel him to engage in a mental footrace to catch up with the procession a few years hence.

The danger to our institutions from Radicalism does not arise from the fact that there is at present an element of Radicals in our country of such imposing strength and numbers as openly and directly to threaten the overthrow of the existing order. To be sure, the number of such men has enormously increased within the last few years, and their activity in the dissemination of their doctrines, both by the spoken and written word, has been tremendously enlarged. On the news stands in practically all of our cities can be seen their periodicals with glaring headlines that radiate maledictions against every institution of government and society. The class hatred that is engendered by these publications, the disloyalty to the Government and the seething discontent, are beyond all calculation. The business man who sees these radical sheets, when he pauses to buy an evening paper as he hurries homeward, does not accord to them a passing thought. Let him not make the mistake of thinking that, because these venomous shafts of political Ishmaelism do not touch him, they do not pierce and poison anybody else. They are read in various languages and implicitly accepted by hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions of people altogether. To get an idea of the kind of political pabulum that is being fed to an element of laboring men, to the unemployed and, particularly, to the foreign born, it would be well for the business and professional man and the steady, conservative working man occasionally to take home with them a copy of one of these periodicals. They will find its contents of more startling signifi-

cance than the news of the day, for it is not simply the news of today, but, if discerningly read, it may be the news of tomorrow.

And yet, let it be repeated, there is no imminent occasion for apprehension that these open and conspicuous advocates of Radicalism can shatter the structure of society in the United States. There is, however, genuine cause for uneasiness in the fact that a large and influential element of people in this country are headed toward socialistic Radicalism, without being aware of it. A very positive movement is on foot to throw the forces of organized labor into politics as allies of Socialism. This development is not surprising, in view of the fact that it is merely a duplication of what has already occurred in various countries of Europe. For the time being, the leaders of this movement do not call themselves Socialists, but the socialistic trend of their activities is quite obvious.

Until recently, organized labor has largely confined its operations to conducting along economic lines the struggle with capital for a larger share in the product of its hands and for improved working conditions. Only occasionally and locally has labor attempted to make itself felt in politics in an organized way, and then, as a rule, without any definite, distinctive policy. The new political movement of organized labor is headed and controlled by certain leaders of railway labor organizations, who have formed a working agreement with the Socialist party and other radical groups.

In so far as Samuel Gompers, the head of the American Federation of Labor, is concerned, he loses no opportunity to let it be known that he is not a Socialist. The majority of the railroad labor organizations are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The leaders of a few of these organizations have so far held aloof from this movement, but most of them are represented in it. Organizations representing "dirt" farmers have likewise displayed no interest in it, although its roster shows the names of a few political and paper agriculturists. The railway employees alone, numbering as they do approximately 2,000,000, if they could be delivered *en bloc* at the polls, would constitute a formidable vote. The Socialists polled a vote of 919,799 in the national election of 1920, and it is not

thought that any considerable percentage of this vote came from railway employees, but some of the other labor groups represented in this new political bloc, for example, the miners and garment workers, doubtless contributed a larger portion of it.

The financial resources of these labor organizations are actually great and potentially enormous. As an illustration of the big scale upon which they conduct their affairs, one of the railway unions expended in the holding of its national convention in 1922 upwards of $350,000, and it is not exceptional for the conventions of the larger railway organizations to cost a sum running well into six figures.

One of the organizations owns a bank capitalized at a million dollars, has recently purchased valuable coal lands, and pays its chief a salary of $25,000 per annum. Several of them own pretentious buildings in which they maintain elaborate headquarters, well manned with generously paid employees, and have assets running into the millions.

Each of the organizations publishes its own magazine, and the railway unions jointly publish a weekly paper in Washington that is purely political and that nearly all of the organizations send to their entire membership at the expense of their treasury funds.

None of these matters are mentioned by way of criticism, but merely for the purpose of exemplifying the power and resources of these organizations and for the further purpose of pointing the moral that they are not posing as the economic underdogs and "wage-slaves" of the present industrial system.

The organizations of railway employees, as a whole, were immensely advanced and strengthened during Federal control of the railroads. They have suffered less from deflation since the war than any other class of labor.

It may therefore seem strange that the leaders of several of the highest paid classes of railway employees should form an open alliance with Socialism and undertake to lead their constituents into such a movement. It often happens that a labor leader excuses a questionable action by saying that he was impelled to it by the membership back of him. So far as discernible, there is no great amount of spontaneous sentiment

among railway employees for Socialism or any of the other political "isms" that have been plucked from Europe and transplanted in America.

Of course, it must be said that this new political movement fostered by leaders of organized labor does not propose immediate entrance into the Socialist party, but merely coöperation with it. The Socialists wisely welcome this as a first step and naturally expect it to be followed by another in the same direction. They consider the movement unquestionably socialistic in some appreciable degree or they would not coöperate with it.

The outstanding feature of the programme of these particular railroad labor leaders which appeals to the Socialists is their advocacy of government ownership of the railroads under the so-called Plumb Plan. While it is recognized that there are people who favor government ownership of the railroads who are not Socialists, it is perceived by the Socialists that government ownership of public utilities is the first long stride toward the socialization of all industries. It must be noted, however, that the heads of some of the railroad labor organizations have not subscribed to the Plumb Plan, and the idea that government ownership would be advantageous to the employees is gravely doubted. The fact is pointed to that the postal employees have never succeeded in having everything their own way, and have fared no better than men in private employment performing work requiring comparable skill and responsibility. This is sometimes answered by the argument that the greater the number of highly organized men in the government service, the more effective would be their control over everything bearing on their wages and working conditions. Those who advance this idea hold to the opinion that the vast army of railway employees would dominate the Government and they cite their success in obtaining concessions during the recent period of government control. To this, the reply is made that the facility with which the railroad labor organizations procured advantageous action from the Government during the stress of war cannot be taken as a measure of what would happen under government control during times of peace.

While this sort of argument is going on among railway em-

ployees, the fact remains that the leaders of a large majority of their organizations have launched an aggressive campaign for government ownership, and they are utilizing their official magazines for spreading propaganda to this end. A typical utterance on this subject is embraced in the following excerpt from a recent issue of *The Journal of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers*, where it was printed in display type:

> Let us face the railroad problem honestly. We shall continue to have freight tie-ups, labor trouble, inefficient service, over valuation, and inside contract scandals, so long as the railroads of this country are operated for private profit and not primarily for public service. The railroads, like the dirt roads, must belong to the people. The workers themselves possess the technical brains, devotion to duty, and loyalty to the public weal, requisite for the efficient operation of the railways. Give them a chance. The Plumb Plan shows the way. Must the railway employees and the people of the United States suffer another railroad strike, perhaps far more serious than the last one, to impress this truth upon them? The Plumb Plan is our only hope. Either that or chaos.

Government ownership of railways, however, is not expected to be achieved at any early date by discussion and agitation, based on present conditions. Certain intermediate developments must be brought about, which will so discourage and disgust the public with private ownership and operation as to incite a popular clamor for government ownership. The above quotation from the Engineers' *Journal* furnishes the key to the situation: first a taste of chaos, and then the joyful acceptance of government ownership.

The people of this country are afraid of government ownership of railroads, with its infinite possibilities of political log-rolling and graft, bureaucratic inefficiency, class domination, and increased taxation. The only consideration that will ever impel them to give ear to this proposition will be complete and conclusive evidence that private ownership and operation have absolutely failed to meet the needs of the American public. They will then fly from the ills they have to others that they know not of.

In the mean time, this alleged progressive movement is driving directly toward one point, and that is, in general terms, to remove from the statute books of the United States and from

the Federal Constitution every vestige of law and legal machinery that is designed to restrain strikers from the use of physical force and to regulate their use of economic power in the enforcement of their demands against employers and the public. With this purpose fairly well accomplished, our Government would become one of force rather than law, and chaos would indeed reign. Without attempting to file a full bill of particulars in connection with the foregoing radical programme, euphemistically called progressive by its proponents, let a few examples suffice.

In the first place, it is seriously proposed to change the form of our Government by undermining and overthrowing the independence of the Judiciary Department. The proposal to empower Congress to set aside a decision of the Supreme Court which declares an act of Congress unconstitutional is revolutionary in its nature. That element of radical and restive men who are always eager to tinker and experiment with established institutions have no patience with the thoughtful and deliberate methods of a court. When they desire the quick enactment of a law, it matters not to them that the law is unconstitutional, and they rage against the court which declares it so. They concede that Congress may pass a law that violates the Constitution, but insist that Congress should have the final right to say whether or not it has in fact made such blunder. It would appear that if Congress passed an unconstitutional law, it would do so either knowingly or unknowingly. If, after the usually full discussion, it enacted the unconstitutional law knowingly, it would not likely retract. If it passed it unknowingly, it would not be likely to find it out.

A parliamentary body, composed of a large percentage of men comparatively unfamiliar with the Constitution and laws of the country, is not fitted to pass judgment upon the constitutionality of a statute. Such a question is a judicial one of the highest type and character and should no more be referred to a legislative body than any other function of the judiciary.

This proposal means nothing more nor less than the complete wiping out of our written Constitution. Instead of having all questions affecting the character of our liberties passed upon by a court, comprised of men trained for that purpose and

freed from the influence of ephemeral popular passion by long tenure of office, this sacred instrument would be made the sport of the rising and falling tides of inconstant public sentiment as reflected in successive, short-lived congresses. But one result could flow from such a system. The Legislative Department of our Federal Government would soon completely dominate the Executive and Judiciary Departments. The constitutional rock upon which our nation stands would be replaced by sinking sands and the liberties of the people would be engulfed.

As a corollary to this proposition, the demand is made that the courts should be deprived of the injunctive powers exercised in connection with strikes, or that those powers should be greatly limited. Any man who will look this demand squarely in the eyes knows that it has but one meaning. It means that the labor leaders who espouse it desire that strikers and their coadjutors shall possess the unfettered license to destroy property and to intimidate and assault those who exercise the right to do the work that the strikers have abandoned. It means that the courts of our land must stand shackled and gagged in the presence of insolent and triumphant force. It means that the strongest safeguard of life, liberty and property known to our republic must be broken down in order that the onrush of the frenzied mob may not be obstructed.

The injunctive power is not an instrument of oppression. Not often has it been perverted from its proper use. In tens of thousands of instances it has protected the weak against the mighty, the law-abiding against the lawless, the peaceable against the violent. Nothing is to be gained by mincing words in the discussion of this question. The people of this country know that the economic power of the strike degenerates nine times out of ten into crude, raw, naked, hideous physical force. Because this is true almost without exception in big strikes, it must be anticipated by those who order strikes. Indeed, it is known that only in rare instances can a strike succeed without the accompaniment of violence.

The recent railroad strike manifested practically all the phases of civil warfare. The new workers were besieged inside their stockades. The blockade of shipments of all sorts of

commodities was attempted. Bombs were thrown for the destruction of men and property. Murders and assaults were committed. Then, when the Attorney-General, after infinite patience and the careful gathering of evidence, resorted to the courts for the defense of the lives of workers and the preservation of the public utility upon which the people at large must depend for food and fuel, there arose a demagogical outcry against the courts, the Department of Justice and the power of injunction.

This, however, is not an isolated political phenomenon. It is only one incident in the steady campaign of vituperation and abuse that is being promiscuously waged against the courts of the land in support of the definite programme above mentioned. By far the most alarming feature of Radicalism in this country today is the persistent, systematic, wide-spread effort to destroy the confidence of the people in the courts. The extent to which this is being carried on can be realized only by those who read the radical publications.

A few quotations taken at random, from a small number of publications, illustrate the war that is being made on the courts, the State militia, the police and other agencies of law and order by leaders of even conservative organizations. One or two of these excerpts also express the prevailing sentiment in regard to the man who takes up the work laid down by a striker, namely, that the strike breaker or "scab" has no right to do such work, that violence against him is perfectly justifiable, and that the ideal public official is the one who declines to interfere when the strike breaker is beaten up and compelled to flee from his work, or is perhaps murdered. The statement that "strike breaking is becoming unhealthy in Illinois" is a delicate and feeling recognition of the fine work done in the massacre of twenty-odd strike breakers at Herrin.

The quotations follow:

Locomotive Engineers' Journal, July, 1922:

Putting the gown of a Chief Justice on a man does not alter by one whit the respect to which he is entitled. Why should the workers accept as divine law the decrees of the same "Injunction Bill" Taft, who, first among federal judges, nailed the engineer to his locomotive and denied him the right to quit work when the job and pay dissatisfied him? * * *

Perhaps, Mr. Debs is right when he says in his article in this issue of the *Journal* that Mr. Taft was appointed to administer this kind of justice.

Locomotive Engineers' Journal, June, 1922:

We sound a warning to the courts, the police and other agencies of "justice" which are using force and the power of the State to coerce organized labor. They are treading upon dangerous ground. They are doing more to overthrow law and order and destroy the government than all the Bolsheviks and radical agitators who ever existed, and they are compelling even the dullest worker to realize that the right of labor will receive scant consideration until the State itself is controlled by the producing classes.

* * * * * *

We shall not rest content until the unwarranted judicial veto is taken from the Supreme Court and the expressed will of the people becomes the unquestioned law of the land.

* * * * * *

Must democracy be defeated by the New Slavery, which is destroying the Old Freedom? What hope can we put in political action, in economic organization, in the struggle for a free press? Is there any remedy short of revolution? These and other vital social issues Dr. Howe analyzes in "Revolution and Democracy".

Journal of Electrical Workers and Operators, July, 1922:

Chief Justice Taft of the United States Supreme Court, is to be given credit for removing all doubt about the courts, in the main, being the apparatus of the big interests, barren of justice, and club of those who have looted America.

Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers' Journal, April, 1922:

America today is a composite of every form of tyranny practiced in the Old World and historically recorded, until the New World can give the extinct and existing monarchical forms of government in the Old World lessons in how to effectively fit the necks of a subject people to the galling yoke, not of freedom but of an unacknowledged but nevertheless existing vassalage.

Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers' Journal, July, 1922:

A Union Army officered by Union Men would logically be in perfect harmony with trades union ideals, for only by and through such an agency would the present practice of recourse to armed intervention in labor disputes cease to be the crowning infamy of an alleged democratic republic.

The Railroad Telegrapher, August, 1922:

No man can deny the fact that, as a result of recent decisions of the Supreme Court, the people suffer while the few rejoice, and the people will continue to suffer until such time as law is made supreme and the government

of five men now afflicting the country is done away with. There is no law now—there exists but anarchy—the anarchy of a government based on the whims, susceptibilities, wishes and desires of five old men who are opposed to the law made by the people for the people.

The Railway Conductor, May, 1922:

A judicial noose that strangles labor is used by coal owners to conceal their profits and gouge the public.

This situation shows how far property-biased courts can go without protest from the public whose attention is drawn from these things by master propagandists.

Machinists' Monthly Journal, August, 1922; Department "Woman's Sphere":

The absurd part of it is the tax payers in every State are really paying for the establishment and maintenance of these state militia and constabularies that are only used to protect the property and financial interests of the wealthy class. Did you ever know of them being used for any other purpose? Most assuredly not for the benefit of the worker.

Texas Railway Journal, August, 1922:

The Chicago and Alton Ry. sent in a bunch of strike breakers on Slater, Mo. The women of the city congregated and drove them out of the city. The mayor and sheriff are both order men and refused to interfere with the women. Strike breaking is becoming unhealthy in Missouri and Illinois, as it will be elsewhere when real union voters exercise enough intelligence to vote their labor tickets straight, leaving the "labor skate" element and disruptionists to mingle with their kind—the strike breaker.

* * * * * *

If you, a worker, persist in your disregard for the necessity of discipline and solidarity at the ballot box, then you will later be compelled to resort to physical force—to the rifle, if you please—to compel from the masters recognition of your rights, and remember you have no rights you cannot defend.

Such excerpts might be extended *ad infinitum*, but those given are typical of the sentiments that are being inculcated among laboring men with reference to the Government under which they live. As a rule, these come from the leaders of the most highly paid workers in the country, the purchasing power of whose wage is considerably higher than it was before the war, notwithstanding the increased cost of living. The tone and tenor of the utterances of the really radical papers and leaders can well be imagined without being set out here.

This indiscriminate attack on the courts is equivalent to an attack on all forms of civilized government, because there can be no government without laws, and without courts to provide the interpretation necessary to the enforcement of the laws. Such a preachment therefore tends to the destruction of all government and the enthronement of anarchy.

Another incident of this self-styled progressive movement is its purpose to repeal the labor provisions of the Transportation Act, because that enactment throws obstacles in the way of railway strikes, even though it does not expressly forbid them. Since its passage, nearly two years ago, there has been but one strike of any magnitude, although about 9,000 disputes have been decided by the Railroad Labor Board, including all the difficult questions of after-war readjustment of wages and revision of working rules. The one strike referred to wrought incalculable damage to the country, particularly to the farmers, but the mere fact that the matters in issue had been tried and decided by a government tribunal deprived the strikers of any considerable part of the public support essential to their success. Here is a condensed recapitulatory analysis of the various steps in the programme of this new alliance:

1. To deprive the courts and all other tribunals of the power to obstruct strikes and to restrain strikers from the use of force.

2. To curtail both State and National troops so that the Government cannot successfully use them to protect employers, workers and the public from the violence of strikes.

3. To subordinate the judicial to the legislative branch of the Government and to emasculate the written Constitution so that sweeping changes in our political and industrial system can be speedily accomplished.

4. Having consummated the first three items of this platform, the logical sequence which our people would inevitably be called upon to face would be the conversion of the republic into some sort of a socialistic or communistic government or dictatorship of the proletariat. This is why the Socialists coöperated so cordially in the Cleveland conference. Of course, it is not asserted that all of the participants in that conference contemplated the end here described.

This conference has organized what is equivalent to a third party, but it proposes to submerge its identity for the present and to operate inside the party lines of the two old parties. It is to participate in party primaries alternately and impartially, and then, whenever both primary results are not satisfactory, it is to nominate candidates of its own.

The gentle persuasive democratic methods of political discipline it will doubtless employ are set out in the September number of *The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine*, as follows:

POLITICAL TRAITORS AS BAD AS STRIKE BREAKERS

Information has come to us that certain individuals claiming to be Brotherhood men are working for Albert J. Beveridge, candidate for United States Senator from Indiana, and these individuals or any other Brotherhood or Union members, who may be contemplating a course of this kind, might as well understand that their support of Beveridge and men like him will mean that they will be classed with strike breakers in the estimation of all honest wage earners who know of their perfidy.

The severity of this threat can be understood only by those who are familiar with the loathing and contempt in which strike breakers are held by professional labor leaders and the merciless way in which they are treated.

It is this kind of intensified and unreasoning class spirit which caused the leaders of the Russian workers to anathematize a dictatorship and then to set up one of their own, to rebel against military oppression and then to create a military despotism, to advocate freedom of the press and then to throttle it when their time came, to plead the cause of the laboring man and then to make him a voiceless, helpless conscripted toiler in a condition approximating peonage.

And this is the lesson for the sensible American working-man—the danger of following off after leaders who call themselves progressive, but who are, in every sense, reactionary, who hastily propose to throw into the discard the best Government the world ever saw, who seek to set up physical force above the law, and whose programme, according to all human precedents, would plunge our country into the depths of poverty, crime, misery and despair.

This radical movement to manipulate a bloc vote in the two political parties so as to control both will have to be met by intelligent, patriotic and non-partisan action upon the part of the great conservative-progressive element of the country. It will require a show of strength to prevent time-serving politicians from prostrating themselves before this pretentious class array. The term "conservative-progressive" is used advisedly. The majority of the adherents of both political parties may be aptly characterized as progressives, who earnestly desire to see the country advance socially and industrially, but who want such progress conservatively and safely negotiated without any radical changes in our form of government. This is the kind of progress that gains ground and then holds it.

No worse mistake can be made than to assume an attitude of smug contentment with the existing order and of nervous irritation toward all who offer to change it.

Let us charge up the Radicalism that is extant in our country to three causes, namely: the miasma that has floated across the sea from Europe; the inherent restlessness of certain types of men who always magnify the ills around them; and, most important of all, the fact that the gigantic growth of modern industrialism has created inequalities and injustices that call for readjustment. To this latter task, thinking men must address themselves and that with alacrity.

No word here written is intended to discourage the aspirations of laboring men for the betterment of the condition of themselves and their dependents. The standards of living for the worker have constantly moved forward in our Republic. This process must continue, and, in an organized and collective way, labor must strive for its furtherance. It is a consummation, however, that cannot be attained by force nor accelerated by the legerdemain of political wonder-workers.

BEN W. HOOPER.

RUSSIAN POLICY IN THE FAR EAST

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

TODAY Soviet Russia is playing an old game with new cards. The technique of her diplomacy in the Far East is novel; but the policy has much that is familiar. If Count Witte and M. Izvolsky were alive today they would thoroughly appreciate the difficulties which confront Comrad Joffe, the Russian Soviet envoy at Pekin. Indeed there is the same old endeavor to influence Chinese officialdom; and the combination of threats and cajolery launched by Joffe's press bureau is reminiscent of Czarist diplomacy.

The Mongolian problem is in a condition even more uncertain than it was in the days of Izvolsky and Sazonov, 1911–15; and the control and use of the Chinese Eastern Railway present difficulties that were well known to Witte in the heyday of the Russo-Asiatic Bank. Once more Siberian affairs are entirely in the hands of Moscow and the Japanese are out of the mainland. The Grand Dukes would, therefore, rejoice with Trotsky over the return of "our own Russian city of Vladivostok". Meanwhile as regards Inner Mongolia, Manchuria, the control of Northern Sakhalin, and economic concessions, there is the same sort of uncertain bargaining that marked older Russian diplomacy in its relation to Japan on other occasions.

There is not, of course, a mere repetition of events and policies in the Far East today. New elements in the situation and new methods both at Moscow and at Tokio are also involved. A bare catalogue of these must suffice. The revolution in Russia, Allied intervention in Siberia, the prolonged Japanese occupation, the brief life of the Far Eastern Republic, civil disturbances in China, the Washington Conference, and the preaching of the gospel of unrest throughout Asia, have all combined to introduce novel factors. Indeed, if new Soviet diplomacy could be taken at its full face value there would be some reason to suppose that the Far East was confronting strange and unknown problems.

Certainly the manifesto of the Moscow Government in July, 1919, addressed to "the Ministers, Civil Governors, Bureaus, and People of the Chinese Republic", had a new diplomatic flavor. With very important qualifications its principles have recently been reaffirmed by Joffe at Pekin. This appeal of Moscow in 1919 came at a time when Chinese public opinion had been affronted by the Allied decision as to Shantung at Paris. Apparently "self-determination" did not extend to Asia, and "secret treaties" had the right of way over the "Fourteen Points". In the Versailles Treaty each of the Allied Powers had set out to secure for itself all that was possible. In short it was a policy with which the Chinese had long been familiar in their dealings with European States and with Westernized Japan. Then from Moscow came a new doctrine in language that plain men could understand.

The Soviet Government declared that "all people, no matter whether their nations are great or small, no matter where they live, no matter at what time they may have lost their independence, should have their independence and self-government and not submit to being bound by other nations". All secret treaties were specifically denounced; and a new basis of negotiation between Russia and China was proposed as follows:

1. The territory seized by the former Imperial Russian Government to be returned to you. . . .

2. The Russian Government will restore to the sovereignty of China the Chinese Eastern Railway and the mines and forests appropriated by the former Imperial Russian Government, and it will not ask one cent therefor. . . .

3. This Government will not accept the Boxer indemnity payments. . . .

4. The special privileges for Russian subjects established by the former Imperial Russian Government and China are null and void. All extraterritorial privileges are also cancelled. . . .

5. In addition to the matters noted above, all agreements made by the former Russian Imperial Government, acting independently or with Japan, or with the Entente Powers, with the envoys of China, in which there are unfair points, will be null and void.

This certainly was sweeping charity. To the Chinese it sounded like a new diplomatic Magna Carta. On the one hand was the recent Treaty of Versailles which placed Japanese control

paramount in Shantung. On the other was this generous proposal from Moscow. Under the circumstances it was not surprising that this document had a great influence on Chinese public opinion, particularly as the hated extraterritorial privileges were abandoned by the Soviet Government. The experience of the next three years, however, was to modify seriously the effect of this manifesto. Especially did the course of events and Soviet policy as to Mongolia give pause.

Furthermore, for Chinese officials at Pekin there was the difficult matter of a published letter from Chicherin, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, addressed in the previous March to Sun Yat-sen, the rebel leader of the Canton Government. This document, as printed in the *Izvestia*, the official gazette of the Soviet Government at Moscow, hailed Sun Yat-sen as the "leader of the Chinese Revolution at the head of Chinese democracy against the Northern Chinese and foreign imperialistic governments of oppression". The appeal of Moscow to Canton called upon "our Chinese brothers" to join in a "common struggle" at a time when the Pekin Government "is the puppet of foreign bankers". Under such circumstances the authorities at Pekin were content "to wait and see".

Meanwhile here and there began the infiltration of revolutionary propaganda into China from the Communist Internationale at Moscow, a body whose interlocking directorate with the Soviet Government was notorious. First at Shanghai in May, 1919, the police found some Bolshevist literature; and later under the Oriental titles of the *Almanac of Enlightenment* and the *Precious Mirror of the Workers* attempts were made to spread Communist doctrines in China.

The fact that the Bolshevist experiment was first of all planned as a remedy for the ills of Western industrial society, that many of its notions ran directly counter to fundamental Chinese concepts of society, and that the essential conservatism of China was poor soil for these strange, Western ideas of revolution, were all factors which inclined many observers in China to laugh at some of these crude attempts to stir the Chinese to revolt.

Gradually, however, the character and type of Bolshevist propaganda in the Far East altered. The earlier appeals had

been in the dialect of the proletarian revolution. The later attempts aimed to make use of anti-foreign sentiment to draw all nationalist agitation to the bosom of the Communist Internationale. An attempt was made even to utilize anti-Christian feeling in an attack on "foreign capitalists who are aiming at enslaving Chinese millions under the shield of Christianity". A variation of this method was the insertion among the pages of copies of the Gospel of St. Luke, in Chinese, of Bolshevist leaflets, evidently written by an accomplished Chinese scholar.

Joffe himself has maintained a press bureau ever since his arrival at Pekin last August. At a dinner to Chinese journalists he proclaimed the rôle of a triumphant Soviet Russia, destined in the future to support weaker countries politically and economically. The common interests of China and of Russia lay, therefore, in their struggle for national and economic independence. Moreover, in educated Chinese circles there is at present opportunity for this sort of talk to win a hearing. At the National University in Pekin are professors and students to whom the appeals of the Soviet envoy are not unwelcome. Many Chinese students are suffering from a ferment of ill-digested, Western philosophies which have been too hastily swallowed. Add to this a natural sophomoric burst of hurried nationalism, and the result is explosive.

Across this uncertain trail of agitation there comes now a more definite issue. This lies in the assumption by Soviet Russia of a Mongolian policy that runs closely parallel to that adopted by Czarist Russia. This is also serving to bring to the test the various professions of sympathy and good will for China which have hitherto marked the Russian Soviet campaign.

Mongolia lies as a huge border province separating organized China from Siberia. Inner Mongolia had already been divided by a line drawn to separate Russian from Japanese spheres of influence by a secret Russo-Japanese treaty of 1912. Outer Mongolia, with its long western boundary coterminous with Siberia, had gradually become a region where the interests of three nations met. The Mongols now faced the dangers of foreign control from two sides. On the one hand was the steady encroachment year by year of patient Chinese agricul-

turists who were pushing forward into the pastoral lands of Mongolia. The Chinese Government sought also to assert its suzerain authority at Urga. There a Living Buddha, incarnate with the virtues of his predecessors, reigned with the tacit support of the great Dalai Lama of Lhassa. On the other hand were the restless Russians eager to trade and ready to fight.

Moreover, in such a situation there was also involved the ever important element of Oriental prestige. What happened in remote Mongolia was resilient throughout the Far East. Mongolian affairs had been simmering since 1881, when a Russo-Chinese treaty had given the Russians valuable rights of economic penetration into Mongolia, of which they had not been slow to avail themselves. This policy later involved disputes with Chinese traders in Mongolia. Then came the Chinese revolution of 1911. Immediately the Hutukhtu or Living Buddha at Urga declared his independence as Emperor of Outer Mongolia. In the dispute which followed between Urga and Pekin the Russians saw their opportunity.

An agreement of 1912 between Russia and Mongolia pledged Russian assistance to maintain Mongolian autonomy. This at once stirred deep resentment in China where "autonomy" was taken to mean independence. This was remedied in part by a Russo-Chinese agreement of 1913 in which Russia specifically recognized the suzerainty of China over Outer Mongolia. There followed a tripartite treaty of 1915 by which China and Russia agreed to refrain from interference with the internal administration of Outer Mongolia, the suzerainty of China was acknowledged by Mongolia, and Russia's right to free trade in Outer Mongolia was confirmed. In particular Mongolia was not to negotiate political treaties with foreign Powers and China was to consult with Russia and Mongolia as to political and territorial questions. The result was a sort of rough joint protectorate by Russia and China over Outer Mongolia.

This arrangement naturally endured a severe test during the long period of disorder and civil war in Siberia which ensued on the Russian revolution and on Allied intervention, 1917–1920. In 1919, however, the Chinese republic ended this agreement by formally including Outer Mongolia within Chinese territory.

This was followed by the irruption into Mongolia of the civil disorder which was devastating Siberia. Bands of Russian counter-revolutionists, who it was asserted received secret Japanese support, made Urga a base for attack on Soviet Russia and its satellite, the Far Eastern Republic. Both Mongolian and Chinese authorities were helpless before this outbreak of war. From a military point of view the Soviet authorities felt compelled to intervene in Mongolia with the result that these counter-revolutionary forces were partially dispersed.

The Chinese Government, however, had immediately protested against action which it claimed was a violation of national sovereignty. In part to meet this protest and in part because of a line of policy already shown in other parts of Asia, the Soviet Government then assisted in the organization on its own territory of forces which were to establish at Urga a new Mongolian Government. This styled itself the People's Revolutionary Government of Mongolia. Backed by Soviet troops this new organization now claimed to speak for all of Outer Mongolia. In reality Urga became an outpost of Moscow. Under these circumstances a fresh agreement between Soviet Russia and the revolutionary authorities at Urga declared on November 5, 1921, that all previous treaties "have become null and void owing to the new state of affairs in both countries". In this treaty, which recognized the Revolutionary Government as "the only legal Government in Mongolia", China was not even mentioned. Meanwhile the Soviet press is loud in its praise of the new State; and Mongolian diplomatic representatives at Moscow proclaim their friendship with Soviet Russia. They also maintain that "no treaties, neither political nor economic, nor of any other kind, exist between China and Mongolia".

This is the situation which now confronts the new Soviet envoy, in his attempts at Pekin to negotiate a trade agreement and to secure recognition from China. In repeated notes he has demanded that "White Guard" bands should be broken up in Manchuria, that a commission of inquiry be appointed to deal with the Chinese Eastern Railway, and that tariff questions should be discussed. In the mean time Soviet troops are to remain at Urga. In reply the Chinese Foreign Office has insisted

that, as a preliminary to any negotiations, Russian troops should be entirely withdrawn from Outer Mongolia. Here matters are at a dead-lock.

Under such circumstances the claims of Soviet Russia to a voice in the affairs of the Chinese Eastern Railway have received only a preliminary hearing. In general, however, they rest on the assertion that by decree of the Bolshevist Government railways were nationalized in 1918 as was also the Russo-Asiatic Bank. Consequently the five million rubles of railway shares held by that bank became State property. Furthermore, since by the railway decree of 1896 the shares of the Chinese Eastern Railway were to be held jointly by Russia and China, if the Russo-Asiatic Bank is really a French corporation it cannot hold the railway shares in any case.

These contentions raise at once the full meaning of the famous declaration of renunciation of rights in China on the part of the Soviet Government first made in 1919. It is here that some of the important qualifications appear, for in a recent note Joffe points out that by that declaration Russia—

> renounced the predatory and violent policy of the Czar's government and promised to renounce those rights which had accrued to Russia from this policy. But firstly, until all these questions will have been settled by a free accord between Russia and China, Russia's rights in China will not have lost their strength, and secondly, that declaration did not at all annul Russia's local and just interests in China.
>
> In particular, for instance, even if Russia vests in the Chinese people her title to the Chinese Eastern Railway, this will not annul Russia's interests in this line which is a portion of the Great Siberian Railway and unites one part of the Russian territory with another.

The note concludes with the threat that, if the Chinese Government continues to ignore Russian interests, Russia will "consider herself free from those promises which she has voluntarily given". Whatever view may be taken as to the legal questions involved, this note appears to modify the manifesto of 1919. To this frank statement of policy and interpretation can be added the gossip of responsible people, friendly to Soviet Russia, who say that in these negotiations with China the Soviet Foreign Office is urging the right to move troops along the line of the Chinese Eastern Railway in case of any emergency. On the

whole, therefore, Soviet diplomacy as regards China, whether from the point of view of Communist propaganda, of Mongolia, or of railway matters, threatens a vigorous return to an active Russian policy.

One reason for this energy lies in the complete return of Russian sovereignty in Siberia as exercised from Moscow. In spite of the break up of the Chang Chun conference between Japan, the Far Eastern Republic, and Soviet Russia last September, the Japanese Government kept to its scheduled promise and withdrew its last troops from the mainland of Siberia by the end of October. That Conference came to grief, nominally, over the question of Japanese withdrawal from Northern Sakhalin.

In the mean time preparations were made for the formal reassertion of Russian authority throughout the entire territory of the Far Eastern Republic. We can recall the doubts expressed during the Washington Conference as to the stability of that Government and as to the reality of its independence from Moscow. Toward the end of October various Social Revolutionary leaders, those arch enemies of the Bolsheviki, who had fancied themselves secure at Chita, were arrested and conveyed to Western Siberia. A fortnight later, the flag of the Far Eastern Republic had almost disappeared from the streets of Chita. Everywhere the flag of Moscow was flying. Then painlessly, almost overnight, the Assembly at Chita voted all power to a new revolutionary committee which was to be directed by Moscow. In this fashion the realities of the situation became plain, for in foreign affairs the Far Eastern Republic was a mere temporary substitute for Soviet Russia. At all events there was now no longer a chance that the Far Eastern Republic as such might be the open door by which indirect negotiations between Moscow and the outside world could be carried on. In the future Tokio, Pekin, or possibly even Washington, would know with whom to negotiate as to Siberian affairs and as to Russian interests in the Far East. Moscow ruled once more on the open shores of the Pacific.

In the remaining questions as to the continued Japanese occupation of Northern Sakhalin and the adjustment of Japanese economic policies in Siberia there is much to be done.

Certainly the original demands of Japan made at the Dairen Conference in 1921 have been modified. Then under seventeen headings the Japanese proposed to utilize their military position at Vladivostok to win extensive economic privileges and to secure the permanent destruction of the military and naval power of Russia along the Pacific Coast.

This policy has now been revised. The obstinacy with which these proposals were opposed by the Far Eastern Republic and changes in the policy of the present cabinet at Tokio cleared the way for Japanese withdrawal from Vladivostok without conditions. This decision is in direct contrast to the gloomy forecasts of anti-Japanese propagandists during the Washington Conference. It is in accord with other changes of method which are now marking Japanese policy in the Far East.

Last June in an article in *The New York Times* I used the phrase, "Japan is looking for an occasion to withdraw from Siberia." The hope was then expressed of the gradual conviction on the part of Japan that "sound Japanese policy is based on a whole-hearted international coöperation for peace". Today after more than six months that hope is much brighter. The general purposes of Japanese policy undoubtedly remain the same; but the methods are altering.

In the face of temptation to intervene in Chinese affairs, the Japanese are watchfully waiting in the hope that out of the present confused struggle of men and parties in China the opportunity may come for them to win a better opening to Chinese resources and Chinese markets. Indeed, if Japan succeeds in gaining the friendship of China, the result may be much more important for the United States than if Japanese policies had continued to be an increasing menace to Chinese political integrity.

In view of these facts the future relations of Japan and Soviet Russia are of utmost importance. On the whole Japanese opinion is hopeful but somewhat perplexed. Russia insists on the evacuation of Northern Sakhalin. Japan remains firm on the plea that compensation for the massacre of Japanese at Nikolaievsk must be settled first. In reality the Conference at Chang Chun broke up fully as much on the issue of a general

trade agreement to which Soviet Russia was to be a party. Thus the whole matter broadens to a problem with which the United States is familiar. Is Japan to go on to a *de jure* recognition of Soviet Russia? At present she is not inclined to do so, though the action of other countries might have decided effect on her policy in this respect.

Throughout the last year the Soviet official press has viewed the situation in the Far East with increasing interest. The Washington Conference was a profound disappointment to the Soviet Government, because neither Russia nor the Far Eastern Republic won an entrance and also because the United States and Japan came to a friendly understanding. During the Genoa Conference there was strong approval of Chicherin's warning to Japan that an attack on the Far Eastern Republic would mean war by Soviet Russia. As the plans for the Chang Chun Conference matured a friendly tone appeared. Instead of denunciation of Japan as an enemy of both Soviet Russia and China there was amicable discussion of the benefits each might derive from trade.

Naturally with the break up of the Chang Chun Conference there were protests against the continuation of Japan in Northern Sakhalin; but as compared with previous outbursts the Soviet press was mild. In short, the impression gains that officially Russia is trying to play Japan against China and, as negotiations with China stumble badly over Mongolia, there may be a turn toward more friendly relations with Japan. The same holds true of Sun Yat-sen and the Pekin Government. The policy of Moscow is "to play both ends against the middle." Of course the reverse might also be true if circumstances should change.

However, from the outset of the Bolshevik régime in Russia both the Soviet Government and the Communist Internationale have paid a vast amount of attention to Asiatic affairs. There has developed a steadfast determination that Russia should once more play a dominant rôle in Asia. At present Soviet authorities are playing to the gallery of radical Young China. At the same time they are voicing historical plans and desires for influence and power. Opportunist in method, Russia aims to "come back" in the Far East.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIST

BY MAJOR SHERMAN MILES, U. S. A.

THE pacifist does not quite fit into the picture. Considering the times, one would suppose that the world should lie repentant and chastened before him, that he should be everywhere acceptable in men's eyes. There should be no turning away from him. And yet, at the Burial of the Unknown Dead, President Harding made it clear that he spoke "not as a pacifist fearing war, but as one who loves justice and hates war".

This remark of the President throws a strong light on a strange situation. The world today worships peace, but denies the pacifist. In the least belligerent of nations, among a peace-loving people, a word which merely means the advocacy of peace has been perverted in common use into something not far from an insult when applied to the average man. We praise peace, arbitration, conciliation, disarmament. We denounce war and all its works. Its horrors nauseate us, and its taxes irritate. But we do not call ourselves pacifists.

In part, this has come about through the fact that words do not convey precise definitions, but mental impressions. The real pacifists are under false lights. During the war many slackers hid behind them, and the mental impression of the slacker is not pleasant. Then there is the mental picture of that otherwise estimable person who has the misfortune to ride as a hobby a panacea for all the world's ills in which we do not happen to believe. And sometimes there have been strange individuals, perhaps a trifle indeterminant as to sex, who have loudly proclaimed weird and fantastic visions to an harassed world.

But these are small matters in the great movement towards peace. A word may be twisted here or there, but an idea drives on. "Gothic" at first was the word of scorn for the architecture of the Goths, the barbarians. Later it was enshrined at Chartres and at Rheims. The thing of importance lies not in the nuance of the word, but in what the pacifists are doing.

II

What are they doing? Their activities center in their peace societies. There are some 35 of these societies in the United States—at least that is the best estimate obtainable, for strange to say there are no accurate lists of them even in the central peace bureaus in Washington. These societies publish 12 magazines, besides a great many pamphlets and leaflets. Their membership and affiliations are very large. Three of them have endowments totaling $13,000,000. Others enjoy large donations and subscriptions. Many are affiliated with the churches, and represent practically all denominations in America. Besides our 35 peace societies, there are 12 in Germany, 16 in France, 38 in the British Empire and 59 in the other countries of the world—and these figures do not include numerous organizations in all countries which advocate peace in connection with other matters—civic, labor, socialist, free trade societies, etc., etc. In short, the peace societies contain many thousands of people organized "to seek peace and ensue it", and they command a combined capital of many millions of dollars. Within themselves they have the brains and the means which should give them great power, particularly as they are fighting a most unpopular institution, war.

The question naturally arises, how are they using their power? What are their plans?

Pacifism is not a growth of yesterday, and one might expect that there would be a fairly definite statement of aims, a plan for the maintenance of international peace which the various societies were in general agreed upon and prepared to present, as a united body, to the world. But there is no such programme. There are, instead, many programmes.

Here again a surprise awaits the layman in pacifism who attempts to delve into its mysteries, for not even in Washington can there be found any concise summary of these programmes, any digest of the various currents of pacific thought. The only thing that approaches such a summary is a British Foreign Office pamphlet of 1919, evidently prepared for the use of the British Delegation to the Paris Peace Conference.

But the various American peace societies publish statements of their own aims—statements which vary in precision from fairly specific and detailed plans to vague generalities of beneficent hope.

From these statements it would appear that the pacifists may be classified as follows, according to their different trends of thought:

1. Those who place their main emphasis on religion and benevolence—on the growth of good-will between men and nations.

2. Those who stress disarmament.

3. Those whose principal advocacy lies in opening the doors of peaceful adjustment—the doors of arbitration, conciliation and international courts of justice. They emphasize the importance of the codification of international law, and of greater respect and scope for it. They also advocate improving the international machinery of arbitration and conciliation.

4. Those who emphasize the closing of the door of war as a means of settling a dispute. They advocate various forms of international leagues intended to prevent, by force if necessary, a resort to arms.

5. Those who approach a federation of nations, not only to prevent war but also to exercise federated control over such possible causes of war as trade routes, immigration and discriminatory legislation.

There are a few (principally in groups 1 and 2) who advocate non-resistance in war. There are also some who advocate free trade and the prohibition of the private manufacture of munitions—both as peace measures. There are many who believe that, after an international issue has been raised, a specific period of time should elapse before war may be declared; but they are far from any agreement as to what may be done during that period, or whether or how the delay should be enforced. The most common ground of agreement among the different schools lies in their advocacy of international bodies of adjustment—courts or councils or conferences. But they differ as the poles in their ideas on the permanency, organization and jurisdiction of these bodies, the obligations of the nations towards them, and the enforcement of their decisions.

III

There is, then, no one doctrine of pacifism. There is no real accord among the pacifists, except that they all want peace. But what of the peace societies, taken as individual organizations? Surely they have made serious studies on the causes of war, and on these studies based their conclusions as to the proper cure? It would seem that they must have done this in order to have obtained a foundation for their work, even if their studies led them to divergent conclusions. Let us see what they have done along these lines.

One great peace society, on receiving its endowment, drew up for itself an agenda of work and wrote into the first item of that agenda the "thorough and scientific investigation and study of the causes of war". This work was assigned to a department of the society devoted to economics and history, and counting among its members statesmen, historians and economists, as well as professors of the following universities: Columbia, Wisconsin, London, Oxford, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paris, Ghent, Vienna, Turin, Pisa, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Leyden, Geneva and Kioto. During the past eleven years this department expended well over half a million dollars. In short, men and means have both been employed.

Ten books and twenty-four pamphlets have been published by this department, the result of its eleven years' work. But all the pamphlets are *Preliminary Studies of the War* (1914–18). They do not concern themselves with the causes of that war or any other. Some of their titles are: *Financial History of Great Britain, 1914–18; British War Administration, Influence of the Great War Upon Shipping, War Thrift, British Labor Conditions and Legislation During the War, Negro Migration During the War, Government War Contracts.* Nine of the ten books published deal with the general subjects of industry, commerce and finance, with casualties in war and military pensions, with existing tariff policies and with conscription in Japan; but none of these subjects are studied as possible causes of war—obviously several of them are effects of war. Only one of the ten books faintly suggests a study of the

causes of war. It was written by "A Diplomatist", and turns out to be an essay on two minor Balkan wars.

When one considers all the blood that has been shed in war and all that has been written and said about it, it seems strange indeed that the germ-essence of the thing should boil down to that one anonymous volume, recounting the dull stories of two almost forgotten wars. And as for the economic studies, the one thing about them that strikes a soldier is that they throw no light on the causes or prevention of war, but that they would be most useful guides to any government *while waging war.*

Equally sketchy has been the work done on the "thorough and scientific investigation and study" of the "practical methods to prevent and avoid" war that was also called for in the basic work programme of this same research department. It is true that the society itself is concerned largely with the possibilities of avoiding war through the growth of willing and unenforced compliance with international law and equity. But one searches the publications of the society in vain for even a survey of the "practical methods to prevent" war.

This general attitude on the question is shared by another great peace society, the oldest one in the world. They have made no study of the causes of war. They firmly believe in the policy of non-committal to any programme of war suppression, or even of the elimination of war causes save through the general education of men and of nations towards reason and law rather than towards belligerency.

So it would appear that at least two of the greatest of the peace societies, the two probably best fitted for research and planning, have made no real attempt to study the causes of war, and (perhaps for that reason) have no definite plans for combating it beyond the teaching of respect for law and justice. Stranger still, these two societies appear to know of no peace organization anywhere that has ever studied the causes of war scientifically. A search in the Library of Congress reveals but one such study by any peace society, and that consists in a compilation of individual theses written by five members of an English Quaker Meeting during the war.

The disarmamentist school of pacifism, though perhaps more

definite in its aims, is also given to generalities rather than to basic study. There is a central committee, or "clearing house of national organizations", on armament reduction which publishes a concise statement of their programme. They urge participation in the International Court at the Hague, the prohibition of the private manufacture of munitions and the ratification of the treaties of Washington. Above all, armament reduction is advocated "as a proof of our national good faith and to meet our economic requirements". "Economic pressure throughout the world," they insist, "will compel every nation to follow suit." This is all very well: but still the real question remains unanswered: What relation does armament or disarmament bear to the causes of war? Even supposing proof were needed of our national good faith, to what extent would the proof they seem to think necessary—the reduction of our armaments far below the point stipulated in the Washington Conference—tend to eliminate or minimize the chances of war?

It would be interesting to know whether we are advised to reduce our armaments because they are unnecessary in a peaceful world already made safe for pacifism, or because armaments themselves lead to war. But unfortunately the truth of the matter is that the pacifists have made no scientific study of the equilibrium of international peace or of the causes of war, and cannot tell us with any precision what relation armaments may bear to either of them.

IV

Can it be that the horrors of war so fascinate the imagination of the peace societies that they have no curiosity about its causes and functions? A few men in various walks of life, equipped with limited means of research, have sought to base their individual reasoning on pacifism on the bed-rock of cause and function; but the peace societies appear to feel no need for such a basis. Yet the question of the causes of war, of its motivation, is not an academic one. It is very practical. The basis of cure is the knowledge of cause. We would not hold in high regard a doctor who ignored the study of both cause and cure of a disease and concentrated entirely on teaching that it could be avoided by

following certain rules of right living. Yet that, in essence, is what the majority of the pacifists are doing. It must be said for them that war is probably more avoidable that way than is disease. Regardless of cause or cure, when we eliminate the will-to-war we will eliminate war. But can we afford to wait so long?

Furthermore, in concentrating on the avoidance of war through good will and ignoring the study of its causes, the pacifists throw overboard the whole idea of prevention by foresight. What have they done in the past towards foreseeing the dangers they would avert? What pacifist organization had sufficiently clear knowledge of the equilibrium of peace in Europe in the years before 1914 to foresee and to work against the crash that came?

Pacifism, organized and active, was then on the crest of the wave, rejoicing in the two Hague Conferences and preparing for another. The World War broke very suddenly, but not without distinct warnings—Morocco, Agadir, the great German military tax of 1913, etc. It seems difficult to imagine that the peace societies of that day could have been blind to the underlying causes of war and to the warning symptoms. And yet, if they had any real understanding of the war causes in the situation then developing, why were they so silent about them, why were they caught so unprepared? The fact is they had little inkling of what was going on. Leaders in pacifism have admitted as much. And I remember hearing Dr. David Starr Jordan say in the summer of 1914, while he was in the Balkans studying the result of the wars there, that not only would there be no general European war, but that there could be no such war.

It is not to be expected that the pacifists should go about prophesying wars. The rôle of the jingo is not theirs. But how are they to deal with war and peace intelligently unless they constantly study the balance of peace as the international situation changes, unless they know the causes of war and can recognize its symptoms? Theirs is not an easy task, and not by any means confined to Europe and America. They failed in their estimate of the situation in Europe in 1914, and they will find the much more complicated situation of the world today, with its Islamism and Bolshevism and Orientalism and intensified nation-

alism, still more difficult to judge accurately. But what is there to do but to try, if they would apply even an ounce of prevention to the disease of war?

V

I do not want to draw an unfair picture. If the general impression of the pacifist involves any idea of insincerity, of supine peace-at-any-price, of disloyalty to the Government or even lack of support in war, it is a very mistaken impression. The pacifists as a group probably assay very high in character. The strength of their moral conviction of right cannot be doubted. They have done some excellent work. The majority of their societies have constantly supported international conferences and congresses, and have advocated for many years the recently established Permanent Court of International Justice. They are great believers in the acceptance and codification of international law. So far as their work has gone, they may well be proud of it. They are undoubtedly worthy organizations of good citizens advocating something in which, fundamentally, every decent man and woman believes.

But they stand confused before the issue and the opportunity. In reading one of their recent journals I was struck by an editorial bemoaning the current opinion on pacifism, and ending: "Would that some thoughtful person might arise to explain what it is in these days of heroic effort for the establishment of international peace that leads men to 'see red' when they hear the word 'pacifism'." Does it take so much thoughtfulness to explain this? The plain truth is that there is no heroic effort on the part of the peace societies, the obvious leaders of pacifism. Heroic effort would mean coördinated power; hard, scientific study; sound plans based on that study; and finally a long, aggressive fight based on those plans. It would mean getting together, getting to work and getting things done. There is no heroic effort about this advocacy of a negative idea, this idea of renunciation, this plea that man should forswear and deny himself, willingly and without compulsion, his ancient indulgence of war.

The pacifist might well reflect on Prohibition. For well over seventy years the Prohibitionists labored to persuade us to give

up drinking liquor. That was the negative period of their campaign—"Don't do this—give it up." Did they persuade the individual man and woman to give it up? They did not. (If there is any lingering doubt about this the boot-legger and the home-brewer will dispel it.) What the Prohibitionists did do (and this alone brought them success) was to launch a positive campaign which in the end prevented the public and open manufacture and importation of liquor. No one doubts that their negative campaign, their educational campaign on the evils of liquor, was useful for a time. But it did not carry the day. It only gave them a position from which they could launch their positive, aggressive campaign for legal inhibition and enforcement. That alone brought them success, such as it is.

Now, the modern pacifist is much better off than the Prohibitionist ever was. The world today is far more persuaded of the evils of war than is even dry America of the evils of drink. The pacifist already holds a position, a willing world behind him, from which he can make a positive drive. And yet, taken as a whole, he busies himself with his negative campaign, and his great and powerful peace societies refuse to commit themselves to any positive plans of attack.

The time for the negative campaign of pacifism is not now. Even in the future its value may be doubtful. Each generation learns for itself, very largely; certainly it does not accept from the preceding one an abhorrence of war. Youth inexperienced in war does not visualize it, any more than you or I visualize the famine in Russia. On the contrary, the next generation, like all preceding generations reared in peace, will be influenced by the excitement, the adventure and the glory of war. We flatter ourselves if we think we can make our children see war as we see it. Did we accept so dutifully the beatific admonitions of our forbears to avoid the wickedness of war? Rather did we not remember the great things they told us their wars had accomplished? For wars are, in William James's phrase, "the romance of history," the great experiences, the turning points of national life. We date from them; our lives in so many ways turn on them. How can the stimulant of those great crises fail to react on red-blooded youth?

If in the next two decades the peace societies wipe out the stigma attached to "pacifism", if their leadership brings into being political machinery or combinations against war so tangible as to command the respect of the next generation, they may well talk of the evils of war to a world that knows it not. But now is the time to get something done. All the preachings of the pacifists against war will help them not one whit with the coming generation. The negation of war as an evil, as a "don't", is not needed today; tomorrow it will be forgotten or ignored unless in the mean time some machinery capable of some sort of war prevention or suppression be built up and put in motion.

VI

I wonder that Prohibition does not teach another lesson to the pacifists—the stark, glaring difference between the law that is enforceable and the law that rests only upon willing obedience. Perhaps in time to come all men and women may be brought to abide by Prohibition. But even the most ardent Prohibitionist admits that that happy condition of affairs can be brought about only after the State has curbed the disobedience of a large number of people over a long period of time. Meanwhile Prohibition exhibits the clear distinction between the enforceable law—the law that can and does close the saloon and the distillery—and the unenforceable law that cannot altogether suppress home brew.

Back of all the technical discussion (of which the legal pacifists are rather fond) on the sanctions of international law, there is this fundamental difficulty about the individual, be that individual a person or a state. In his own mind or in his congresses assembled he may vote the reform—"never again" on drink or war or whatever it may be—but after that he needs watching. He needs watching even if he devises and establishes machinery to prevent his own backsliding in the future. He needs much more watching if he leaves the matter solely to his own conscience and strength of will.

Surely it is not necessary to labor this point in a country so prone to the breaking of law as is ours. Nor are we alone in our experience, for men in all the ages have striven to be

good through the virtue of self-control, and have never found that virtue altogether adequate.

One must suppose that the pacifists recognize this fundamental difficulty in abolishing war among individual and independent nations. Certainly many of them do. But the interesting thing is that they do not agree on whether the difficulty is surmountable, and, if it is, on how it can best be overcome. We find among the pacifists those who plan to curb recalcitrance in individual states in various ways—the League to Enforce Peace and the World Peace Foundation, for instance. On the other hand, we find peace societies apparently working on the idea that the preservation of peace must be left solely to the self-restraint of the individual states—the American Peace Society and the Church Peace Union, for example.

It is between these two stools that the pacifists fall. They will not unite behind a plan devised to restrain the evil doer, nor will they agree among themselves that the evil doer cannot be restrained save by his own conscience. Obviously it will not do for the pacifist to avoid this issue by saying that some form of international coöperation to ensure peace may be possible in the future, but that the world is not yet ready for it. It is the pacifist who should be ready for it—and is not ready. If a guaranteed peace is possible at all, it is the pacifist who should see it. He should visualize the whole problem, and his plans should carry through, step by step, to the decisive result. The world, seared and sceptical, may not be ready for it. Only a part of the plan, only a limited objective, may be obtainable for the present. But the plan as a whole should be worked out. For who is leading this fight for peace, the world or the pacifist?

VII

Lest I be thought unfair in my contention that pacifism, at least in its peace societies, lacks pragmatism, let me quote some remarks made about two years ago by ex-Senator Root to the trustees of a peace society which he heads:

> We are impressed by the inadequacy of everything that is being attempted, the League of Nations, Supreme Council, peace societies—the inadequacy of

it all is the great fact we have to deal with; and, if any of you can think of anything, why for God's sake let's have it. We are beating around on the mere surface of things, and by "we" I do not mean this organization; I mean governments. What has been done hitherto is a mere attempt to bind the giant with silk ribbons.

So far as ex-Senator Root's remarks applied to governments, it would seem that the success of the subsequent Conference at Washington might be an excellent object lesson to the pacifists. That success resulted from definite plans to accomplish definite objects. It was very much like the military proposition of the limited objective, the capture and consolidation of a definite objective within the limits of the possibilities prescribed by limited military powers. Just so much was accomplished at Washington as turned out to be within the limits of the present possibilities of international negotiations. And nothing at all would have been accomplished had there not been a clear recognition of those possibilities and of the definite objectives which might lie within them. In other words, the Conference succeeded because it had studied its problem and its possibilities beforehand, and because it had set itself definite objectives.

But there are no definite objectives to be gained by divergent aims founded on no basis of expert knowledge or scientific study, no clear estimate of the situation, no concerted plans, no real leadership. If the pacifists are to be leaders in the struggle for international peace, it is high time they led. And to lead it would seem to be essential that they agree; that they tell the rest of us simple folk just what causes international war and how we can eliminate those causes, or what we must do to prevent war in spite of its causes.

This is the real problem of the present day pacifists—a perfectly definite problem, though its solution means much work. It is difficult to imagine to whom they may look for a solution of their problem, unless it be to their own peace societies. Governments are changeable institutions, and are besides absorbed in their own interests, not all of which are pacific. The rest of us have neither the time nor the means. But the peace societies, one would suppose, exist solely that they may solve this problem and then lead the world into the practice of their solution.

Alfred Fried, a Nobel Peace Prize winner, said that "peace as understood by pacifism means a condition of organized living together among nations". Note that word "organized". The "peace that passeth all understanding" is for the individual man. For men in the mass, for nations with their cumulative difficulties in intercourse, the only possible peace is an organized one based on very clear understanding.

VIII

Suppose we agree with the pacifist that "war is a disease of the body politic". Very well; what causes it? How can we eliminate those causes? If we cannot eliminate them entirely, can we, by quarantine or otherwise, prevent the spread of the disease when it breaks out? Can we, perhaps, devise some political medicine which would stamp out the disease as soon as its symptoms become evident? If so, can we persuade ourselves to take that medicine?

The pacifist might do well to work along these lines. He might look into the modern methods of dealing with a great epidemic. They consist in finding the causes of the disease, the carriers of the disease, the specifics which will ward off the disease or combat it once it makes a lodgement. They also consist in definite quarantine regulations. There are three points of interest about these methods—(1) they are all based on scientific study; (2) they are agreed upon practically unanimously by the medical profession, the leaders in disease suppression; and (3) so far as they effect the community, they do not depend on individual willingness to coöperate, but are enforced. Can the pacifists show anything like as clear and undisputed a conception of the causes and cure of war, of their "disease of the body politic"?

When the plague appeared in Manchuria in 1913 medical experts went at once to study its causes and combat its ravages. The result of their science and their positive measures (and their heroism) was the stamping out of the plague at its source. But the great plague of the fourteenth century spread unchecked to Europe, and killed a fourth of the population—some 25,000,000 people. In those days there was no effort to discover the

cause of the Black Death, and no concerted plan to stamp it out. Church bells were rung and men were exhorted to be good. Can the peace societies discern any suggestion in this bit of history?

IX

The world is a very diverse conglomeration of peoples. Its passions and its cross-currents are numberless. Taken as a whole, it is not very intelligent, and it forgets easily. It happens at the moment to be sick of fighting, but it is impregnated with the bacilli of war. A great student of international affairs, Lord Bryce, said when at Williamstown: "This war (1914–18) has shown one unprecedented feature, painful in the prospect it opens. The victors bear as much resentment against the vanquished as the vanquished do against the victors." The Peace of 1919 has brought little peace to Europe. All Asia is acutely discontented and restless. Russia is in torment and Bolshevism.

But pacifism has a moment's respite, a lull in the storm—if it can use it. The nations are today in no mood for war; and America, the stronghold of pacific thought, is in many respects the supreme power of the world. A great opportunity is here, perhaps the greatest ever presented for constructive pacifism. The question is, what will the pacifists do in the next decade or so, before the world recovers its power to fight and the next generation comes along with its new urges and thrusts and its ignorance of war?

Will the pacifists study and plan and work in unison—or will they "beat around on the mere surface of things"? Will they really be leaders, leading mankind in a definite advance? Or will they but lead some future President of the United States to deny them before the high altar of his country?

SHERMAN MILES.

PAN-AMERICANISM AND PAN-HISPANISM

BY DAVID Y. THOMAS

THE fifth Pan-American Conference has been called to meet in Santiago, Chile, in March. As it promises to be one of unusual importance, it will be interesting to consider what is meant by "Pan-Americanism" and to note what has already been accomplished in its name.

While the term "Pan-American" is comparatively new, the idea is not. Before the Monroe policy was proclaimed, Simon Bolivar and other patriots were working for the unification of Spanish America in the struggle for liberty. It is a mistake to assume, however, that Bolivar was an ardent Pan-American. While he took a prominent part in calling the Panama Conference of 1826, he does not seem to have manifested any desire that the United States should be represented there. He was for Pan-Hispanic Americanism. However, Colombia and Mexico invited the United States, and she finally appointed delegates, but they failed to reach Panama in time. Only a few delegates arrived, and they adjourned without accomplishing anything.

Though that first attempt at a Pan-American Conference failed, the idea back of it did not perish. Several efforts were made in the years immediately following to hold another such conference, but none succeeded. Much later, in 1881, James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, called one to meet in Washington, but it was abandoned on account of the war between Chile and Peru. However, eight years later he had the satisfaction of welcoming such a conference to Washington and of being elected to preside over it. Among the topics discussed were a customs union, uniform customs regulations, uniformity of weights and measures, a common silver coin, extradition, and the protection of patents and copyrights. Blaine's proposal for obligatory arbitration was rejected, but a treaty was signed accepting "arbitration as a principle of American international law for the settlement of all

differences save those which, in the judgment of any one of the nations involved in the controversy, may imperil its independence". Unfortunately none of the treaties was ratified.

The second conference met in Mexico in 1901, the third in Rio de Janeiro in 1906, and the fourth in Buenos Aires in 1910. Compulsory arbitration came up again in 1901 and 1906 and was disposed of in the latter year by a recommendation that the delegates to the second Hague Conference be instructed to promote general arbitration. The question of the forcible collection of contractual debts was also referred to The Hague, which adopted a modified form of the Drago Doctrine against forcible collection. The fourth conference resulted in the change of name to Pan-American Union, with a Board of Governors composed of the Secretary of State of the United States and the Latin American Ministers resident in Washington; the renewal of the treaty for the arbitration of pecuniary claims; and provision for the exchange of university professors.

To the optimist the achievements of these conferences look large; to the pessimist they look small. In concrete results the achievements are confessedly small; in spiritual achievements they have been worth while. They did not remake the Western Hemisphere in a quarter of a century; the delegates were too wise to attempt this. But they have made a start toward the realization of Pan-Americanism. We have seen what were some of the difficulties standing in the way of this realization. A concrete illustration is found in the Monroe Doctrine. There has been little objection to the original Doctrine, but the twentieth century unilateral application of it has implanted fear and hate. In consequence there has grown up—indeed, it has always existed—in the more advanced South American States a conviction that they should be treated as equals and should share in the responsibility of carrying out the principles of the Doctrine. Ex-President Roosevelt once said: "Every such nation should itself become the sponsor and guarantor of the Doctrine; and its relations with those of the other guarantors of the Doctrine should be those of equality." When in his Mobile address President Wilson promised the Latin Americans to deal with them on terms of equality, he said that it was "a spiritual union which we seek".

Under such auspices, it seemed, the fifth conference, called to meet in 1914, was to assemble, but it was put off on account of the Great War. Besides, there was the trouble with Huerta, military dictator of Mexico, and the proffered mediation of the A B C Powers. In accepting the offer the State Department expressed the hope that it might "prove feasible and prophetic of a new day of mutual coöperation and confidence in America". This was followed by a joint appeal to the contending factions in Mexico. While it had no effect there, it did have influence on the development of the Pan-American spirit, especially when coupled with President Wilson's recognition of the Carranza Government on the advice of the Latin American States. Unfortunately, he left two flies in the ointment, the failure to follow their lead in recognizing the Obregon Government, and his attitude toward the Gomez Government in Venezuela.

The meeting of the Pan-American Scientific Congress in Washington (1916) gave President Wilson an opportunity to state his Pan-American programme. In this address he made some statements which appear to be contradictory, yet he undoubtedly intended the later one to stand. "The Monroe Doctrine," he said, "was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It has always been maintained, and *always will be maintained*, upon her own authority" (italics mine). He then spoke of the fear and distrust in the minds of Latin Americans because of their uncertainty as to what the United States would do with her power. This must be removed and relations established on "foundations of amity". Two things were necessary for this. First, the United States of America and Latin American countries must unite "in guaranteeing to each other absolute political independence and territorial integrity". Second, the settlement of all disputes among themselves by arbitration, and, strange combination, the prohibition of the fitting out of revolutionary expeditions within their bounds against another State and the prohibition of the exportation of arms for revolutionists. His words were not without effect in Latin American States. It would not be fair to say that they determined the attitude of these nations when we entered the Great War,—some declared war and others maintained a more or less

benevolent neutrality, Mexico alone maintaining a hostile neutrality,—but the head of at least one of these States, President Brum of Uruguay, was very enthusiastic in his admiration of America under Mr. Wilson's leadership.

In 1918 President Wilson used words more significant than any previously uttered. In his address to the Mexican editors (June 10) it did not look as if he thought the Monroe Doctrine would always be maintained by the United States by her own power. He defined the Doctrine as signifying: "We are going to be your big brother whether you want us to be or not." This was all very well once, but was to be no longer. Instead he proposed:

> Let us have a common guaranty that all of us will sign a declaration of political independence and territorial integrity. Let us agree that if any of us, the United States included, violates the political independence or territorial integrity of any of the others, all the others will jump on her.
>
> Now, that is the kind of agreement that will have to be the foundation of the future life of the nations of the world. The whole family of nations will have to guarantee to each nation that no nation shall violate its political independence or its territorial integrity.

Dr. Baltasar Brum, of Uruguay, had visited the United States and was undoubtedly the most ardent admirer of our institutions and of President Wilson south of the Gulf of Mexico. Shortly after he became President of Uruguay (March 1, 1920), in an address at the University of Montevideo, he formulated what some have dignified with the title "Brum Doctrine", wherein he proposed that each Latin American nation should formulate a declaration similar to that of Monroe, in which they would engage to intervene in behalf of any of them, including the United States, if, in the defense of her rights, she should find herself involved in a war with an extra-continental nation. This was to apply against the United States also, should she ever become aggressor upon a sister republic.

Mention has been made of the fact that the fifth conference was postponed indefinitely in 1914. Before adjourning the fourth conference voted that the next one should be held at Santiago and Chile was to send out the invitations, though the date of meeting is set by the Governing Board. For more than three years after the war the League of Nations and the Confer-

ence on Limitation of Armament so monopolized the attention of the United States that the time did not seem opportune for calling the fifth conference. Besides, Chile, remembering her embarrassment at a previous conference because of a boundary dispute with Argentina, did not feel inclined to call the conference after Peru revived the long standing dispute about Tacna-Arica. However, after the mediation of Secretary Hughes and the agreement to confer in Washington, the call was issued for the assembling of the fifth conference in March, 1923.

It is the business of the Governing Board to formulate the agenda for the conference. Our old friend arbitration undoubtedly will come up, but the greater part of the time of the conference probably will be taken up with new questions, such as the relation of Latin America to the conclusions of the Washington Conference on Armaments and Pacific problems; the problem of joint action in the recognition of *de facto* and revolutionary governments, such as comes up occasionally in Mexico and the Caribbean; coöperation of the Pan-American High Commission with the Pan-American Union; the relation of Latin America to the League of Nations, and possibly the consideration of some existing disputes, such as those between Chile and Peru and between the United States and Haiti.

The Brum Doctrine also is slated for consideration by Uruguay, which proposes that an American League of Nations be formed based on the principle that encroachment by any non-American Power should "give rise to a common and uniform attitude of all the nations of America". According to President Brum, the league is to be "based upon equality of all associated countries" and is to settle all American controversies not settled by diplomacy. President Harding is thought to have given a qualified approval to such a scheme in his campaign address of August 25, 1920, when he said that "the international policy of the United States should be directed toward solidarity in international affairs with the American republics, rather than with Europe".

While the fifth Pan-American Conference promises to be one of great interest, the future of Pan-Americanism is not absolutely assured. American readers are familiar with the long drawn out controversy between the United States and Mexico over the

question of property rights on the one side and of recognition on the other. After having made all concessions he thought possible to secure recognition, President Obregon said that there was nothing left but to follow a policy of "careful waiting". Unfortunately Mr. Summerlin, American Chargé d'Affaires, did not follow the same policy. Having secured what purported to be a copy of a bill affecting American property rights, he informed President Obregon that it would not satisfy the United States. He did this under the impression that suggestions from the United States would be welcomed, as President Obregon wanted recognition. President Obregon replied that the "honor and sovereignty of the nation" would not allow it to accept laws "which received the previous censorship of the governments of other countries". He then transmitted the correspondence to the Mexican Congress and this raised a storm which raged for two or three days and was heard from the Antarctic to the Arctic. Some think that this was staged so as to arouse resentment in the other Latin American countries and so interfere with the machinery of the fifth Pan-American Conference. Since then Mexico has declined the invitation of Chile to attend the fifth Pan-American Conference.

Another small cloud, not yet as large as a man's hand, grows out of the desire for a Pan-Hispanic America which sometimes makes itself audible. It is based partly on racial and cultural affinity, partly on fear and hatred of the Yankees. In recent years a new rival, Pan-Hispanism, has entered the field and seeks to absorb the movement for a Pan-Hispanic America. It comes out of Spain and strives for economic solidarity, with an appeal to community of race and culture.

Perhaps no one since Clay may have been quite as bold as he in laying claim to the hegemony in America, but many Latin Americans still feel that such is the spirit of the United States. To some of them "America for Americans" means America for the Americans north of the Rio Grande and the Pan-Hispanics make the most of this. In sharp contrast with this is the spirit of Spain as represented in 1917 by Juan Artiga Rubio, professor in the Central University at Madrid. In his *History of America* he says:

> Our old and beloved Spain does not desire, nor is she able, nor ought she, to think of exercising any hegemony over the Ibero-American peoples. We desire, and we aspire, only to a fraternal communion. . . . Spaniards and Americans of the Iberian race, forgetting old grievances, should in the future think only of living the life of culture and of progress.[1]

In this way he proposes to "foster the union of the Latin Republics with the mother country."

The chord struck by the intellectuals in Spain has met a hearty response among the same class in Hispanic America. In 1917 Professor Suarez, of the University of Buenos Aires, published a little book in which he manifested great enthusiasm for Spain, laying the blame for the Hispanic American revolutions, not upon the Spaniards, but on the despotism from which the Spaniards themselves were seeking to escape. The same tactics had much to do with the Anglo-American rapprochement. In 1918 J. F. V. Silva, of Argentina, called for a great empire composed of Spain, Portugal and the Latin American republics, with its capital in Spain. This empire should have its own *irredenta*, Gibraltar and Morocco on one side of the Atlantic, and Porto Rico, the Falkland Islands and the Panama Canal on the other.

Of the Pan-Hispanic movement little is known outside a narrow circle in North America—we know too little of our neighbors. If the "economic interpretation of history" is the correct one, then the Pan-Hispanic movement seems utterly hopeless, for the economic interests common to Spain and her former colonies are very, very small. But some day we shall learn that economic determinants are more powerful among some people than among others. That they are powerful in the United States is beyond dispute; that they are not equally powerful in Latin America seems also beyond dispute. "Blood is thicker than water" is an expression with which Americans are familiar. Some day, perhaps, we shall learn that spiritual ties of blood and culture are stronger than bonds forged of gold. Pan-America has not arrived. Before it does we may have to change our attitude on some questions.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

[1] Quoted by J. F. Rippey in *Political Science Quarterly*, 37: 389–414.

FRANCE AND THE FACTS

BY LAURENCE ADLER

In 1915, when France held firm at Verdun, the whole world bowed in reverence before French heroism. Today victorious France, after the sacrifice of a million and a half of her sons, is engaged in an economic struggle for solvency and security, and has been obliged, through the pressure of immediate needs in the devastated regions and a deficit of four billion francs, to embark upon what may seem to the world at large as a perilous as well as desperate adventure.

In view of the affirmations repeatedly heard that France is pursuing an aggressive military and imperialistic policy, that the French Government could balance its budget and pay its debts if its army were reduced, that the French reparation demands are beyond all reason, and that France's action and policy in the Ruhr as well as her refusal to disarm are blocking the way to permanent peace, it would seem not untimely to lay certain figures and facts before the American public, and allow statistics to tell their own story.

Contrary to the impression that the French army has been increased in size within recent years, it has been reduced from 873,000 men in 1914, the year of the outbreak of the war, to 670,000 men in 1923. Of the latter figure 450,000 are French and 220,000 colonials. While in 1913 her military and naval budget cost France one-third of her income, she is thus spending but one-fifth today. In 1918 her army was costing her 36,120,000,000 francs; today through successive reductions it is costing her but 4,910,000,000 francs. She is spending on naval and military expenses combined but one-half of England's and two-thirds of America's expenditure, despite the fact that in 1913 America was outlaying only one-third of France's military and naval budget. It is not just to point to the fact that France pays her soldiers and officers far less than does America, for the reason

that proportionately to her national income and the state of her finances she pays her soldiers more than we do.

In the space of the years 1913 to 1922 Italy increased her military and naval expenses 483 per cent, Japan 291 per cent, the United States 280 per cent, England 274 per cent, and France only 205 per cent; and this comparison between France and America holds true without taking into consideration the dollar-franc exchange, which is at the present time greatly to the interest of the dollar. In 1913, when the franc was in the ratio of five to the dollar, France spent on her army $531,814,947 and America $316,432,952. In 1922, with the dollar at eleven francs or over, France was spending on her army $491,000,000 and America $868,000,000.

Are not these figures more than a little surprising, considering that we are told that France is the one nation barring the way to disarmament? She has already reduced her army to the extent of two million men, is contemplating further reductions, and is keeping in active service only the number she considers indispensable. Is England doing less when she still supports a huge navy and spends twice the sum that France does, so that her colonies may be protected? And England's colonies have not been threatened, but France has twice been invaded during the span of one half century. And is not America fully as anxious for the security of her coast against possible Japanese attack? Notwithstanding the pact at Washington, she has reserved the right to support a large enough navy to insure her coasts against aggression. France in addition to her exposed frontier has large colonial possessions to consider, and is no more than equaling England's and America's policy when she insists on a sufficient army to protect her vital interests; and with these protective measures, as the figures show, she is spending sums greatly inferior to England's and America's outlay.

Despite France's present justified attempt to collect by show of force what Germany has so skillfully avoided paying, it must be emphasized that the spirit of militarism *per se* does not exist in the great mass of the French people. If as a whole they have sanctioned their Government's action of the moment, it is because they believe that only by a show of force can Germany be com-

pelled to live up to the obligation of to some small extent making good for the enormous wanton destruction she committed on French soil during the war. During a residence of the last sixteen months in France I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with Frenchmen of almost every class and condition. Nowhere did I find apparent a display of enthusiasm for the maintenance of a large army. It is simply regarded as an indispensable necessity. The French taxpayer is not in the habit of whining, and expressions of hatred or bitterness toward the Germans are uncommon. The average young recruit enters his two years of military service perhaps with reluctance, but with the patriotic acceptance of an imperative duty toward his country, and Frenchmen of all classes are willing to undergo hardship and sacrifice so that there shall be no repetition of the years 1914 to 1918. It is matter of common knowledge that the Allied Commissions in Germany are frequently stumbling upon hidden stores of arms. Germany's army of 100,000, and the Schutz police of 250,000, constitute a skeleton army and nucleus for the developing and equipping of seven million old soldiers that remain within call. In Upper Silesia a year ago 40,000 men were got together in a remarkably short time with all the munitions of war complete. The development of German industry makes this possible, and it is for this reason that France fears a Germany industrially restored and potentially strong for war.

When we come to the consideration of naval protective measures, French opinion indicates, and not without some justification, that France was misunderstood and underrated at the Washington Conference. She has a littoral of 24,000 kilometers, consisting of three sea fronts, to protect. She was granted a tonnage of 175,000 in capital ships and put on an equality with Italy, while England and the United States, although isolated, were granted three times that amount of tonnage; and Japan, remotely isolated, was granted 315,000 tons. Italy has only 8,500 kilometers of coast line to protect and a small colonial empire compared with that of France. France has been accused of warlike desires because she insisted on the use of submarines. But French naval experts reply that since the Conference granted her an insufficient tonnage of capital ships, she would in case of

another war be obliged to have defensive recourse to this branch of her navy.

It has been frequently pointed out that if England and America could give France a definite defensive alliance, the French would feel secure in making radical reductions in the size of their army, and the French taxpayer would not in any way regret a reduction if the safety of such a line of policy could be assured. But America did not do this, and England in consequence remained content with the advantage of an entente more decorative than useful as far as France's needs are concerned.

It is difficult for America in her safe position of world isolation to comprehend France's constant apprehension of Germany's future intentions. On the other hand it is more difficult for France to consider the policy of discarding her army, inasmuch as neither England nor America has been willing in any way to guarantee aid in defending her safety and financial security.

With the present financial situation to face, with the Russian Bolshevik army of 1,500,000 men to consider (a force not to be scorned, as was manifested a little over a year ago when the French Staff Council saved Poland from defeat), and with the Treaty of Rapallo a *fait accompli*, it is not to be wondered at that French foreign policy regards a further reduction of the army as a suicidal impossibility.

It is of course self-evident that France is in her present financial plight because she has counted vainly upon German reparations to equalize the huge sum she has been obliged to spend in repairing her devastated regions. The Agreement of Spa, which was to a certain extent a revision of the Treaty of Versailles, gave France a proportion of 52 per cent of the total indemnity of 132,000,000,000 gold marks. This has in turn been revised, so that the present term for Germany's payment has been greatly extended and made more flexible. Since the time of the armistice, and up to the month of June, 1922, France was with difficulty able to collect from Germany (in goods) the sum of 1,177,423,000 gold marks.

On the other hand let us briefly glance at the results achieved in repairing the devastated regions as well as the cost involved thus far. At the rate before the war, the value of capital in this

region of France amounted to 9,082,986,155 francs. In 1918 the results of the war showed the following:

Houses destroyed	289,147	
Houses injured	422,736	
Roads in need of repair	53,830	kilometers
Industrial establishments destroyed	4,084	
Navigable routes destroyed	1,112	kilometers
Farm land destroyed	3,000,000	hectares
Railroads destroyed	4,630	kilometers

Up to January 1, 1922, the work of restoration showed the following figures:

Population returned	3,985,913	
Houses repaired and new buildings	355,479	
Roads repaired	31,965	kilometers
Industrial establishments reopened	5,680	
Navigable routes repaired	1,027	kilometers
Works of art restored, such as cathedrals	3,986	
Farm lands restored for cultivation	1,500,000	hectares
Railroads rebuilt	2,215	kilometers

On this labor of reconstruction the French Government has thus far spent 93,000,000,000 francs, and the work of restoration is far from finished. It must also be noted that if France had not thus been obliged to become Germany's banker, the crisis of exchange values and consequent attending miseries might have been to some extent avoided.

What has France done in order to meet these terrible after-results of a war that has brought her the barren victory of finding herself at the present moment in the midst of the gravest financial difficulties? Let us glance for a moment at the French budget and the reductions in its public economy that the Government has effected during the last few years. In 1918 France's budget stood at 48,584,000,000 francs. In 1920 it had been reduced to 30,732,000,000 francs. In 1922 it reached the minimum of 24,680,000,000 francs, which means a reduction of almost 50 per cent in six years. It is not hard to understand that the greatest economy has been necessary in order to achieve such a result. The 1923 budget, according to Monsieur Lasteyrie, Minister of Finance, contemplates an additional reduction, bringing the total down to 23,180,000,000 francs.

How have these reductions been obtained? Unfortunately at the cost of the public good, and with consequent difficulty to all the departments of state. This condition of affiairs is self-evident to those who have traveled extensively in France since the war. The railways are undermanned, the companies are unable to supply badly needed improvements and new installations, and there is no immediate remedy in sight. The public highways, especially the *routes nationales*, have suffered through the wear and tear of the war and the Government cannot afford to spend the money necessary to bring them back to the state of perfection which made them famous in former years as the best roads in the world. The same is true of canals, public buildings, works of art, and many other items that might be mentioned. The Government dispensed with 42,000 state functionaries during 1922, and in 1923, 50,000 more are to be dismissed. Thus it will become apparent to even the casual student of French public finance that the Administration is doing everything in its power to keep up international as well as national obligations. And with all these economies, M. Lasteyrie, Minister of Finance, has recently announced that the budget deficit for 1922 amounts to four billion francs. How is this deficit to be paid? Will the French people submit to further taxation? These are the questions that have been vexing the French Chamber of Deputies, and have caused the Ruhr policy to be adopted.

When on the other hand we glance at the state of affairs in Germany, what conditions do we find? According to authoritative reports, Germany has been spending more money recently on internal improvements than any other European Power, and there seems to be conclusive evidence that this policy has been adopted deliberately to inflate the already inflated currency and make it apparently impossible to pay the reparation bill. Munich is to have one of the largest railway stations in the world. Königsberg is building a costly new municipal opera house. A two hundred wire telephone service has been recently installed between Frankfort and Berlin, so as to facilitate communication between these two important centers. These are commonplaces in European news. German roads and canals are in excellent condition. Many of her cities are in a prosperous state. Her

merchant marine has been rebuilt, her industries have been reviving, and the indications of suffering seem to be largely among the poorer and middle classes, and this on account of the action of the big business men and industrials, who are to a certain extent responsible for the fall of the mark and the consequent high prices.

Mr. Thewall, commercial attaché to the British Embassy at Berlin, in a report dated last March, gives pertinent information as to some of these items and as to Germany's management of her finances. It is especially important that we should take his evidence into consideration, as it was made at the time when England's foreign policy under Mr. Lloyd-George's direction was striving to befriend Germany and reëstablish Germany's commerce. Speaking of the decline of the mark, Mr. Thewall says:

As long as each payment is provided for by the printing press and not in the way it should be, through taxation, it will lead to the total collapse of the currency. Germany has likewise not sufficiently legislated against mad speculation. The gold coin in December, 1921, amounted to 993,697,000 gold marks, which equals 49,440,817 pounds and represented a very reasonable proportion of the true value of the note circulation. There has been speculation and enormous investment on the part of the wealthy German industrials and business men in foreign holdings. The same class consistently avoids paying its taxes. What is wanted is not a further set of taxes but rather a readjustment and ruthless application of existing taxes. The wealthy should be made to pay a fair share and disclose their foreign holdings, which so far they have not done. One of the best proofs that the German business world has not paid the tax which the law lays down is that it is in a position to buy and sell freely, to enter into extended foreign undertakings and has plenty of money left over for investment. If it had paid the taxes which appear on paper it would be struggling to make both ends meet.

As to the advantages of the fall of the mark, Mr. Thewall says:

There can be no doubt that through the low mark Germany has been able to attract to herself a large part of the world's trade in manufactured goods, and in a time of general depression, such as the present time, this alone is a boon of incalculable value, particularly in a country which has for four years been cut off from the rest of the world. It is the low mark which has enabled her to return to her former oversea market, open up new ones, enabling her also to almost reconstruct her merchant marine, as German goods which are paid for in paper marks can earn freights paid in foreign gold. Furthermore, it is the low mark which has saved Germany from the crushing burden of

unemployment under which the rest of the world has labored. It is thus obvious that there is a powerful section of the German nation which considers the low rate of exchange as its most potent weapon and is in no hurry to lay it aside. In order to stabilize the mark a universal international agreement is necessary, and if, as seems probable, the mark is left to adjust itself, a considerable improvement may be expected when the present differences between Germany and the allies are settled, and Germany will then pass through a period of difficulty greater than any since the middle of 1919. Industry is fairly on the way to being restored and the merchant marine is being rebuilt. At the time of the peace treaty the tonnage of the German merchant marine was down to 419,000 tons. In 1921 it had risen to 1,563,800 tons.

Above all, the public utilities of Germany, contrary to those of France, have been enormously improved and are in excellent condition. It is undoubtedly true that there are portions of the German population that are undergoing grave trials and hardships on account of conditions arising from the war. It is apparent, however, that the nation as a whole has not got together and helped solve these difficulties, but has relied on differences among the Allies and on the hope of outside help to ease the economic situation. The best elements of the French nation, as well as all who have the complete restoration of Europe at heart, would not deny a place of restored peaceful power to the millions of Germany's honest citizens. It is for the best elements of the German nation, by means of hearty coöperation within their own borders, and above all, by means of shouldering their financial obligations and making good as far as possible the frightful damage they have caused, to show the world at large and France in particular that there is a new Germany, a nation of international honor and peaceful aspirations. France is still prepared to revise her policy as soon as she has proof that Germany will live up to her obligations.

It is not within the scope of this article to review the question of inter-allied indebtedness. It may be well, however, to record certain statistics that are perhaps unknown to the general public. France is owed 51,435,000,000 more gold marks than she owes. This figure includes not only the total amount of the German reparations but likewise the advances made by France to Greece, Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Belgium, but not the enormous Russian debt to France. At present France owes the United

States 14,128,000,000 gold marks and England 10,820,000,000, a total of 24,952,000,000. She is owed 76,387,000,000 gold marks, of which the German reparations come to the sum of 67,347,000,000. It has been stated that she has received from Germany 1,177,423,000 gold marks, but she has spent on her devastated regions 93,000,000,000 francs, and it is calculated that 130,000,000,000 francs will be needed to complete the work of restoration. Let those who consider France's reparation claims as excessive ponder on these figures.

Above all, let those who are criticizing and condemning France's Ruhr experiment reflect that, had the United States (as many of her most generous citizens desired) annulled or scaled down the French debt, it is not unlikely that public opinion in France would have repudiated a venture that has been undertaken largely on account of the desperate state of French public finance.

LAURENCE ADLER.

MANY GODS

BY STARK YOUNG

If a Greek and a young Elizabethan, lovers of art, visited the theatre on Fifty-Ninth Street, coming there because of the renown of the Moscow Art Theatre and because perhaps, as the proverb says that Socrates quoted to Aristodemus, to the feasts of the good, the good come uninvited, they would see a chamber in the Czar's palace, low, flat, arched, painted, gilded, with a certain beauty and barbaric splendor everywhere. The jewels, the costumes, are magnificently rich; rubies, diamonds, gold and brocades stiff as flowered metal and silks soft or heavy and wonderfully dyed. There is a constant procession of these gorgeous figures, of these tall straight men with their long beards and their rich, impetuous speech; of these women with astonishing headdresses and great rings and bracelets and sweeping, incredible mantles.

The play develops. The weak Czar Fyodor, after his father's violent reign, has come into a kingdom that is torn by a feud between two rival princes. His entreaties and the prayers of the Czarina, the sister of one of these princes, induce the two factions to make peace and to kiss the cross as a symbol of their agreement. Secretly, however, they betray him. One side plots to take away the Czarina and marry the Czar to a princess of its party. The other side plots to dethrone the Czar and to crown his young son, Dmitri. The Czar, in an agony of weakness and confusion and sick will, hesitates and blunders on. He causes one of the princes to be brought to trial, and takes back the other as his counselor. Word comes that his son is dead, by some hidden treachery, and that there is a war begun with the Tartars. The Czar orders the army to the front and remains alone with the Czarina in the cathedral porch. Leaning against a column there he cries "O God, O God! Why did you make me a Czar?"

There is here, then, in *Czar Fyodor Ivanovitch*, a historical play,

a drama around national characters and incidents. It has a large story, large figures of men, trappings, proud events. And this is the highest achievement, not so much in individual acting but in repertoire, that the Russian theatre, or any other nowadays, can boast. But it satisfies neither the Greek nor the Elizabethan.

To the Greek this Russian performance of a historical drama lacks, most of all, idea. He sees the story unfold; it is more or less without definite lines but moves along as life wavers among mortals and their plots and purposes. He sees the actors in their parts; they look like the very portraits of these bygone men, like figures walking out of the sixteenth century in Russia. And their manner, their gestures and use of the voice, are those of everyday life as one sees it everywhere. The groups of followers, the ensemble, the mobs, are life itself; every man and all the men together and the court maidens, are all alive, indistinguishable, save for their antique clothes, from people as they appear to us and from ordinary human conduct. These are indeed fierce, real persons there on the stage before him, and what they do is what any man we know would do if we moved him back to those events and that epoch of human experience.

But this Greek could never rest in history seen like that. To him the shapeless mass of history, its men and thoughts and incidents, when taken into art, is only material for larger ideas. A part of the very essence of these events and men is their remoteness. And in art this remoteness must appear in style, in a simplification and enlargement of the delineation of character and emotion and of the actual details of gesture and manner and speech. To try to bring the men and women of the long past centuries into the present time by making them walk and talk and express their impulses as the people around us do, seems to the Greek only to set up a present day life in a false shell of story and costume. No, not for him this excellently simple and recognizable pageant of life that these Russians set forth in the Czar and his princes and henchmen; but rather heroic figures that are in themselves embodiments of ideas, figures whose gait and heroic breasts gather up for time the steps and passions of mere transient men. And in the actors he would have above all things style, a great ornament of simplicity and distinction, and a lustre

and relief that would add to accidental nature the truth of art. And even to the scenes and the costumes he would have added style, not to copy what men once wore, which may be easily seen in museums, but to secure in the treatment of these material things the restatement that expresses our ideas of them as we see them through the depths of time; and that expresses also in terms of this historical matter our ideas of life; that expresses even in so slight a thing as garments an indication of idea, of the desire in our souls for something immortal in mortality.

To the Elizabethan, this average and ordinary mode of portraying these kings and princes of dead times lacks power, it lacks audacity and flight and that ungovernable scope of feeling and thought and image that he was accustomed to find in the historical tragedies of his own day. In his *Tamburlaine* that Marlowe wrote for him, and in Shakespeare's *King Lear* and *Macbeth* and *Richard III*, history is used superbly for the poet's purposes. He sees, however, this Russian daylight mood, these gestures, this manner, these actual antique garments, and it seems to him to come a long way short of what his own dreams must be. In the historical plays of his day there was not the general large form put on everything, as the Greek dramatists would do. The surface of the lines, the imagery, the grace of the Elizabethan moods, was a reflection of Greek or rather of the classical flower in the Renaissance, but how fundamentally untouched with Greek security and light! But on the other hand his dramas were not seen so straight nor with such moderate naturalism as he finds among these Russians. Marlowe and Shakespeare in their historical dramas, and the actors of Elizabeth's day, won idea for their matter through escape from the confines of the actual, through release, extravagance, through sheer volume of passion and thought and language. What the Greek way of creating did with patterns and ideas that controlled and designed the final form to be given the material, the Elizabethan gained by his freedom. His art was free from everything but the possibilities and limits of the imagination; and by creating a region of boundless light and change, he released not seldom a world of shapes that had infinite possibilities of meaning. From this extravagant freedom of his Elizabethan art, as from the Greek form and type

and idea, comes for him the opportunity for universal and eternal beauty. But this limitation within reality that the method of these Russians implies is for the Elizabethan too confining and too plain.

When it comes to the Gorki and the Chekhov plays, it is another matter. Gorki's play as it stands could go on forever; Gorki's play, with that cellar lodging where Luka, the religious pilgrim, with his gentle, flattering wisdom, moves for a while and departs; where Anna, the dying woman, is; and the fallen baron, the fallen actor, the philosopher, the prostitute, the thief, and many others living there together, philosophizing, drinking, hanging themselves, whining and vanishing. The Greek knows this because this Russian drama lacks the concluding outline that he expects, the gathering of a catastrophe that is at length, when the drama ends, to be seen through avenues of calm and noble reflection. The Elizabethan knows it because he has seen his tragedies wound up, always concluded by some violent death or by a sequence of heavy fates, drowning all in blood. But the possibility of this unending continuance in Gorki's play is inherent in the idea; both the Greek and the Elizabethan can see that. From the rise of the curtain at the beginning till that last pause at the end when the news comes of the actor's hanging himself, there is an unending stream of wretched life, a perpetual coming in and going out of those creatures that are the dregs of the world; and whatever happens is only a moment in this thing that will go on. That is modern realism, an intention of rendering life as we watch it live itself, a refusal to begin or end or to force this living matter into hard patterns or poetic escapes or controlled theory. The plays of Chekhov are even more thorough instances of modern realism. Here these two visitors, from the sunlit Bay of Salamis and the burly, wistful Thames, get the ultimate and most subtle modern realism to be found anywhere.

This Greek gentleman knows very well what the friends and advocates of this realism claim for it. What this realism does, they say, is to represent life as it is; to use no action and no expression that would not be visible or audible in actual life. Such a realism has for its deepest argument, though not often mentioned by its advocates, the idea that from the outside we

may see all the inside; Leonardo da Vinci's theory that if you could portray the exterior perfectly, the inner truth would be expressed; and something of this kind may have been implied in Aristotle's conceptions of science and art. The Greek comprehends clearly enough this power that realism lays claim to of giving us life as it is. But he is not for an instant imposed upon by it. He knows, too, the famous fourth wall theory, knows that if he should inquire of the founder and leading spirit of the Moscow Art Theatre, he would hear that Stanislavsky's avowed intention is to leave the audience out entirely, to represent the life going on there among the characters on the stage completely and in perfect illusion of reality, as if indeed we had simply been allowed to remove a wall and look on, and that were all. Whether such an effect on the stage could be secured, the Greek, thinking on the nature of art, is not sure; that it is not desirable, he feels certain. For the consciousness —varying of course with the simplicity or naïveté of the spectator's intellect—that we are looking at a work of art and not at reality, is necessary if we are to enjoy and understand the work of art exhibited to us. And the fine spell and the possibility for distinction in a work of theatrical art lies in the fact that at the same time it is and is not the thing it enacts, that it has the charm, as Pascal said of portraits, of presence and absence. That the art of these actors of the Moscow theatre does not supply a complete illusion of life but remains always theatre, and admirable theatre, the Greek is not so stupid as not to see.

This Athenian visitor watches the play, then, as it goes forward. The scene, in the first place, is obviously painted canvas, it is pushed toward reality in a kind of photographic representation, but it undoubtedly affords no illusion; in Gorki's courtyard scene it goes farther and is the frankest canvas makeshift. He sees the actors enter. Each actor is a character; if he is ragged, his cap, his shirt, his waistcoat, his coat, shoes, socks, beard and hair, are all distinctly ragged. If he is a clownish fellow, he remains more vivid than life in the mind's eye. Every person, in sum, is a perfect portrait and unforgetable. And this in itself, the Greek knows,—and, since he respects his mind, prefers to remember,—is not like life, where there is more blur and less indi-

vidual accent as a rule, certainly less for the average observer. And the very choice of the accent to be made and the pointing up that goes on over all the list of characters must bring the result, he knows, into the field not of life but of art. Moskvin, great actor that he is, is the very soul of his part; instead of being the copy of life, he is the perfection of that quality that the wiser critics speak of as spiritual realism; and Moskvin remains always underscored as a beautiful and profound and moving comment on the depths of the man he plays. This Athenian lover of Euripides and Aeschylus and Aristophanes sees, then, quickly enough that this is quite as much a directed channel of art as his own dramatists created. And he recognizes with no great difficulty the nature of their diversity and the point at which each school of art departs from the living material at hand. The Athenian's poets knew, as Plato taught, the doctrine of ideas. Their habit of thought regarded all our ideas or conceptions, such as beauty, wisdom, justice and so on, as imperfect manifestations of complete ideas that exist in the universe. These universal and eternal perfections our ideas participate in and reflect, and toward them our ideas move and by them are nourished and sustained. And Greek drama, as this man knows, aimed at a heightened ideality as its chief end. This modern realism, he perceives, handles, likewise, its material for its own ends, but aims at a kind of heightened actuality.

The Athenian can easily admire Chekhov's art for the ready and wonderful science of it. He acknowledges this marvelous eye for the details of human life, he sees with what final precision before *The Cherry Orchard* ends the revelation of life is achieved. This scientific phase of Chekhov's realism, though different from anything ever dreamed in Greece, is yet easy for him. For the Greeks had a certain kind of realism—not only in their burlesque and rough popular art—that was imminent always in their artistic thought. A Greek artist began intelligently with the earth, the body; he did not go evading and Galahadding the physical, but admitted physical nature as present, as a source and not to be denied any more than bread is denied as a part of our day. The Greek artist had in that sense, then, a start in science. But when he came to render life in art, he approached all this honest

detail of seen reality from without inward. As has been repeated so often, he began from the outside of his material, of the character or action, and worked inward. He began with ideas, with art forms, and saw the actual details in the light of them. But this after all, the Athenian would say, decisively, is from within outward; since the quality of his idea is derived from his inner experience and is of all things most himself, is of all things his final reality. He appreciates Chekhov's science, then, and he acknowledges, though with mild emotion, the truth that Chekhov creates in such quivering human terms.

From the exactitude of Chekhov's details this Greek spectator can see a vibrant and exciting world of human life arise. But he came from an open and sunlit country where the light of the sun revealed the last subtlety of things at once to his sharp eyes and lively mind, and simplified and brought things together within larger outlines of vision. His eye tends to see sharply and quickly these details that Chekhov exhibits. Most of them, to his thinking, fall into types and are readily implied in familiar general patterns of form and thought. These Northern races, he decides, make a lot of what ought to be obvious. At any rate these details, in so far as he sees into them, do take their place for him under type ideas in which they are included and from which they radiate. And in this realism he feels that he detects a lack of that sort of imaginative power that can find for a welter of detailed matter a completely representative and final statement. And thinking on that point he remembers some of Plato's definitions with their apt and inexhaustible light; he remembers that sentence Aeschylus put into Prometheus' mouth, setting the primæval chaos and offence into that single—

> I have made men cease from contemplating death;

and he remembers how Bianor, taking all the fatality and wholeness and humility and irony and lordly power of love, had made two lines that say everything—

> This man, inconsiderable, mean, yes, a slave, this man is loved
> And is lord of another's soul.

The Cherry Orchard, the Athenian decides, has no doubt a form in its way, but remains, nevertheless, essentially barbarous at its

core. And however acute and subtle such minute revelations of life may be, they seem to him only a means to an end, which end in art is the creation of an image, an inclusive idea, that will bring its matter away from the accidental and into participation with those lovely realities that are the mainstay of our living.

Some of the things set forth in this flexible and acute realism this Greek spectator may miss; some of them he will not even know how to look for. But for that he will care very little. For him too much of the concern is with things that are trivial. He would have a return in the theatre, in some modern form, of what existed in Dionysos's theatre that lay under the hill of his Acropolis. He would have longer lines running through the design of the drama, lines that approach the infinite idea. He would have another beauty there on the stage, for those who passionately seek after beauty in the creation of art. This beauty may not belong so immediately as does an easy realism to all the men in the audience, but at bottom, he believes, it does belong and appeal to many of them and, in the course of centuries, outlasts realism; a beauty that perfects men's lives, and, as his teacher would say, from the divinity of its nature makes evident those who desire an immortal life. Too much of modern realism seems to him only a kind of vulgar acuteness. He respects in art lucidity and easy and consummate statement and the recreative power of clear light; he doubts the virtue of that which groaning or skillful confusion or poignant chaos may stumble upon. To him art must be passionate and universal, but the born heir of a divine and tranquil nature.

The Elizabethan sees Chekhov not as the Athenian does. He looks at this realism of Gorki and Chekhov played on the stage there by these Moscow actors with such deceiving ease, and he feels at home with it all. All this drama, he sees, is wild at heart. Like Shakespeare and Marlowe and Massinger and their fellow dramatists, it too has no level or mould of civilization in it, but is the shifting and excessive dream of the single soul.

This Chekhov realism is at bottom non-social. Its gods are not like those of Greece, separate phases of our experience, patterns of ideas and attributes; they are innumerable blurred deities of impulse, of blind motive, of hidden traits and natural char-

acteristics that work confusedly and unexpectedly in human life. The Elizabethan accepts that, for he is not yet any too far from an old barbarism. His gods are discarded saints that are faint relics of Greek mythical ideas, and a vast personal God, a chaotic and vigorous spirit, driving men over seas and into fights, abasing them for their hot, black sins, lifting them up and justifying their passionate wills. But the Elizabethan's existence in life and art is a reckless splendor of extravagant imagination, and he has never seen created an art that is social. Shakespeare creates in his tragedies a contest of souls rather than of members of a society, whether on earth or in the universe. Shakespeare's comedies are only romantically true; they are full of green leaves, adventure and dreams and fantastic comicality; their ground is personal. And even Ben Jonson, for all his learning and strong, sharp eyes and the lessons he had of Plautus and the smooth Terence, when he writes comedy forces always his matter to a blaze of statement that has poetic but no social discretion. Chekhov's people, then, though they seem to the Elizabethan so limited in scope, he can easily be patient with; patient with these people to whom ideas have no order but are only states of exhilaration or tragic disgust or a babble of moods and mental exercises.

The Elizabethan sees how Chekhov's art flies always from a center; is, as the now familiar phrase goes, centrifugal. He understands that very much as a dramatic poet like Shakespeare used poetic speech and every freedom of figure and imagery to establish the complete quality of the moment, Chekhov, without saying or doing anything that would not be quite possible in ordinary life, discovers and puts together separate remarks and reactions which, by the time the scene ends, have suddenly fused into a revelation of the very soul of that given moment of life represented. And likewise he sees that, as is true of Shakespeare's play, the whole of *The Cherry Orchard* remains suspended in one's experience, an infectious mystery of human living. The Elizabethans had, too, always in the back of their heads a taste for the grotesque, as Chekhov has; though theirs is a rollicking or brutal or macabre grotesque, or a grotesque full of horror and awe, while Chekhov's is a wistful, shy irony, a grotesque that runs between sarcasm and loving humor. And the Elizabethan

drama, for all its splendid surface, and magnificent pride in beauty and ornament and contending powers, had, like the Russian, a barbarism at its core.

And yet, when all is said, the young Elizabethan is no more content with this Russian art and its realism than the Athenian is. He does not bring so much poise and sophistication, and so much security in the world, as the Greek can bring to Chekhov; but he brings his imagination and energy. And though he cannot describe his judgment of this realism as completely as the other can, he is, though less scornful, far more restive than the Greek.

What finally maddens the Elizabethan about this realism is its deliberate limitations. Why should we decide in this manner what life is? The slender melody of despair that comes sometimes in Chekhov seems to the Elizabethan too gray and relaxed. The pity seems too quiet and fatalistic for his uses. The humor, the comedy, in Chekhov is sure and searching; he likes it, but he would like it to go further. What this Elizabethan wants, as the Greek in his way wants, is a larger statement of the idea; he wants what to him is the poetic. He has not patience to settle into this delicate and sensitive conveyance of human life, but must have a vastly more heightened world of passions, beauty, images, words. And out of such a world as this he demands, as the Greek does in his way, that at great moments great inclusive visual images or forms of action be created—as when Oedipus enters with his blinded eyes, or Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, or King Lear wandering in the storm—in which the moment and all its implications is summed up and brought into a complete statement not only for the mind but also for the eyes.

And Chekhov's tragedy has for the Elizabethan far too much defeat. Out of such a muted violence and pressure of life he does not get his tragic beauty; this is not his poetry. He will not stop with this subtle and quivering revelation of what happens when a man's vitality, and the rush and fire of it, runs into the actual world about him. The thing that concerns him is what happens when the actual world about him runs into his vitality.

STARK YOUNG.

THE REVELATION OF RAPHAEL

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

Hearken, and trust my words. Behold I am
Of the Archangels, of the Shining Seven
Who have one only thought, one song, one deed,
To worship God. Glory to God, our God!

He dwelleth in eternal light. He leads
The gleaming constellations up the sky.
The meteors and comets feel His hand
Upon their blazing reins.
He is the Lover
Of all that live. The spirits of all men,
Though far they stray, perverse, on lonely ways,
Are of His household, even as little children.
The forest brotherhoods, set free from terror,
Sport in His garden, happiest when His feet
May walk among them. He is Lord of all,
The tame, the wild, the souls of those that fly
In the glad air, that swim in the glad waters,
That graze in the glad fields. The flowers whose tints
Are dear to Him, the trees His psalmodists,
The curious, shy denizens of ocean
From proud leviathan to living towers
Of coral, even down to those dim growths
Still unaware of being, all rejoice
In their Creator, worshipping His law
With that best worship of obedience.
In every life He lives, urging it upward;
The reptile rises to the bird; the wolf
Becomes the collie, guardian of men's flocks;
The criminal ascendeth to the saint.
The sweetness of His law excels all sweetness;
To do His will is Paradise and Peace.

I am Raphael, the Healer of the Earth,
Sent forth of God to comfort human hearts
And cure them of their griefs, for He is mindful
Of man, whom He hath made but little lower
Than us, His angels, and hath crowned with honor.

The bright, imperishable, singing spheres
Look wistfully on man, who falls to rise,
Whose soul was kindled at the central fire
And, burning wildly in the winds of earth,
Is yet divine. Glory to God, to God!

My task it is to heal this troubled earth
With reverence, with law, with loving kindness,
Purge it from greed and envy, falsehood, scorn,
Hate, cruelty, and all the brood of hell.
When martyrs in the fiery furnace walk,
I walk beside them and I cool the flames.
'Tis I present the prayers of saints before
The Throne of God; the psalms of David poured
Their fragrance from the censer I uplifted.

Farewell, for I arise to Him that sent me.
Swifter than those four steeds that down the air
Hurtle the splendid chariot of storm,
The Wind, the Rain, the Sleet, the Lightning, swifter
Than hope and fear and dream and death I speed
At the great bidding unto souls in sorrow;
But that keen flight is slow to my return
To Him whose essence draweth up mine own,
Even as the Sun draws up the dew. Farewell.
The clouds allure me and the ether calls me;
The pathways of the stars are lighted for me;
I bear your adoration up to God,
Beyond the pillars of the crystal heavens,
The chambers of the hoarfrost and the snow,
The stalls wherein the thunder-steeds are lodged,
Each ruled by its firm bridle of command,
Beyond Arcturus and his sons, beyond
The golden treasuries of the Pleiades,
Armored Orion and the mystic river
That mortals, marvelling, call the Milky Way,
Beyond the azure, star-embroidered veil
That the Four Seraphs weave between your world
Of space and time and our eternity.
On to the place where no flesh walks, I bear
The breath of your thanksgiving, on and on,
Beyond all hunger, thirst, and pain, and terror,
To the upper heaven whose palaces gleam out
With pinnacles and columns of sheer flame,

To that high dwelling, unconfined and clear,
Whence God looks forth on all His circling globes,
Shaping their shining destinies. And you,
You who have known the dimness and the dark,
Shall yet behold those walls that are no walls
But iridescent glow of jewels, praising
Our God with dancing color, even as life
Best praises Him with beauty, joy and love.
Glory to God!

THE IDLE SINGER

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

Not that I may be understood;—
Who understands the stream that slips
With endless music on its lips
Through the still wood?

Who listens when the night winds blow
Through those high harps the poplars string?
And the low song the rushes sing
Does any know?

And where the waves with milky hands
Touch the curved viol of the shore,
And the old chords break evermore,
Who understands?

But should the ritual be dumb
And the long invocation cease?—
Still let us breathe of that far peace
That may not come!

TWO POEMS

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

THE BUILDER

This loveliness is builded of despair;
This tower of white strength was made to fall.
O creeping Dust, that folds and covers all
With cloak of shadow we would scorn to wear,
Come not too soon along the level air!
The stones are firm that make the tower wall,
And the unyielding steel runs thin and tall
Into the clouds, and with the sun is fair.

Dust that was Beauty of an ancient art,—
Grey Threatener! My plans bespoke no gleam
Of steel that has to rust,—no mortared seam
For finger-strength of yours to pull apart!
(I think it is more wise for those who dream
To keep their beauty hidden in the heart.)

DEFIANCE

My song shall flow unceasing as the tide,
And words make their defiance to the sun;
I am caparisoned in ancient pride,
Dowered for battles lost or battles won.
And through all fleeting days, at my right hand
Waits earth's mad beauty, timelessly arrayed;
And on my left pale clouds like pillars stand,
Bearing their strength to keep me unafraid.
For I have put my trust in passing things,—
In loveliness that melts before a breath,
In thoughts washed shining at the mind's clear springs,—
These are eternal in the face of death;
And armed with these, their splendor and their truth,
I shall be strong, and keep immortal youth.

JACINTO BENAVENTE

BY FEDERICO DE ONIS

THE name of the Spanish dramatist, Jacinto Benavente, has in the last few years acquired a universal character. His works have been translated into divers languages, and his dramas have been played before the publics of many nations. Several volumes of his plays have been published in English, and two of his works have been presented on the stage: *The Bonds of Interest* and *The Passion Flower*. This latter enjoyed a rather popular success. Not merely Spanish, but foreign critics as well praise him extravagantly, placing him at the head of the dramatists of the day, and comparing him to Shakespeare and Molière, Lope de Vega and Calderón. And now the Nobel Prize has been awarded him, confirming and extending this international reputation. But at the same time, especially in Spain, the reaction has already set in against him, and he is now the object of scathing criticism—which may in itself be proof of his talent and success.

International recognition of an author comes late, as a rule; at a moment in which, to his countrymen, his achievements belong to the past. It is therefore easier to judge and appraise him. Seventeen years ago, in 1905, another Spanish dramatist received the Nobel Prize, José Echegaray. But what this date really marks in the history of the Spanish drama is the definite and widespread triumph of Benavente. For twenty-six years—1874–1900—Echegaray had been the idol of the Spanish theatre-going public; he had filled a whole epoch. But about 1890, and increasingly thereafter, there began to appear the germs of a new art, in contradiction to the preceding, and whose development and triumph were to signify a new epoch in Spanish literature. There was to come the consequent change in the taste of the public which would forsake its old idols blindly to follow the new. Benavente, who began to write in 1892, and whose first

play was produced in 1894, was the inaugurator and creator of the new drama, whose principles and aims were diametrically opposed to those which Echegaray's work had so brilliantly embodied. A writer who is in contradiction to the tastes of the public finds the beginning difficult, and Benavente's first contact with the public produced the inevitable clash and incomprehension. So great was this—the result of the profound cleavage between the incipient and the dominant literature—that the public did not even qualify Benavente's work as bad or inferior to the other; it simply said his plays were no more plays than Rubén Dario's verses were poetry; Azorin's, Baroja's and Vallei Inclán's novels were not novels; Unamuno's philosophy was a series of insolent paradoxes. Only after eleven years, in which time he had produced thirty-eight plays, did the attitude of the public toward Benavente change. Until then only a select minority had understood and appreciated his work. During these years in which Benavente's reputation and popularity were increasing, Echegaray's were on the wane, and in 1905 a shift of scene took place which substituted Benavente in the stellar part Echegaray had occupied in the heart of the public for thirty years.

Benavente is now fifty-six years old. Already strange tales have begun to circulate abroad about him, which tend to make him a legendary sort of figure. It is said that he began his career as a clown and actor, and from these humble beginnings ascended to a more respectable social position on the ladder of his literary triumphs. It must be known, in the interest of the truth, that Benavente has never been a professional actor. If occasionally he has appeared on the stage it has been as an amateur, and—be it also said in the interests of truth—without striking success. He was born and raised in Madrid, where he lives today. He has spent most of his life there, except for his travels abroad. He belongs to a well-known family of the upper middle class; his father was a prominent physician and Benavente's circumstances have always been comfortable. He began to study law at the University of Madrid, but this was not the path of his ambitions. Even as a child the theatre attracted him tremendously, and he had a little puppet show of his own at home. When his father

died he left the university and set out to travel. It was then that he traveled through France, Germany and Russia, and was supposedly an actor and the manager of a circus. This juvenile adventure gave him that knowledge of theatrical life which he has often utilized in his plays, notably in *La noche del sábado* (Saturday Night), one of his best.

His true world, however, the one he portrays most frequently, is that of Madrid. And in this world, it is of the classes in which he has moved, the upper middle class and aristocracy, which are practically one today, that he writes. Benavente is not of Madrid merely by the accidents of birth and residence; his spirit, his art, both are essentially *madrileños*, without a trace of the regional, popular or provincial spirit of Spain. There, in the heart of Spain, three and a half centuries of court life have created an artificial city, without real roots anywhere, and apparently in contradiction with all the rest of the country. It has, notwithstanding, a unique, unmistakable character among European capitals which is the result, good or bad, of the collaboration of all the Spaniards. Benavente is a product of this city and he gets his cosmopolitanism—increased by his travels—from it.

In the essence of his personality one finds the characteristic traits of the *señorito* of Madrid: refinement and gentility, keen intuition, a biting malicious humor, cynical indifference where moral issues are involved, genial skepticism.

Benavente is a skeptic, without beliefs and without faith, a characteristic attitude of his generation. This has made him amply tolerant of others. He is almost purely a writer, with few other interests. His social ideals take the form of a vague humanitarianism and protection of the weak. Problems dealing with children have especially interested him. Some years ago he started a theatre for children, and wrote a number of charming little things for it.

After these details, which may be of interest in the case of a foreign author, let us turn to his work. He began his literary career in 1892 with a volume entitled *Teatro Fantástico*, composed of plays not intended for the stage. The next year he published a volume of verses and another in prose, *Cartas de Mujeres* (Women's Letters). Already in this last he reveals himself as

the keen analyst of the feminine soul. In 1894 his first play, *El nido ajeno* (Thy Neighbor's House), was produced, and since then he has confined himself almost exclusively to the drama. His original works number more than eighty, and comprise all the *genres:* comedy, tragedy, farce, musical comedy, dialogue, monologue. He has besides translated several foreign plays, among them Molière's *Don Juan* and Shakespeare's *King Lear.* These two dramatists have exerted a greater influence on his art than the Spanish classical theatre. There is very clear evidence of the French theatre, which was dominant when he began to write. This fact has occasionally been pointed out, with the idea of disparaging Benavente, comparing him with Donnay, Lavedan, and others unquestionably inferior to him. These influences may exist, and there is, beyond a doubt, a similiarity between Benavente and other contemporary dramatists, as is invariably the case with writers of the same epoch; but the originality, the strength, the richness and variety of Benavente's work are such as to make it doubtful whether his equal exists in contemporary dramatic literature.

What Benavente did take from the French drama was the social and satirical tendency which led him to paint the Spanish, or to be more exact, the Madrid society of the day in his first plays. The world Benavente portrays has nothing to do with the French, and his manner of painting it, the wit, the sarcasm, the penetration, are completely his. *Gente Conocida* (People We Know) is the title of his second play, first presented in 1896, and it might well serve as the title for the majority of the plays of this first period. They were almost devoid of plot, composed of a series of pictures and scenes of the social life of the day, in which the members of the middle and upper classes of Madrid appeared before themselves as audience. The painting was hardly flattering; it was a delicate yet cutting satire; extraordinarily shrewd and true to life, always ironic in tone, contained and natural, but implacably cruel beneath the pleasant surface. The characters, all familiar types, are made to reveal their vices and their weaknesses, not through anything that happens, but by their talk and their comments on each other. The painting has all the charm of accuracy, of truthfulness and humor; the

language is witty and sparkling; the sarcasm subtle, almost impalpable. There is not a trace of moralizing in these plays, merely a cool, skeptical indifference.

To this period belong works like *La comida de las fieras* (The Feast of the Beasts), a cool, unflinching analysis of the cruelty and cynicism underlying a worldly society which are revealed on the occasion of the ruin of one of its members. To this same period belong other broader works in which an attempt at social reform rises out of the negative criticism. In *Lo cursi*, for instance, he ridicules one of the most imaginary yet deep-rooted apprehensions of fashionable society the world over in its Spanish form: the fear of being *cursi*. *Cursi* is slang and untranslatable. It is as different from *snob* as Spanish society from English. In *La Gobernadora* (The Governor's Wife) he attacks the moral hypocrisy of an immoral society.

Strange to say, it was this very cynical, decadent society that first acclaimed Benavente. It delighted in the delicacy and perfection of its own unflattering portrait. But with these satires Benavente could never have won the general public. His art was too refined, too subtle to become really popular. And so at first his success was confined to a small audience sufficiently cultivated to appreciate him.

Benavente was, however, more than just a satirist. Very soon his vision grew broader and deeper and his works took on a moral and a human significance. They contain not merely amusing jesting at the world we live in, but an ideal for a better humanity. A poet full of compassion for the weak and the suffering is revealed in the stinging satirist. His irony grows kindlier, more tolerant; and although the spectator is still invited to laugh at the ridiculous and despise the mean and malicious, there is in these works a spirit of human sympathy which inclines him toward tolerance and pity. It was at this juncture that he stepped out of the narrow bounds of Madrid society to paint a more varied, freer world in *La noche del sábado*, 1903. This was a great success among the limited audience of his admirers, though not a popular one. *Rosas de otoño* (Autumn Roses), 1905, fared better. In this Benavente's philosophy of life finds expression. It is based on a belief in the virtues of self-sacrifice,

resignation and forgiveness, which qualities he assigns his feminine characters. Strangely, Benavente almost always sees the nobler side of life through his women. The perspicacity of his analysis of the feminine soul, and his entire freedom from sex prejudice, constitute one of the innovations of his art.

That same year he achieved his first really popular success with *Los malhechores del bien* (The Evil-Doers of Good). This is a satirical comedy, but its criticism is constructive. By throwing into high relief the belittling of charity and philanthropy by those who exercise them without feeling their significance, these virtues are even more stoutly affirmed. At the time it was believed that the work had been written as a piece of anti-clerical propaganda. This showed a lack of comprehension of Benavente's art, then wholly free from all spirit of thesis or controversy. The play's appeal to a popular audience lay in the depth of the theme and the vivid, realistic way it was presented. Benavente's world had grown; it was no longer the one social class, or the cosmopolitan, somewhat artificial society he had been portraying thitherto. Here were all strata of society, upper, middle and lower, the last painted with as much vigor as the first with refinement. And there was in the work a spirit essentially and eternally Spanish, perhaps the strongest element in the Spanish character: hatred of the Pharisee, the professional reformer, who tries to improve others without being better himself; and coupled with this antipathy, pity, compassion, even tolerance for human frailities.

Since then Benavente's talent has developed with astounding vigor and variety. The most diverse tendencies of the modern drama, the most contrasting emotions, characters and conflicts, have found expression in works of high order. It would be difficult to answer the very American and very natural question, which is his best work. The author seems to prefer *Señora ama* (The Mistress), a simple drama of passions that verge on the tragic, the scene of which is laid in the country far from urban refinements and conventions. The public and the critics have selected two other works on which to lavish their admiration. Opinions on *Los intereses Creados* (The Bonds of Interest) seem unanimous; *La Malquerida* has fervent admirers and hardly less

vehement denigrators. These two works have been played before the American public. The latter, whose title became *The Passion Flower*, was the only one that really reached the public. The first, though warmly praised, was not understood. This is hardly strange, for the actors themselves failed to grasp it. It would have been truly amazing had they caught without any preparation so subtle and ultra-refined a work by a foreigner who waited years and years before the public of his own country understood him. When *Los Intereses Creados* was presented in 1907, the Spanish public could understand and savor it because it had had some thirteen years of preparation, embracing about fifty plays by the same author. *La Malquerida* made the same easy immediate impression on the American public—probably because of its very defects—as on the Spanish. It is an unusual work for Benavente; a tragic drama on classic lines without real national bearing or spirit, although the scene is laid among Spanish peasants of today. But Benavente's peasants are neither Spanish nor of any particular nationality. His country is conventional, without real feeling. The theme itself is an old one: that of Phædra and Hippolytus, but reversed. Here the father falls in love with his step-daughter, and the stark, terrible tragedy which ensues is calculated to move the stoutest heart. Benavente's dramatic talent and theatrical skill reach their culmination in this work. But we stand before it perplexed, uncertain whether we have here a profound, genuine tragedy, or a cunningly contrived, calculatingly designed "thriller". The very existence of this doubt is in itself a bad sign. The fact is that since then Benavente has shown symptoms of a frank decadence. There is a symbolic, moralizing tone about his latter works which does not accord with his earlier art. He enjoys a greater popularity than ever among the very people he had so sharply and keenly satirized in his first plays. But the intellectual minority has shown apathy toward this last phase of Benavente's dramatic art. Artificial and false, they label it. Benavente himself once said: "Only God and my artistic conscience know that when we moralize we have to lie."

Los Intereses Creados seems to the public and to me to represent the high-water mark of Benavente's achievement, the culmina-

tion and synthesis of his entire labor. Unlike the rest of his work, it is not a portrayal of contemporary society, although the ideas and emotions, the conceptions of the world and life, are those he has been developing throughout his earlier work. Here, however, they are presented without the limitations of time and space, with a simplicity and intensity really classic. In the manner of the ancient farce, the Italian *commedia dell' arte*, the characters, seemingly exaggerated and artless puppets, reveal the threads that move men in real life, the good and evil passions that inspire human actions. An astute, sagacious observer of the workings of the human heart, the rogue Crispín—who has nothing of Sancho Panza, as the actor who played him in New York seemed to think, but descends from the line of Mother Celestina and the *pícaros*—is the central figure of the play. It is he who pulls all the wires, who puts into motion all the passions, not in his own interest, but in the service of his companion of adventures, who in the scheme of the play has the rôle of master. And he really is the master because he is capable of lofty sentiments, idealism, and the generosity of love.

This type of broad comprehensive interpretation of life, which seeks out the lower forms of humanity and existence to find in them moral and æsthetic beauty, is the essence of the so-called Spanish realism: it is Velazquez's and Cervantes's æsthetic concept. Benavente's work is a modern expression of the same principle, and therefore essentially Spanish in spirit.

There is every reason to believe, in so far as one can judge of one's contemporaries, that the work of Benavente will be incorporated into the classic store of Spanish literature as the most original and valuable contribution to the drama of the day. An author of his rank well deserves the attention he has begun to receive abroad, and which will undoubtedly increase in the future. It is to be hoped that Benavente's visit to the United States, on his way home from a brilliant tour of Spanish America, will stimulate the public's interest in his personality and lead to a still better acquaintance with his works.

FEDERICO DE ONIS.

THE MULTITUDE:

AN APPRECIATION OF ALICE MEYNELL

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

She roams maternal hills, and bright,
  Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
  The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
  A shepherdess of sheep.

The Shepherdess.

"To be clever and sensitive and to hurt the foolish and the stolid—wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world? Not I, by this heavenly light." Here in this middle world, of which the greatest of modern critics has written, where is neither heaven nor hell for the multitude, where the stolid and foolish fear much, suffer, show courage, and are men, Alice Meynell, too, found the refusals, the shadows of the things which are loved and dreaded, the energy, the loveliness, the last curiosity of life. Here is her morality which was sympathy, for she took the object so commonplace in daily living and about it shed beauty and attractiveness; in it she descried not only the evident loveliness but also the hidden relation between physical and spiritual law. A fringe of city grass; or the human foot, its articulation suppressed, its language confused, yet still instinct with love for the cool, sweet lap of earth; or a woman riding a bicycle in a city thoroughfare, "dull but ready," those "who have neither the open secret nor the close; no reserve, no need of refuge, no flight nor impulse of flight; no moods but what they may have out in the street, no hope of news from solitary counsels,"—the multitude with no part in the multitude of peace, these were the experiences in which Mrs. Meynell found wealth. Always the thought of the multitude haunts her poetry as well as her prose:

A futile crop!—for it the fire
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.
So go the town's lives on the breeze,
Even as the sheddings of the trees;
Bosom nor barn is filled with these.

Out of such thoughts about futility and defeat, she gave of her largesse. Through her we have come to know how generous in its relation to other life a little thing, a common vicissitude, may be. Yet in the midst of tumult, watching the faces of the crowd, she longed for solitude:

If there is a look of human eyes that tells of perpetual loneliness, so there is also the familiar look that is the sign of perpetual crowds. It is the London expression, and, in its way, the Paris expression. It is the quickly caught, though not interested, look, the dull but ready glance of those who do not know of their forfeited place apart.

In the midst of what is tawdry, cheap, vulgar, she meditated on innocence:

Obviously, Experience can be nothing except personal and separate; and Innocence of singularly solitary quality is his who does not dip his hands into other men's histories, and does not give to his own word the common sanction of other men's summaries and conclusions. Therefore I bind Innocence and Experience in one, and take them as a sign of the necessary and noble isolation of man from man—of his uniqueness. . . . Perfect personal distinctness of Experience would be in literature a delicate Innocence. Not a passage of cheapness, of greed, of assumption, of sloth, or of any such sins in the work of him whose love-poetry were thus true, and whose *pudeur* of personality thus simple and inviolate. This is the private man, in other words the gentleman, who will neither love nor remember in common.

Yet all mob "thinking" is based on conclusions which have been established among men over long periods of time. Not only are the words of the crowd given the sanction of other men's deductions: their whole action is such a deduction. Thought is a process which has little to do with conclusion, for the conclusion once reached the process of thinking is over. In a sense even the "private man" does not exist the direction of whose mind is not guided by conclusion established by the experience of humanity. The shepherding of the multitude was so close, so catholic a burden in Mrs. Meynell's heart. Nevertheless in this dictum she was undemocratic.

It should not be forgotten that Socrates was put to death because he did not believe in the gods the city believed in. And in a sense Mrs. Meynell, conservative, unprogressive though she was, never believed in these "gods of the city". It was rather in the courage of her regard for human nature, in the unique rejections she made, in the measure of her word and wisdom, that her treasure lay. Excessive praise of Coventry Patmore, unequal discrimination of Dickens, phrases which reveal phrase-making, words which spell preciosity, trick of epigram, the suggestion that, sometimes, sanction for experience is found in expression, can well be forgotten, but not the tender discernment which condemns our shabbiness of spirit, that flagellation of our sordidness, insincerity, vulgarity. Walking, a child of process, among modern men and women, in her criticism of life she spoke in *I Am the Way* with the gentleness of a Saint Francis:

> Thou art the Way.
> Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
> I cannot say
> If Thou hadst ever met my soul.
>
> I cannot see—
> I, child of process—if there lies
> An end for me,
> Full of repose, full of replies.
>
> I'll not reproach
> The road that winds, my feet that err.
> Access, approach,
> Art Thou, time, way, and wayfarer.

She had courage for adventure, too; she could be a discoverer of new things in old ways, if necessary become reformer. The vulgarity of the women in *The Vicar of Wakefield* did not escape her disdain simply because for some one hundred years mankind had been willing to accept Goldsmith's own estimate of the Primrose ladies. The vulgarity of vulgar eyelids did not elude her, those eyelids with "a slang all their own, of an intolerable kind". Nor does the vulgar American go free. If the English can help it, the "vulgar American" never does go free! With young idealism, I used to think vulgarity a thing of caste or class.

I know now that vulgarity may be equally possessed by duchess or by cook; by an American or an Englishman. It is not national. In Americans she condemned those things of life which are "mentally inexpensive", for vulgarities are the result not of being *un*-civilized but of being *de*-civilized. She commented in her critique of Oliver Wendell Holmes upon American cottage worldliness, "the routine of abundant and common comforts achieved by a distressing household industry, the shrillness, the unrest, the best-parlor emulation, the ungraceful vanity, of Americans of the countryside and the country-town; upon their affections made vulgar by undemonstrativeness, and their consciences made vulgar by demonstrativeness—their kindness by reticence, and their religion by candor."

Assuredly such religiosity—and the word covers the opposite of "candor"—as may be found in *The Fugitive* and *In Portugal* are not natural to Americans. For us, still, the word "candor", either in religious or in social honesty, is something for which, if need be, we would go gladly to prison. . . . Pastoral religious imagery—the figure of the shepherd—is common to Alice Meynell's poetry. The motif is religious, I am sure. In *The Unexpected Peril*, the once clear, delicate spirituality of the figure of the shepherdess as she used it, has become deliberate and labored morality. So far had she travelled in the subtleties of religion that at times religion has become as *precieuse* as her phrase. Altogether lost is the simple compelling spirituality of her *Shepherdess*.

Of deliberate and labored moral judgments, Mrs. Meynell was sometimes guilty. No one with the scientist's conscience could possibly put the two stanzas of *Messina, 1908*, together. Here is the evident labor of both the moralist and the religious zealot. There are many religious poems in her later poetry—too many, for the simple reason that poetry is not primarily religious. It is primarily poetry or it is nothing—"nothing" in art being equivalent to saying that it is second-rate. Yet Alice Meynell herself knew so well that the first and greatest poetry is the poetry that is lived. She must have known that in a sense the morality of a poem is negligible—it so often is! The function of the poem is not action or reason but singing,

self-expression, beauty. A poem is above morality. Except where it fails as art, censure is out of place. It is at this point that all moralists grow alarmed. What need to be? One step further in thinking, and it is so plain that in its influence on human beings all great poetry insensibly passes over into a problem of conduct. . . . Part and parcel of the ethical and the religious tendencies in her poetry is its instinctive asceticism, revealing itself in the frequent use of such words as "rejection" and "refusal". . . .

Among the most prized of my letters is one from Mrs. Meynell in which she wrote: "I wish *Kubla Khan* had never been written at such a price. If I could write a masterpiece at such a price, God forbid it me." Here is the burdened thought of the moralist. . . . But about her there was at times a sort of high spiritual gaiety very appealing even when it bears the imprint of the moralist. I am thinking of such poems as *The Shepherdess*, and also of Mrs. Meynell's translation, *The Joyous Wanderer*.

Side by side with narrow refusal either to seek for or investigate certain types of truth,—a refusal which she shared with Coventry Patmore who influenced her greatly,—are curiously brilliant flashes of interpretation. She wrote in *The Child of Tumult:* "It is only in childhood that our race knows such physical abandonment to sorrow and tears, as a child's despair; and the theatre with us must needs copy childhood if it would catch the note and action of a creature without hope." And she said of language: "It seemed to be forgotten that a language with all its construction visible is a language little fitted for the more advanced mental processes." Certainly her "language" will bear and reward many years of love. In her essays are splendid encounters between Latin and English words, proud-sailing Elizabethan sentences, abstract words used in peculiarly concrete ways, the gauging of the full value of a single elision, the balancing of the chords of sentences, the perfect use of rhetorical question and summary. It may not be said that she lacked in personal and spiritual courage. But in intellectual courage I think she did lack when she wrote:

> Art and Nature are complementary; in relation, not in confusion, with one another. And all this officious cleverness in seeing round the corner, as it

were, of a thing presented by literary art in the flat—(the borrowing of similes from other arts is of evil tendency; but let this pass, as it is apt)—is but another sign of the general lack of a sense of the separation between Nature and her sentient mirror in the mind.

As our knowledge of the physique of life becomes subtler, boundary lines become more difficult to detect. Even as it may be said that a poem, which as such has nothing to do with morality, nevertheless passes over into a problem of conduct, so are the arts contiguous merging into one another, and so are man and nature contiguous, merging into one another, and similarly contiguous are the material and spiritual facts of experience. As far as Browning was concerned, the fate of Pippa was based on sentiment: with Meredith it was based on something quite different: "You destroy the poetry of Sentiment, Doctor Middleton," said Whitford. "To invigorate the poetry of nature," came the reply. Poetry has no greater illustration of high pantheistical truth than Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, in which as his inspiration mounts the printed book seems to lose its opacity and become translucent. Who in this poem shall say at what point that "separation between Nature and her sentient mirror in the mind" becomes a fact?

Mrs. Meynell's perception of beauty is full of social feeling; even the exquisite poem *Meditation* with its touch of Mariolatry is conceived in the spirit of the general life. She penetrated to the heart of the matter in her criticism of the Japanese ideal of beauty when she wrote: "What the Japanese are intent upon is perpetual slight disorder. . . . The art of such a people is not liberal art, not the art of peace, and not the art of humanity." In her work the London street gamin has not lost the child's identity with nature. These pictures of the life of a thoroughfare are what every man who runs can see they are; but she saw more, for they are idyllic, pastoral:

The little figure of the London boy it is that has restored to the landscape the human color of life. He is allowed to come out of all his ignominies, and to take the late color of the midsummer northwest evening, on the borders of the Serpentine. At the stroke of eight he sheds the slough of nameless colors—all allied to the hues of dust, soot, and fog, which are the colors the world has chosen for its boys—and he makes, in his hundreds, a bright and delicate flush

between the grey-blue water and the grey-blue sky. Clothed now with the sun, he is crowned by-and-by with twelve stars as he goes to bathe, and the reflection of an early moon is under his feet. . . . So little stands between a gamin and all the dignities of nature. They are so quickly restored. There seems to be nothing to do, but only a little thing to undo. . . . All the squalor is gone in a moment, kicked off with the second boot, and the child goes shouting to complete the landscape with the lacking color of life. . . . Old ivory and wild rose in the deepening midsummer sun, he gives his colors to his world again.

The virtue of figurative speech at its source was Alice Meynell's, and that speech was so large a part of the poetry of her prose. It was like George Meredith, that friend of hers, to let a woman say, as Diana does: "The art of the pen is to rouse the inward vision, instead of laboring with a drop-scene brush, as if it were to the eye; because our flying minds cannot contain a protracted description. That is why the poets, who spring imagination with a word or phrase, paint lasting pictures." With what ascription in "agile" of a bodily, almost muscular life to the air, Alice Meynell said that to the waters of wells the "agile air" has perpetual access—beautiful embodiment starting into existence at the very thought of the dull secret of city water where the plumber "sets his seal upon the floods." The wind of the world she saw "nimble and eager" in a sorry London street; and her eyes are glad at the blooming of the "little, common, prosperous road" with the grass that has yielded prettily to asphalt and yet taken leave to live and let live on the strip of ground next to the asphalt. Long ago I noted her love for the footfall that is on grass,—for the grass that is unclipped and which comes to its predestined point. Long ago I loved her rebellion against the engineer's method for carrying water, and delighted in the lance she would break with any farmer in behalf of the thistle. Long ago I smiled over the landowner who has his doubts whether the reeds are his, as I have whether a tree is ever mine. I could as easily believe that I owned a star as a tree. No more exquisite description of rain has ever been written than in the essay of hers called *Rain*, and no words more brilliantly descriptive than these:

The long stroke of the raindrop, which is the drop and its path at once, being our impression of a shower, shows us how certainly our impression is

the effect of the lagging, and not of the haste, of our senses. What we are apt to call our quick impression is rather our sensibly tardy, unprepared, surprised, outrun, lightly bewildered sense of things that flash and fall, wink, and are overpast and renewed, while the gentle eyes of man hesitate and mingle the beginning with the close.

And she thought of the clouds of the familiar earth and sky as they are seen sometimes "on a sunny evening in Regent Street." Of the cloud she wrote: "Its own beauty is unaltered where it has no earthly beauty to improve. It is always great: above the street, above the suburbs, above the gasworks and the stucco—above the faces of painted white houses."

There is no eminent poetry—indeed, no prose—without a strong sense of place. The feet even of Shelley knew what it was to love passionately the turf of cool Italian hills. Like the childhood described in *The Children*, Mrs. Meynell had that sense too keenly for perfect peace, and her thought, with the little tract of pasture, took wing to the head of mountain valleys. This spirit of place speaks in many ways, "in a prevalent wind," "in a far street-cry," in cathedral bells. To her, long white roads had intimations and prophecies of the untraveled soul of town or city. In the wind, in a street-cry, in bells, fugitive suggestions of the clamor of human life, of "earth's untethered sounds," never wholly articulate, never precisely described, but as dear and familiar to our ears as is the earth itself to our eyes. Like the flow and subsidence of light these sounds swing between sleeping and waking, and in our dreams the echo of them tolls with I know not what meaning of the passing of the world. To Alice Meynell the stir of civilization was full of poetry—that rhythm, that periodicity of life, which is not only in the poetry of Shelley but which moves more solemnly in the flow and ebb of Arnold's poems; "those intervals between aspirations, between actions" in the lives of men, "the gaiety that takes us by a dear surprise," the sorrow that was with us yesterday and will be tomorrow, but which today we can bear.

And as she thought of the honors of workmanship, so again the thought was of the common lot, the multitude. She could write. Yes, but far better, she could live. For many years

professionally a journalist, she made no withdrawals from the world, created no vacuum in human affairs that she might paint imaginary portraits. Like the rare character in *A Remembrance*, she desired no differences from other men, no remembrance, but only "loss among the innumerable forgotten." Here is no strife either for an unnatural equipoise or for immortality which desire shall not constrain, but rather here is a spirit of submission to daily oblivion. A child of process, she herself has shown an honorable and "dignified alacrity to do her best, daily, for the 'process', and for oblivion," and has, I venture to affirm, written some essays which will last longer than Richard Jefferies's and as long as Lamb's.

All appraisals are but "significant trivialities" in comparison with the message of her own essay and of her poem. To Alice Meynell the last curiosity was not of art but of life itself; it is the disparity between destiny and nature; the trivial transmission of a life that is nevertheless great, the vulgar experience of love that is none the less real, the "heroic virtue" of death committed to the keeping of us all; the gravity of mortality greater than that of immortality. It is the lesson in the averages of life and death that means most, "the difficult peace of suspense" which her *Woman in Grey* had learned, willing companionship in common chances, common security, common hope—this faith in, this compassion for, the multitude. It is but necessary to use her own phrases to discover those things she valued most. Like a child my mind has kept step with hers for many years, and like a child it still runs beside her, looking up, using her living words, following her thought. In the "running" I have lost account of time; and now, they say, she is dead. . . . *Tribulation, Immortality, the Multitude!*

JEANNETTE MARKS.

UNITY IN EDUCATION

BY EDWARD P. WARNER

When the historian of the future undertakes to sum up the salient points of the times in which we live, he must set forth as one of his leading facts: "In this period education became a concern of the people." Though a substantially universal opportunity for common school education has been reached long before the beginning of the twentieth century, the mass of the population accepted without comment or criticism whatever the local school board might provide, and when education was brought to the attention of the ordinary citizen at all it came through the medium of spread eagle oratory extolling the little red school house as the cornerstone of our greatness. Today, no subject is more discussed. Whatever we read, wherever we go, there beat insistently upon us the contentions of the propagandists for this form of training or that, the pleas of those who advocate "classical" or "commercial", "cultural" or "vocational", education. The awakening has been slow, but there has finally come full realization that no people who provide only for quantity of education, and leave type and method largely to hazard or to the dictation of a professional pedagogue obsessed by a hobby, can long compete with others who make those matters a serious concern. Modern life is so intense that we may not safely diffuse our energies, and the use of the time in each person's life devoted to systematic study must be planned to yield a maximum result with a minimum of effort if there is to be packed into that brief period even a minute fraction of what is admittedly desirable. It is through the few years of formal education that the mental trends of later life are shaped, and it should be among the first duties of every citizen to do whatever is possible to increase the effectiveness for good of those few years. Education's greatest gain in recent years lies in the general recognition and acceptance of this duty, which is by no means confined to those directly

responsible for the education of some individual, nor even to those whose taxes go to support the schools, but extends to every man and woman having at heart the wellbeing of the nation and of the world as a whole.

A curious analogy can be traced between the requirements for an effective education and those three principles of unity, coherence, and emphasis which rhetoric texts list as the basis of good writing. The question of emphasis in education is essentially a matter of arrangement of curriculum, and that has been debated at such length and with such heat by the respective defenders of classical and "modern", or semi-vocational, education that one may well despair of finding anything new to offer. The other two, the maintenance of unity and coherence, however, have been singularly overlooked.

The two can be treated essentially as a single problem. That problem is to establish all branches of educational endeavor in their proper relation to each other in a single system, a system which must be so perfectly planned that no part can be taken away and nothing can be added without damaging the symmetry of the whole.

It is perhaps not to be wondered at that the student fails to gain a sense of the interrelations of his studies. The teaching of each subject as a separate entity, depending only on certain directly preparatory subjects in virtually the same field and leading only to a final examination as the goal, virtually precludes the gaining of any such sense. An attempt to treat scholastic work as though it were divided into a multiplicity of water-tight compartments can hardly have any other result.

The vital factors in securing unity and in impressing upon the student the amazing extent of the network of interconnections and mutual dependencies which binds all human knowledge together, fall under two main heads. There must be kept ever in mind and emphasized at each opportunity the relations between each of those branches and the "practical" problems of the non-academic world.

One need not seek far, whether the quest be started among the sciences, the linguistic subjects, or in the field of social sciences and philosophy, to find a multitude of interrelations between

subjects in the same general field. In some cases, indeed, such as that of physics and mathematics, the affinity is so close that it is impossible for the most casual student to overlook it. The relations between the vocabularies and constructions of the languages of the world, while less continuously obvious, are no less striking at times, particularly when there appear resemblances so unexpected as those between the tongues of the early Aztecs and of the Japanese, which have been pointed out by Baron Rosen. The usefulness of at least a smattering knowledge of philology in developing linguistic attainments has come to be generally understood.

Of more interest to us here, however, because they are capable of being most useful in keeping up the student's interest and giving him a background, are the links between subjects much less directly connected than those just cited. To choose first the example which is most notorious at the present time, it is rapidly coming to be understood that the teaching of history is intimately bound up with a score of other subjects. The earnest followers of H. G. Wells expound at length the necessity for a biological basis for history, a conception quite undreamed of except by a few enthusiastic specialists a decade ago. History admittedly cannot be understood if it is attempted to separate the happenings in a single district or country or continent from the record of contemporary events in the rest of the world. The connections are, however, broader than this. Political history is meaningless unless its study is carried on in conjunction with that of economic development and of the sciences. The secrets of the military successes and failure of three centuries in Europe are to be found, not in a tabulation of names of monarchs and dates of battles, but in the physical geography of Belgium and Eastern France. The first waning of the Napoleonic star, when the Grand Army was turned back from Moscow, was chargeable not to any strategic genius of Bonaparte's adversaries but to natural conditions whose study lies within the domain of meteorology. Three centuries ago a king might take a nation to war to gain the favor of a pretty courtesan. Today, international rivalries deal with and wars grow from the ceaseless struggle for the possession of natural resources. The geologist has succeeded the

adventurers who sailed with Frobisher and Drake, and the search for gold has become prosaic beside the newer quests for molybdenum, nitrates, tungsten, and oil. Since political history, in its broadest sense, is the study of the acts of statesmen and of the factors which motivate those acts, most branches of natural science are really inextricably intertwined with history and essential to its full comprehension.

Enough has been said to demonstrate beyond cavil the folly of trying to teach or to learn the history of nations and of their relations with each other without keeping parallel with that study the study of scientific and economic development. No study is so interesting, to say nothing of having such potentialities for usefulness, when undertaken for itself alone as when it is viewed in its proper relations to the rest of the world, and those relations often crop out in the most unexpected places. It is well known by students of mathematics, for example, that certain higher branches of that science are so closely allied to philosophy as to make it practically impossible to draw a sharp line between the two subjects, yet the average man surely thinks of mathematicians and philosophers as having little in common. Music, too, when the theory of composition is really analyzed, appears as a subject essentially mathematical, composing being a problem in the assembling of tones whose pitch characteristics form certain harmonic ratios.

It would be profitless and wearisome to multiply examples in demonstration of a thesis so obvious, but the frequency with which the desirability of some unification is wholly overlooked makes it worth while to offer a few more. Among the most amusing relations is that between philology and meteorology, a relation which has been invoked by certain philologists who ascribe differences in general form of language to differences in climate. While the soft breezes of the South Seas have led to the development, in the indigenous tongues, of such gentle and vowel-laden nouns as Kilauea and Rarotonga, ukulele and Waikiki, the more arduous climate of North Central and Eastern Europe, requiring that speech be carried on in winter with a minimum displacement of the lips and tongue, has been responsible for Przasnysz and Przemysl and others of that ilk. Another

illustration which has recently been brought forcibly to the front lies purely in the domain of science. Numerous zoölogists and ornithologists, amateur and professional, have delivered opinions on the flight of birds, and some of those who have undertaken to explain the phenomena of flight have displayed not only their own complete ignorance of physics but also an astonishing failure to recognize that the motions of an animal, whether on land, or water or in the air, are subject to ordinary physical laws and can be interpreted only by one familiar alike with those laws and with the nature of the animal. Here again the moral is pointed that no field of knowledge is isolated and that no specialist can be sufficient unto himself.

This is but one aspect of the theory of unity in education. The most important tasks which lie before educators at the present time are to increase the efficiency of teaching and learning and to develop in the student a greater enthusiasm in pursuit of his studies. The latter of those aims can best be attained by demonstrating at every opportunity the intimacy of the bonds between academic work and other interests. The tendency to talk of theory and practice as though they were two entirely separate things existing in different worlds is far too widespread. The average scholar and those responsible for his welfare have turned away from that mild acquiescence with which mathematics and the classics were accepted in the last century on the theory that they were mental discipline or that all knowledge was desirable in itself. The pressure on the curriculum has become too great to permit the continuance of such an attitude. The fact that most pupils and their parents regard education primarily as an avenue of preparation for living and earning a living in a workaday world cannot be shirked, and the views and arguments of educators must be adjusted accordingly. With multitudinous subjects of undoubted direct practical value clamoring for admission to the course of study, "mental discipline" and even "broad culture" can hardly expect a general sympathetic hearing.

The most fundamental objection that can be raised against vocational education of the extreme type is not that it fails to provide broad culture but that it fails to afford a satisfactorily

complete basis even for successful specialization. Vocational education often exemplifies that commonest of human faults, the tendency to seek to go straight from the formulation of a desire to its perfect fulfilment, omitting all the foundation work and intermediate steps on which any real attainment must be based. That tendency seems to grow ever more aggravated as the mechanism which surrounds our life grows more complex, but that the problem is not a new one is attested by Shakespeare's having written, three centuries ago, of that "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on th' other side". We o'erleap ourselves still.

We err grievously if, on the one hand, we fancy that the formal teaching of physics or algebra or almost any other subject can be brushed lightly aside and replaced by practical shop courses. We err no less if, taking the other extreme path, we allow our devotion to the beauty of a particular branch of study, our desire to preserve its purity unblemished by the slightest suggestion of practical usefulness, to lead us to present it to the eye of the student as a thing set apart in splendid isolation from the ordinary affairs of mankind. The second of these flaws is found most often in the teaching of mathematics and the modern languages, but no subject is immune. The inferiority of Americans as linguists is notorious, and the cause should be as obvious as the fact. It is useless to hope that we, as a nation, can gain any proficiency in foreign languages so long as French and German grammar are taught as feats of mental gymnastics and with no apparent reference to the French and German languages as media for the transference of thought between human beings. We have all known students who had lived in some foreign country and spoke the language fluently, yet could not pass a college examination in it, while high marks in examinations were secured by others wholly unable to carry on an intelligible conversation.

The natural and mathematical sciences form the group of subjects most easily related to practical concerns and most vitally important in connection with preparation for almost any non-professional vocation. Nevertheless, strangely enough, the teaching of that very group of subjects has been more vigorously attacked by advocates of the new in education than has that of

any other group save possibly the classical languages. The seeming contradiction between the great practical usefulness of the sciences, particularly those which are primarily mathematical in their nature, and the contumely which has been heaped upon them by avowed advocates of practicality, cease to amaze when one examines the methods commonly pursued in teaching. Algebra, instead of being a fascinating subject opening the way to all sorts of interesting knowledge otherwise unattainable, has become a dreary round punctuated with foolish questions dealing with the ability of two wholly uninteresting characters named A and B to complete in x days a piece of work of unspecified nature. An inspection of a few of the algebra texts commonly used in high schools does not reveal more than one problem out of every ten which has any conceivable relation to any question likely to arise in the practical affairs of life. Such a condition seems almost incredible in view of the ease of devising problems not only practical but also interesting and giving answers which can be judged by their reasonableness—problems dealing with such important matters as the handicapping of running races, the dimensions of engines, the rating of racing yachts, the distance that "Babe" Ruth can bat a ball, and the speed shown by an end in "getting down under a kick". The average schoolboy's chief interests lie in sport and elementary mechanics, and his interest in his school work will increase in direct proportion to the strength of the bond established between such work and those engrossing subjects.

Algebra is a particularly pronounced example of a subject often badly, because uninterestingly, taught, but what is true of algebra is true in large degree of many other subjects. The physical sciences are of course easily linked to sports and the principles of operation of simple mechanical devices. The physics books which now devote many pages to the description of experiments performed by Galileo, Torricelli, and Volta might better yield some of that space to explanations of the curving of a baseball, the flight of an airplane, and the actual operation of the incandescent light, wireless telephone, and pocket camera. The secondary school textbooks now available in physics and chemistry are, to be sure, far less serious offenders in such respects

than are those dealing with the more mathematical branches of science, but even they are not free from reproach. A high school student of my acquaintance once confronted a physics examination containing the question: "Should the glasses used to neutralize shortsightedness have concave or convex lenses?" The student in question was a sufferer from shortsightedness and was wearing glasses designed to correct the defect, but it never occurred to him to feel of the lenses and so answer the question by practical trial. The ethics of obtaining the solution in such a manner need not be discussed here, but it was no honorable scruple that prevented the student from securing an answer certainly correct. He was so fixed in the idea of school work as something purely abstract and isolated that it never occurred to him that the answer to a problem of the classroom might be found from a source quite distinct from that or any other classroom.

I recently had another amusing illustration of the yawning gap between education and life when I sought to purchase an outline map of Europe. The only ones available appeared to date from about the time of the Franco-Prussian War, and the young man in charge of the school supply department tartly replied to my inquiry: "You know the schools don't recognize the new European boundaries." I asked him if the schools with which he was familiar recognized the existence of the late European war, but he refused to see anything funny in his own remark.

What can be done in the direction of harnessing education to practical needs is best illustrated by the history of the teaching of economics. It is a great stride from the days when political economy was dubbed the "dismal science" to the present, when consulting economists form a part of the staff of every great financial enterprise, but the change has been simple in its nature. It came when those who taught and wrote of economics diminished their philosophizing on the exact nature of economic laws and began to give a part of their time to interpreting the same fundamental principles in terms of the balance of foreign trade and the analysis of bank statements.

The fact that education is a process which should continue throughout life is slowly gaining general recognition. Refer-

ences to a college graduate as having finished his education are beginning to fall strangely on our ears. The spread of this very important idea of education as a thing continuous and unceasing can be most effectively helped, however, by emphasizing on every occasion the relation between scholastic training and business or recreation. It is too much to expect that a man either exceedingly busy or rather indolent will, of his own volition, pursue further the investigation of school subjects which seem to him at best to be merely decorative and at worst to lack even that doubtful merit. The only hope of making education, as it should be, the primary concern of the community lies in showing ordinary citizens how they can find in school books the answers to their ordinary problems.

In some cases, of course, and for some subjects it is difficult to demonstrate a direct useful application. Recourse must then be had to indirect methods and to that emphasis of the real and surprising unity of the curriculum to which extended allusion has already been made. For example, every man engaged in business, whether his rank be high or low, has a natural interest in present business and financial conditions and future prospects. Business conditions here depend, in a large and growing degree, on foreign trade opportunities. Those opportunities depend on the political and economic status of the foreign states, and a clear understanding of their politics can only be based on knowledge of their history. The interpretation of history, in turn, drags in geology and climate, racial variations and linguistic differences, and so on almost without limit. The links that bind these multifarious branches of knowledge together are no finespun webs of theories, but are very real and palpable chains of mutual and successive causes and effects. When American teachers begin definitely to center their attention on such chains as these, treating them as veritable life lines, a new vista of opportunity for service will open before our secondary schools.

EDWARD P. WARNER.

A BACKWATER OF ROMANTICISM

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

THE Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, one of the most unsavory streets of Old Paris, no longer exists except in the lithographs of Gustave Doré and Celestin Nanteuil. Its place is now occupied by the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. No one regrets its disappearance, for it had no claim on the affections of antiquarians. It was famous, or rather notorious, for only one thing—the suicide of Gérard de Nerval. On the morning of February 26, 1855, a man was seen hanging from one of the lower windows of a sordid rooming house. If the first passer-by had been quick enough, he might still have found traces of life, but by the time the gendarmes arrived it was too late. There was nothing to do but cut down the body, send it to the Morgue, and search the pockets for identification. Who was it? Evidently an author, a dreamer of strange dreams to judge from the manuscript found on him, one who had known the inside of a *maison de santé* and had apparently been allowed out too soon. Later in the day Théophile Gautier recognized the body as that of *le bon* Gérard. There is no reason to suppose that he was the victim of foul play. Gérard had no enemies beyond his own dreams, and besides, his thoughts were known to have been running along dangerous channels for a long time. The very letters in his pocket told of an impulse to throw himself into the Seine, and obviously when the suicidal mania attacked him again he had succumbed. Romanticism, the longing for the unknown and the invisible, had reached its logical conclusion.

"*Dans l'armée romantique*," says Théophile Gautier, "*comme dans l'armée d'Italie tout le monde était jeune.*" Napoleon was only twenty-six when he led his ragged soldiers into the plains of Lombardy; Victor Hugo was under thirty when he rocked the literary world with *Hernani*. Without pressing the parallel too far, it is surely not fantastic to see some resemblance between the

promised land of Italy and the rich pastures of romanticism. Granted the brilliant leadership, both could be won by enthusiasm and courage, but in neither case could assistance be expected from the outside. If the Army of Italy succeeded, it was not thanks to the wiseacres in the Directory, nor was Victor Hugo indebted to any literary patron for his victory over the outworn forms of classicism.

In the year 1830 France was blessed or cursed, according to the point of view, with a bourgeois King. Louis Philippe walked about the streets in plain clothes, carried an aggressively plebeian umbrella, and wore a shabby hat pulled down over his eyes. If he had been acting the part of a commercial traveller in private theatricals he could not have succeeded better. It was a bold bid for popularity, but it showed a pitiful ignorance of national psychology. The generation that had been, as Musset puts it, "*conçus entre deux batailles, élevés aux roulements des tambours,*" was not likely to be fascinated by an insignificant little man who clutched at his horse's mane with one hand while returning the salute with the other. Is it to be wondered at that the young men born during the Consulate and the Empire should have inherited an appetite for glory? And is it surprising that with their splendid heritage of adventure they were not content to follow the great high roads of tradition?

In the 'thirties youth was almost a synonym for extravagance. "*Épater les bourgeois*" was the dearest wish of every young man who felt a spark of genius within him. To be sure, it was not a very difficult task. Gautier's crimson waistcoat, Victor Hugo's preface to *Cromwell*, announcing his adherence to Shakespeare rather than to Racine—these were the things that shocked the sensibilities of the whole community. Night after night the Théâtre Français went into an uproar over the line, "*Est-il minuit? Minuit bientôt.*" The idea of a King asking what time it was in the very words a shopkeeper might use was preposterous. And then the reply, "*Minuit bientôt,*"—who ever heard of a rustic answering a King so informally? To us it is almost incredible that such excitement should have been aroused over the minutiæ of form. Indeed it is not easy to understand the overwhelming success of *Hernani*. The story of that eventful first

night has repeatedly been told, and never better than by Gautier in his *History of Romanticism.* How Victor Hugo scorned the support of a paid claque, how his own friends and admirers, headed by young Gautier, thronged into the pit and gallery hours before the performance was supposed to begin, and sat there munching sandwiches, humming the lyrics of their master, and in every possible way outraging the feelings of the *bons bourgeois,* suffers no loss of picturesqueness in Gautier's reminiscences.

But there were others besides Gautier. Petrus Borel, with his long silky beard, in itself an outrage to society, and a young poet named Gérard de Nerval. What happened during those twenty-odd years between the first night of *Hernani* and the tragedy in the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne? In 1830 Gérard Labrunie, as he was then known, was one of the most enviable young men in Paris. He had published several volumes of poetry before leaving school, and his translation of *Faust* had received a very genuine compliment from Goethe himself. "I have never understood myself so well," he wrote to the young poet, "as in reading your translation." At the College Charlemagne, where his father had sent him to school, he was equally beloved by masters and students. His father was probably the one cloud in his horizon. Labrunie, or rather Dr. Labrunie, for he had been a *médecin majeur* in the *Grande Armée,* did not look with sympathy on his son's literary successes. He would have liked him to be a diplomat or a doctor, instead of which the boy was steeping himself in German mysticism. Perhaps if Madame Labrunie had lived, he might have understood his son better, but she died of a fever at the time of the Retreat from Moscow, leaving the boy at the age of five to the kindly but inflexible old doctor.

For the first few years of his life Gérard Labrunie led a delightful, Arcadian existence in the village of Loisy in Valois. Perhaps he suffered afterwards from the almost exclusively feminine society of those early days, for he was brought up by his aunt and his only companions were her daughters and their friends; but he was still a child when his father came home from the wars and took him away to Paris. He was not so young, however, as to forget his beloved Valois. During the holidays he went back regularly to renew the old friendships, and in par-

ticular to see Sylvie, with whom he had kept up a running flirtation ever since they had dressed up as "*des mariés du vieux temps*" for the delectation of an old grandmother. Eventually she married a pastry-cook, but that made no difference in Gérard's feelings for her. He was always falling in love in a delicate imaginative way with women who were incapable of understanding his emotions. That they all married some one else was of little importance. The tragedy lay in his own habit of etherealizing the ladies of his affection regardless of the fact that to the rest of the world they were very obviously mere flesh and blood.

But in those early days, after leaving the College Charlemagne, the memories of Sylvie did not claim all Gérard's attention. The question of his career had not yet been decided. To gratify his father he tried medicine for two years, but his heart was never in it. Luckily he inherited a small fortune, which enabled him to gratify his bent for writing without leaning too heavily on his father's generosity. These were the golden years of his life when he lived with Arsène Houssaye, the author of the charming *Confessions*, and Camille Rogier, the etcher, in the Rue Doyenné. Next door was Théophile Gautier, who had been a devoted friend ever since they had sat together on the same bench at school. Gautier was still hovering between literature and painting, as indeed was Camille Rogier. Never before had the dividing line between the arts appeared so indistinct. After all, as long as they expressed themselves, the medium adopted, whether it were brush or pen, was comparatively unimportant.

To a close observer it might have been evident that Gérard was not tarred with quite the same brush as his companions. He was determined to be more sane. The flaunting banner of eccentricity under which they were so proud to fight he had long since discarded. His clothes were as inconspicuous as possible. Apparently it was his desire to look more or less like other people, for he affected neither the insolence of the dandy nor the truculence of the bohemian. Even in literature it would seem that his chief desire was to pass unnoticed, for he did not even sign his own name to his articles. The "Nerval," which had been adopted on account of a fancied descent from the Roman Emperor Nerva, gave place to a variety of pseudonyms. At one

time he was "Louis Gerval," at another "Aloysius" or "Fritz" or "Block"—anything to prevent the public from becoming familiar with his identity.

Like many other young men of his time, Gérard "poured innumerable buckets into the bottomless well of journalism". But busy as he was with the newspapers, he had other and more absorbing interests. With the modest fortune that he had inherited he founded a magazine called the *Monde Théâtral.* It was not merely a dispassionate interest in the theatre that tempted him to this venture but a very real devotion to an actress, in whom he imagined that his highest ideals of perfection, intellectual as well as artistic, were realized. Supported by the heavy artillery of the *Monde Théâtral,* Gérard hoped that his inamorata might force her way into grand opera. Needless to say, Jenny Colon bore little resemblance to the radiant vision conceived in Gérard's fancy. She was a popular young comédienne with a pretty voice and a certain talent for rather obvious ingenue parts. Coming of a theatrical family, she had already plunged in and out of matrimony before meeting Gérard, nor did his determination to treat her as a *princesse lointaine* prevent her from bestowing herself—and this time very happily—upon an obscure flute player.

Gérard, however, persisted in his adoration. To watch Jenny Colon from the front row in the orchestra was all the nourishment his passion needed. For years, indeed, he never knew her, and perhaps it was just as well. Familiarity would have been almost certain to breed contempt. The few occasions on which he did meet her seem to have been uniformly unfortunate. The first time he called he had the ill-luck to break a priceless vase, the cherished gift of a more favored suitor. Horrified at his awkwardness, he rushed to the nearest *antiquaire* to find something in the nature of a peace offering. His fancy happened to alight on an enormous Renaissance bed, said to have belonged once to Marguerite de Valois. Again the fates were against him, for the bed was too big to go into any normal room. Finally it found a home in Gautier's studio, where it remained until Gautier's *démenagement* necessitated its being sold.

Meanwhile Jenny Colon had married the flute player and

drifted out of Gérard's horizon. For any other man the romance would have ended there, but Gérard was powerless to dismiss her from his imagination. Wherever he went, and after her marriage and the consequent collapse of the *Monde Théâtral* he had begun to travel, he was beset by her image. Under the name of Aurelia she recurs continually in *Les Filles du Feu*—"Faces in the Fire," we might render it—a delightful collection of stories, half fiction and half autobiography. Gérard was never a sedentary man, and after the shock of her marriage continuous travelling became almost a necessity. Italy, the haven of all romanticists, he knew already; now it was Flanders and Germany that called to him. Sometimes he set forth alone, but more often with a companion. Gautier describes a trip they made together, in that charming little volume *Caprices et Zigzags*. What a contrast they must have made—Gautier absorbed in everything the brush could depict or the pen describe, worried only because the Rubens type of woman seemed to be extinct, and Gérard completely indifferent to scenery or people, deep in *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and not to be disturbed from his reveries by his companion's pleasant chatter about Rubens and his flesh tints.

Another companion on his travels was Dumas *fils*, with whom he collaborated on several plays. It was with Dumas that he wrote *Leo Burckardt*, an early example of the now familiar plot of the young idealist plunging whole-heartedly into politics and emerging embittered and disillusioned. Dumas, who did not usually err on the side of modesty, gave Gérard all the credit for their joint productions, and we can well believe that collaboration, difficult enough at any time, must have been almost impossible with Gérard. He could not work indoors, he had always to be moving from one place to another, and the railroad affected his nerves. There was something devastating about its directness. If only it had not ignored geography, if it had lost its way occasionally, he might have been able to stand it. As it was, however, he longed for the old fashioned *Berline*, which jolted the body to pieces but at least allowed the soul the luxury of wandering.

It was when he got back to Paris after one of his play-writing tours with Dumas that Gérard's innocent fancies began to as-

sume more serious proportions. One morning he was found walking through the Palais Royal leading a lobster on the end of a blue ribbon. And why should he not associate with lobsters? he asked. In what way were they more ridiculous than dogs or cats or gazelles, or any of the other animals that man has at one time or another trained to follow him? It seems now that his friends might well have been alarmed by these peculiarities, but in those days of rampant individualism eccentricity of behavior was not necessarily an indication of mental disorders. As soon as Gérard began to write, all semblance of insanity disappeared. He was never perhaps as *outré* in his expression as many of his friends. In spite of his great interest in German philosophy and his reverence for Goethe, he remained the most typically French of all the romanticists. "*Le seul défaut, qu'on puisse lui reprocher,*" says Gautier, "*c'est trop de la sagesse.*" And curiously enough in his last years, when his poor brain was trembling on the edge of a precipice, his literary restraint reached its high water mark. If Mr. Chesterton should ever be tempted to write about Gérard de Nerval, we can imagine him stoutly maintaining the paradox that Gérard was actually sobered by madness. Compared, for instance, with De Quincey, what moderation there is in his description of dreams! The Opium Eater's visions are an excuse for gorgeous flights of rhetoric. Even when his imagination conjures up the homely figure of Ann of Oxford Street he can not cast off the shackles of the "grand manner". Gérard's dreams, on the other hand, are all subjected to his habitual economy of style. Such stories as *La Main Enchantée* or *Le Monstre Vert*, written when he was a young man, show what he might have done if he had been content to follow in the footsteps of Hoffman or Poe; but as he grew older he conceived a more sober rôle for himself. "*Si je ne pensais que la mission d'un ecrivain est d'analyser sincèrement ce qu'il éprouve dans les graves circonstances de la vie, et si je ne proposai un but que je crois utile je m'arrêterai ici.*" But Gérard did not stop, he kept on analyzing, always trying to rationalize his emotions until his constant groping after the inexplicable drove him to the supreme disaster.

The great distinction between Gérard de Nerval and most men

of genius who have suffered from occasional mental derangement was that his lapses were never caused by any weakness of character. At no time of his life was he either a drunkard or a drug fiend. If we must find a reason for his madness, it was his inability to forget coupled with an abnormally weak mental digestion. Much of the literature he read as a child, including the eighteenth century philosophers, was probably too heady for him; and while most boys would have thrown it off as they grew older, Gérard continued to absorb it into his constitution. Whenever his brain was stimulated or his emotions stirred, it was for all time. A sudden passion for a popular actress, a sentimental attachment for some cousin in the country, a chapter from Rousseau or a phrase of Goethe—such things stayed with him forever.

At one time he became interested in the possibilities of aviation, not from a scientific point of view but from a typically romantic angle. Cyrano de Bergerac's *Voyage à la Lune* fired his imagination to such an extent that he wrote an essay on the successors of Icarus. Probably few men have known less about aerostatics than Gérard de Nerval, but once the idea had been presented to his brain it was impossible for him to let it go. Again—it is curious how often Gérard stumbles near our modern inventions—his interest in Gutenberg and the fathers of printing led him to conceive of a one-man printing press. Though he actually took out a patent for an intended invention he never troubled to inform himself as to the actual state of development in typography. Whatever he hoped to achieve, he would be untrammeled by technical knowledge. But his reverence for the art of printing, based on nothing more solid than the natural curiosity of a child, never left him. With him the dividing lines between history, science and magic were always shadowy. As he grew older, science and history faded more and more into the background, while magic fastened itself upon his imagination, until finally nostalgia for the invisible drove him to suicide.

Probably his voyage to the Orient following immediately upon his first attack of insanity was not calculated to restore his mental balance. He became engaged to the daughter of a sheik, and almost persuaded the reluctant father that being a Freemason was the same thing as being a Mohammedan. A lucky fever

intervened to save him, and he returned to Paris outwardly none the worse but subconsciously dangerously excited by his Oriental experiences. Though the published account of his travels sold well, he now added to his existing worries a terror of bankruptcy. As long as he was travelling, the bogey could be kept at a distance, but as soon as he came back to Paris, and he would rarely persuade himself to stay away for more than a few months at a time, a pall of melancholia settled down on him.

It would be difficult to determine the predominant cause of his last and, as it subsequently proved, fatal attack in 1853. The death of Aurelia and the studied indifference of his father certainly contributed to his final breakdown. To be neglected, if not actually disliked, by the two people he loved most in the world, must have been a terrible shock to a man of his sensibilities. We can not perhaps blame Jenny Colon for not accepting him in the guise of a lover, particularly when we consider his strangely candid love-making. "*Soyez bien sûre,*" he writes to her, "*que je vous aime bien plus que je ne vous admire.*" But the indifference of his father is more difficult to excuse. From being a kindly old soldier Dr. Labrunie had developed into a stiff-necked disciplinarian. Gérard had made his own bed and he had better lie in it. That was the attitude of the old man, and no display of affection on the part of his son could ever compensate for his lack of obedience.

A further cause of insanity was his growing delusion that the end of the world was at hand. One night he drove to the house of Heinrich Heine, with whom he had become very intimate, and ordered him to make ready at once for the Day of Judgment. The poet stared at him open-mouthed, but Madame Heine, the more resourceful member of the family, called a cab and drove with him at once to the sanitarium. Twice he was reported cured and each time he had to be brought back. During one of his lucid intervals he wrote a very sensible and temperate appeal to the *Société des Gens de Lettres* requesting them to use their influence to have him set at liberty. He demanded only the right to earn his living and to pay off the large sums of money advanced to him by his friends. The doctors allowed themselves to be convinced against their better judgment, and Gérard left the asylum

for the last time. The remaining days of his life remain a mystery. With infinite difficulty he wrote *Sylvie*, which was published as an autobiographical fragment in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and was at once recognized as a masterpiece. A few days after its publication his body was found in the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne.

There are people to-day who can not see *Le Malade Imaginaire* with any pleasure. Behind Argan, the foolish dyspeptic, they are constantly aware of Molière, sick in mind and body, scarcely able to drag his way through the part and dying of pneumonia almost before the applause was over. There is something of the same effect about *Sylvie*. Behind this charming idyl of country life, we see Gérard prowling about the streets of Paris, fighting for reason and liberty, and finally succumbing to the insistent attacks of his fevered imagination.

Gérard had traveled a long way from the turgid romanticism of 1830. While his friends were still struggling in the fetters forged by Victor Hugo, he had emerged from the charmed dungeon. The very titles of his essays—*Petits Chateaux de Boheme*, *Les Nuits d'Octobre*, *Promenades et Souvenirs*, *Musique*—indicate how successfully he had escaped from the rococo atmosphere of *Hernani*. His imagination was certainly no less active than that of his contemporaries, but almost alone in that generation he carried on the French tradition of sobriety and economy of style. Gérard de Nerval, the madman, remained the sanest of them all. As to the charm of his writings, it is as elusive as the charm of the *Essays of Elia* or *The Sentimental Journey*. Like Charles Lamb and Sterne, he wanders apparently carefree in the No Man's Land between realism and sentiment. He is indeed the only real sentimental traveler we have met with in French literature. One of the first to rediscover Ronsard, he was at the same time the champion of his own age. A delicate poet, a writer of exquisite prose, a madman and a suicide—the only fault his friend Gautier could find to reproach him with was an excess of sanity. He was one of those unfortunates whose fate it is to pull against the stream, and though eventually he found a pleasant backwater, it offered him no outlet on the main current of literature.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE—V

BY JOHN ERSKINE

THE CHARACTERS PROPER TO LITERATURE

I

Our impulse might be to say that any character at all is proper to literature, or to any phase of literature, for we have long ago discarded that convention of ancient story which introduced the hero and heroine always as nobly born, or if at first they were not gentlefolk, yet in the last chapter they were shown to be prince and princess in disguise. Our leading characters now may have whatever origin God wills; the author does not interfere. No longer do we reserve the peasant, the poor or the ignorant for the foot of our list of *dramatis personæ*, nor do we smuggle them into the scene at resting moments, for comic relief. Since human nature is the subject of art, and since the Almighty (we quote Lincoln for this) showed us where to put the emphasis in human nature, by creating common folk in the vast majority, we have even followed the example with an excess of enthusiasm, until the elect are pretty well put down from their former seat in literature, and in their stead are the socially humble and the mentally weak. For a hundred years or more we have been pressing this charitable revolution. Wordsworth, though not the first to try it, first won a considerate hearing in English poetry for the beggar, the pedler, the afflicted, the half-witted—a hearing for them, that is, as central figures in the poems where they occur; and shortly afterwards the novelists, on the irresistible tide of humanitarianism, invited not only our attention but our admiration for persons who hitherto had seemed obscure and unfortunate. Dickens perhaps went too far, we now feel; he demonstrated the weakness of the gentry, and sent them to the background of the story, where we are willing enough they

should remain, but he also tried to endow the lower classes with so much delicacy, tact, and spirit that his leading persons seem to be gentry still, masquerading in a temporary eclipse of fortune, like the lost prince and princess of the fairy tale. But he taught us how to carry on his unfinished revolution; since he stripped sentimentality, all that sort of nonsense, from the gentry, we have known at last how to strip it from the bourgeois. Some of our novelists riddle the polite world for us, others tell us the unflinching truth about our middle classes. We have no heroes; any character can get into our literature, if we may use him as a target rather than worship him as a god.

It is too late to return, even if we desired to do so, to the sentimental misreading of social conditions against which our modern realism, however grim, tries honestly to protest, and there is a form of discourse in which human frailties can properly be discussed; social science or the science of ethics would neither of them deserve the name of science if we excluded from their consideration any aspect of human character or conduct—just as medicine would fail in its office if we forbade it to study any part or function of the body. But it is not too late to ask ourselves the difference between science and art; between a story which represents our physical actions with that conscience in detail which would aid a medical diagnosis, and a story through which Helen's body walks, a joy forever; between a record of our neighbors just as they are, or a bit meaner, and a picture of men and women as we would gladly be. Anything printed may be called literature, even last year's time-tables, but if we preserve in the word an emphasis upon art rather than upon information we may ask after all whether certain characters, or certain attitudes toward character, are not essential to art; or, putting it another way, we may ask whether the type of character we portray will not determine the kind of art we produce, with or without our will, and whether the kind of character we portray will not finally classify our writing for us, as art or as social document.

To have our novel appraised as a social document may seem to us a compliment, and we may be glad to escape the equivocal verdict that our picture of life is art. The terms are unimportant, and our prejudices in words may be respected. But the fact

remains that some books we are to read many times, and permanently, whereas others are for a season only, and may be read but once; and books which must serve us in ways so different would seem to need certain special privileges of method and material—they may even be permitted certain varieties of emphasis not usually found in life. The temporary writing helps us on our way, and we ought to have one honorable name for it all—newspapers, telephone directory, time-tables, all our telegrams and most of our letters. We stop over them only for a moment, in order to go about our business more conveniently. But the other kind of books will detain us forever, or will try to—and this kind of literature is art; we return thither for no information and for no immediate aid in our daily affairs, but rather to taste again an experience we enjoyed before, to meet old friends, to breathe an atmosphere which we crave, an atmosphere hard to find elsewhere.

If this distinction needs often to be made between the literature which is information and the literature which is art, it is because both kinds of book use the same medium, and speech is the commonest of mediums. Painting and music escape such a confusion, but writing is a slippery craft, now running to a bare record or to good advice, now drifting into a music of words, articulating a beauty that seems ageless and impersonal, and sometimes doing a bit of all these things at once. In daily conversation, when we talk of anything in human interest, we use the same words that literature is made of; what more natural than to conclude that literature therefore may deal with any subject we talk of? We resent the suggestion that art should be narrower than life itself. Yet if we admit any difference at all between art and life, between literature and our average conversations, between books which give information and books which give delight, and if art is the record of that aspect of life we delight in not for the moment but permanently, then art is indeed narrower than life itself; outside of it will remain the trivial things, however likable, of our daily round, which we forget gladly, so many other pleasant and trivial things supplant them; and outside of it also will remain very important issues which we hope and resolve shall be temporary—the grave wrongs and

errors which call not for eternal contemplation but for reform. Face to face with such problems, we often feel that art is inadequate. What can poetry do for the sick or the dying? What solace is there in music or sculpture for the wretchedly poor? The answer to such questions is not in art but in conduct; death calls for fortitude, sickness must be cured, poverty must be relieved; and if books deal with such subjects, it is not for a literary end, but to aid us in practical remedies. Indeed, to have a literary ambition as we contemplate another's misery, would seem possible only for a fiend; it is in the merit of Mrs. Stowe's story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that the book seems a protest from the soul rather than a work of art. If there are such sins and misfortunes, it may be necessary to spread the news, as though the house were on fire, but if we really care for our house we shall not linger to enjoy the cadence of the thrilling call. On the other hand, if we are to lose ourselves in a book or a play, if we are to live in it repeatedly, ourselves the hero, in love with the heroine, and hating the villain, then the book or play must give us an experience in some sense better than the life ordinarily available to us: who would waste a moment on Cleopatra in a book, if he knew where to find her in the world? Or perhaps in life she was less charming than Plutarch said she was, or than Shakespeare showed her to be; perhaps we could not be drawn irresistibly to her until the poet made her better than she was—made her, that is, a character proper for the literature which is to be enjoyed as art.

II

The effect of the excellence or the inferiority of the character on the book was long ago observed by Aristotle, when he said that tragedy and the epic—that is, all serious literature—will aim at representing men as better than in actual life, and that comedy and satire will represent them as worse. In this second kind of writing, he added, satire came first, and it was Homer who laid down the principles of comedy, by dramatizing the ludicrous instead of composing personal satire. This famous observation of the ancient critic has been too often read as doctrine, as though Aristotle were telling us what should take place in literature,

whereas he is recording what actually does take place. If you wish to write a story or a play in which the reader can lose himself with delight, you must portray character better than the reader, character which in some degree satisfies and strengthens his aspirations. If you wish the reader to laugh at the world, or to scorn it, or to feel the need of improving it, you portray for him character in a condition inferior to his estimate of himself; if you wish him to profit by that wholesome self-observation which we call the comic spirit, you mingle satire with tragedy—you show him character which satisfies his aspirations, so that he will identify himself with it, and which at the same time is inferior in some respects to what he would prefer to be, so that he must laugh at himself. He will have a tendency to save the day for self-respect by laughing, not at himself, but at human nature, and the universal comic spirit will then have come to birth, akin to both satire and tragedy, but more nearly a dramatizing of the ludicrous, as Aristotle said, than a scoring of personal faults.

These principles, it goes without saying, are not accepted by writers today; the average author is not aware of them, or if he is, he takes refuge in another remark of Aristotle's, that perhaps tragedy was destined to develop into something different from the type of poetry produced by Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides; perhaps new principles, we say in the too familiar formula, are needed for new material. So think many of the poets and novelists who give us sordid and wretched characters to contemplate, yet invite us to feel toward them not the satiric regret, but the old pity and terror of noble tragedy. That the principles do persist, however, very much as Aristotle described them, is evidenced by the difficulty the readers still have with such books; the authors argue their case, or critics argue it for them, but common humanity remains unconvinced that misery is a proper subject for permanent contemplation. In our age especially, when the impulse to social good works is highly developed, it is a curious paradox that writers should expect us to associate in art, as habitual companions, with types of character which in real life we should hasten to rescue and to change. It is generous of the writers to suppose that in a humane age the reader will be ready to discern the heroic even beneath handicaps and afflictions, and

probably the reader is thus ready, but the writers forget that in any age, particularly in a humane one, we do not like to contemplate, in the permanence of art, heroic character smothered beneath handicaps and afflictions. And in justice to the embarrassed reader it should be added that often the character is not heroic at all, and the only claim put forth for it is that it might have been attractive if it had not been smothered.

Perhaps it is the influence of Wordsworth that still spreads this confusion in our writing. The effect of many of his best known poems has never been wholly satisfactory, not even to his admirers; he drew moral lessons from objects humble or mean, and since his own interest was in the moral lesson, he sometimes was careless of the emotional appeal which the object, left standing as it were in the poem, might make on the reader. In one sense he was not a nature-lover, though he had recourse to nature for ethical wisdom; it was only the wisdom he cared about, and we have an unpleasant impression, which perhaps does him injustice, that when he had got a moral idea out of the primrose by the river's brim, he was through with the primrose for the day. The same impression, unfortunately, is made by his portrayal of humble or mean characters. He obviously does not identify his better fortunes with their misery, nor does he enter dramatically or imaginatively into their lives; he is content to draw a moral from them, and the reader, in his day and still in ours, is surprised that misery in the picture, having afforded a moral, is promptly dropped as though of no further concern. The old leech-gatherer serves a purpose when his courage against frightful odds cheers up a moodish poet; the old beggar at the door moves us to gratitude that another man's poverty keeps fresh in us the springs of charity. Much good this does the leech-gatherer or the beggar! And if there is to be no help for them, their presence is a bit disturbing in the background of so much complacence. We wish there were more tenderness in these poems that talk so much of feeling. And when Wordsworth deliberately sets out to enlist our admiration for the heroic, we may find ourselves facing such dumb human misery as we have in *Michael*, the heroism of a wrecked family and an abandoned farm. With relief we turn to the passages in *The Prelude* where the poet no longer looks down

benignly on the wretched, but gives expression to the ideal life which he himself desires to attain; there, where he shows life better than it is, we can go with him and lose ourselves in the vision.

It is our poets who chiefly defy Aristotle's wise warning, and try with Wordsworth to convert into a theme for meditation what is really a subject for philanthropy. Our novelists tend more and more to give us an inferior world, but not for our admiration; we may smile at it, or despise it, or try to cure it. This is satire, an achievement in morals rather than in art, and from the advertisements on the book covers it is clear that the publisher at least knows that the author is revealing something medicinal, something unpleasant but good for us. If we prefer to write satires, we are at least achieving our ambition. But the reader of the American novel today, whether he reads Mrs. Wharton or Sinclair Lewis, or whether he goes back to an earlier period and reads W. D. Howells, is usually reading about other people, rarely about himself; he has noticed those faults in his neighbors before. We have to go far back in our literature to find a novel in which the American future is implicit, a story into which we can enter as into a world we are glad is ours. Perhaps we must go back as far as *The Scarlet Letter*, in which a modern audacity of thought seems breaking through an antique repression, and we can identify profound speculations of our own with the wisdom in Hester's heart or Arthur Dimmesdale's. It has been pointed out before how much Hawthorne gained by making his chief characters noble in the Greek way, tragic characters better than in actual life; for the sin of the woman and the minister was common enough in the world among weak or vulgar characters, and the impulse even in Hawthorne's time might well have been to keep the story, for purposes of edification or realism, in the low tone in which it first occurred. But we cannot easily take to heart the sins of people who are obviously our inferiors; the sins of good people rouse in us the tragic pity or terror, for that is the kind of sin, if any, we should commit. Hawthorne therefore makes the minister a saint, and if Hester is not a saint at the beginning, she is so at the end of her ordeal, and in the sufferings of both our own heart has been wrung. In *The House of the Seven Gables*,

however, the reader is a looker-on rather than an actor, for the characters are not better than life, their experience is therefore not ours, and since we cannot cure their unhappiness, we are sorry to watch it. In that story our greatest romancer was on the road toward the modern habit of satire, a road which he had marked out for us clearly enough in some of his early sketches and tales.

The trend away from the literature of art to the literature of satire is all the more remarkable in our day because the exigencies of satire compel the American to deny wholesale his better self. There might be some apparent reason for not writing in the epic or the tragic tone if in order to do so we had to assume virtues we all knew we lacked; but why make a religion of writing satire, when to do so we must conceal the few virtues we are sure we have? Mr. Howells took it to be his duty to tell the unvarnished truth about human society as he knew it, but you would not guess from his novels that America ever produced so charming a man as Mr. Howells and those literary friends of his of whom, outside his novels, he wrote lovingly. So Mr. Lewis pictures America today, leaving out of the picture the satirical criticism of America in which he leads; and so Mrs. Wharton shows us the narrower world of fashion, with no one in it so gifted, so admirably trained, as Mrs. Wharton. The best of us is hard enough to express, as Rabbi Ben Ezra knew; but how odd that we prefer not to express it, whether difficult or easy—that we deliberately conceal what we have set our hearts on. We name half a dozen characters from his plays in whom Shakespeare seems to be portraying himself, and without too subtle a discrimination we recognize ideals of our own in all of them. Pendennis seems to be Thackeray himself, and so seem Henry Esmond and Clive Newcome, and we flatter ourselves that the great novelist incorporated in those portraits some of our own best features. We—and Cervantes—are incarnated in Don Quixote.

The contrast between information and art in our books, and the tendency to stress information with a moral bent, are both thrown into sharper relief by the success of American architecture in expressing more and more a significant and lasting beauty. Nothing might seem at first more utilitarian than a building, and

few things in our country seem less permanent, we have such a passion for altering. Yet art has made its greatest progress with us in architecture, and the stages of the progress have been accompanied by just such a selection and choice of subject as Aristotle's remarks about character would imply. In our cities a genuine impulse toward beauty began to show itself two decades ago in shop windows. Where else should beauty appear but in the enterprises we care most about? Since we were lovers of business, we began to indicate the beauty that business has in our eyes. The shop window ceased to be, what in country hardware stores it still often is, a place where samples of all the merchandise were displayed, an order card from which you could plan your purchases; it became rather a scene of loveliness to contemplate for its own sake, an attraction to hold you rooted to the spot rather than a stimulus to hurry you inside to buy. Probably the shop windows in our great streets could not be justified now on a purely economic basis; they have been lifted into the realm of beauty and are things to remember. But for this kind of shop window not every article the store sells is "proper", in the Aristotelian sense; nothing ridiculous is shown, though ridiculous things are bought and sold, nothing trivial is shown, and nothing that discloses too publicly the animal conditions in which we lead our spiritual life. With a different selection of articles which the store for our convenience must sell, we might have a comic window, the sight of which would cause us to smile at ourselves, or a satiric one, which would teach us to laugh at our fellow-man.

The buildings themselves, moreover, have become beautiful by expressing what we genuinely love to contemplate, and not all kinds of buildings were proper to that happy end. For mere sale and barter any shed in the market place might serve, but if we think of traffic in the large way that Ruskin suggested, as something potentially heroic and noble, as a feeding of the hungry and a clothing of the naked, as a soldierly occupying of outposts against poverty and wretchedness, as a campaign of conquest against nature, and as an exchange at last of spiritual hungers and satisfactions among men, then our houses of business should look like temples. So they begin to look, and only a very blind critic here and there still fails to see that so they should look.

With our love of traffic goes our love of travel. In this country travel is necessary, but it is also an ideal. Any sort of railway station will serve as a place to buy a ticket or board a train, and until recently almost any kind of barracks did serve for those purposes. But the haphazard building could not express our delight in travel, our enjoyment of distance and speed and punctilious arrivings and departings. The pleasant casualness of the stage coach and the roadside inn does not really appeal to us, except in exotic moments; our religion of travel is uttered in the Pennsylvania Station in New York, and in other such structures fast rising throughout the country, where the dedicated atmosphere, produced by carefully selected elements from the buildings of antiquity, have little to do with buying your ticket and a great deal to do with the American spirit. We breathe more freely as we enter them, and enjoy the space and the height; our instinctive comment is, "This is something like!" as though some part of us had found expression at last. And if this success in architecture is as yet in the field of business and travel, among public buildings, the reason probably is that in those fields we know what our aspirations are. In ecclesiastical architecture, by way of contrast, we are less clear. We feel that if the Woolworth Building is so lovely, it is but respectable to improve the appearance of our churches, so we put up very wonderful Gothic chapels and cathedrals—only to find, perhaps, that they are a sort of weight on our conscience rather than an expression of our desires; we sometimes try to cultivate the religion that produced them, in order that so eloquent a language may have more content in its words.

When we turn back from our architecture to our books, we have the right to ask why poetry and the novel address themselves exclusively to what is in essence satire, to the portrayal of us as worse than we are, or with our aspirations left out; why we as readers must be invited to absorb mere information about ourselves and our country; why we so seldom meet in the pages offered to us the kind of men and women we admire or ought to admire. The arts all express the same thing, at any given moment, and if we are equally proficient in them, they ought to achieve the same grandeur and the same beauty. Against the

trivial and drab contents of much of our poetry and the condescending realism of much of our prose American architecture now stands, a reproach and an indictment; for the imaginative power and sweep of our buildings is hardly discernible in our books. The architects have followed old wisdom, by making their work ideal, better than life. The writers persist in a stubborn wrong headedness which would portray characters worse than in actual life, and would ask us to admire them.

III

To ask what characters are proper to literature as an art, and to point out that the character better than life will express our ideals, and that the character worse than life will invite our satire, is only to raise in another way the old problems of the universal as against the particular in art, of the contemporary as against the eternal. To be strictly personal is in the end to be contemporary, and to be strictly contemporary is to give, whether or not we intend it, the effect of satire. If our picture of life is to appeal to the reader, and to many readers, as their own world, not simply as their neighbors' private house into which they are prying, it must have general human truth beyond what is strictly personal; and if it is to be read with that sense of proprietorship by many people over a stretch of time, it must not limit itself to the peculiarities of any one moment. It is true that the writer himself lives but one life and is circumscribed by time and place; if there were no such thing as imagination he could only record what he is, for the enlightenment of others who are just like him; without imagination he would not know of a better character than his, or of a worse one, and we should be spared the discipline of satire, but at the price of art. The problem for the writer, as for any artist, is to imagine the lives of other men, and the lives that he and other men aspire to; his business is to select from personal adventure what is generally important, and to see it against the background of universal experience. Can anyone imagine universal experience? Perhaps not; but the nearer he comes to this difficult success, the more readers the world over will find meaning in what he writes. To have a personal career is no ground for conceit in an artist—

everyone has as much; the achievement is to state our experience so that it is the experience of other people too.

If we portray characters as better than in actual life, there is no great difficulty in making them seem universal; for it is a radical gift in human conceit to fancy that anything admirable or desirable has a possible connection with ourselves. If we do not at first discover what there is in common between Romeo or Lincoln or Achilles or General Lee and ourselves, yet if we admire them we shall find the resemblance, or try to create it. This is the power of great imaginative art, that the admirable things in it generate a kind of universal emulation, and the story or statue which has been said to imitate nature succeeds at last in persuading men and women quite naturally to imitate it. The power of a great book over human conduct, even its influence at last upon what might seem instinctive conduct, is immeasurable. In the troubadour art of love before Dante's time, a true lover was taught to turn pale at sight of his lady, and at the unexpected sight of her to faint; Dante loved that literature, and he grew pale and fainted by second nature—just as women once learned to blush at certain things, and afterwards learned not to blush. How many lives were affected, for good or evil, throughout Europe and America, by the alluring power of Byron's heroes and heroines? The poet, then, who represents character as better than actual life, as possessing, that is, something that we desire but have not, has already made his hero universal, and must some day accept the responsibility of having dedicated his readers to that general ideal.

The real difficulty for the writer is not, then, in generalizing the characters which embody his ideal, and which therefore are better than in actual life; what he will chiefly need for his success is to have the ideals. But even with a consciousness of deep aspiration he may wish to include in the picture whole characters or parts of character which are not what they should be, and which yet are likable, even lovable; and to give this double effect of inferiority in some sense, together with charm in some sense, is, it seems, very difficult, for this is the effect of comedy, and comedy is rare in any literature, almost entirely absent from our own. If you represent a character as worse than in actual life,

the condescending attitude of the reader will not automatically draw the portrait into some universal relation; the writer must add something universally admirable to the particular weakness we look down on. Beatrice and Benedick have exhausted their wit, and they are the victims of a plot to marry them off to each other; for such inferiority to their companions we cannot admire them. But Shakespeare makes them both loyal to their friends and generous in their delight in life, and Beatrice has the good sense to know innocence when she sees it; these qualities we can identify with our own virtues, and for these we admire the hero and heroine. The poet further generalizes both characters by reminding us through their own thoughts that to fall in love is not the work of reason, and that even the wittiest scoffers succumb; here too we gladly recognize our own experience. We can therefore smile at the foibles of the young people, partly because these foibles are incident to all human nature, and partly because, even with the foibles, we like to identify ourselves in imagination with the supplementary virtues. Socrates was trying to persuade Aristophanes and Agathon, in the grey dawn after the Symposium, that the art of comedy and the art of tragedy are the same; and so far at least he was right, in that the universal rendering which character must receive in both gives to the comic effect some of the pity, though none of the terror, which tragedy evokes. But Socrates did not say that the art of tragedy is identical with the art of satire.

When comedy is at its best—that is, when we have made the inferior character universal by showing that its faults are natural, or by adding to it some general virtues—we may indeed go further and say that comedy produces perhaps the terror as well as the pity of tragedy, and that the two kinds of writing are, as Socrates said, but one. The tragic or epic hero, portrayed as better than in actual life, may have faults, but so far from despising him on that account, we may not even smile; we like him so much that the faults seem his misfortune. Moreover, if we refer the weakness of the comic character to nature itself, how can we be hard on the individual? And if we add to the faults positive and lovable virtues, will not the comic character seem at last to be tragic? In English drama Falstaff is perhaps the prince of comic

characters, so vitally imagined that he lives on the stage apart from any plot; he is a living person, with few or no virtues, yet infinitely likable. He can be played to make the groundlings laugh, but most of us after we have laughed taste profound tragedy in what we have laughed at. He is almost majestic in those moments of cowardice when he portrays himself exactly as he is—when he sees himself, as it were, from outside, and points to those aspects of his frailty which belong to mankind. An actor might play the scenes on the battlefield in *Henry IV* so as to inspire, not laughter at the fat knight's depravity, but a pitiful and self-accusing silence.

In French drama Molière brought comedy to an excellence not matched, perhaps, in any other literature, and no imaginative writing is richer than his in general ideas. We laugh at the amusing situation or delight in the frankly artificial balancing of the plot, but on second thoughts we fall silent, contemplating the universal sweep of humanity, ourselves included, which he has uncovered for us. The most obvious example for American readers is in *Tartuffe*, where the unhappy Elmire has difficulty in proving to her husband Orgon that Tartuffe, whom he greatly admires, is a treacherous friend and is actually making love to her. She finally admits Tartuffe to her room, having first hidden her husband under the table, from which he has promised to emerge if Tartuffe should go beyond the bounds of decency. Tartuffe, of course, makes love in the clearest terms to his friend's wife, but Orgon remains concealed. "Before we go any further," says Elmire, "just look down the hall, to make sure my husband isn't coming." "Why worry about him?" says Tartuffe, "we can lead him around by the nose." Then Orgon comes from under the table. Where has the comedy brought us? Is it not to a contemplation of our own vanity, the source of the sense of honor in us all? Are we laughing at Tartuffe and Orgon, or are we thinking of ourselves?

Falstaff and Tartuffe illustrate the generalizing of inferior characters by the ascribing of their faults to human nature. A good illustration of the comic character which enlists our admiration and is a general ideal, is Huckleberry Finn. His ignorance, his poverty, and his lack of humor would seem to dis-

qualify him for any heroic career in literature, yet he is a genuine hero, in the sense that we gladly put ourselves in his point of view and return again and again to live for an hour or so in his experience. The reason is that along with his inferior qualities he has characteristics and he has a fortune which seem better than ours; he is loyal to Tom and the negro Jim, he has a simple faith and zest in life, and he has exciting adventures and gets romance out of scenes we should otherwise find dull. He flatters us too by admiring people and things which from his praise we know we should treat satirically. To know what comedy is, as opposed to satire, we have but to read his story again and compare it with any current indictment of the scene in which his story was laid.

IV

If the principles of tragedy, comedy and satire are as implicit in our psychology now as when Aristotle described them, and if the principles of decorum, of art, and of the timeless and the impersonal in art, are as rooted in life as they are declared to be, there might seem to be no great need to preach them; the practice of literature would disclose them in spite of our ignorance. Try as we might to make a serious hero out of an inferior character, he would still emerge a figure in satire—or, if we generalized his faults, a figure in comedy; for serious literature, only a character better than in real life would give satisfaction. Though we do not doubt that the principles of art will thus be rediscovered pragmatically by the unescapable discipline of literature, yet it is something of a pity to go through such lengths of experiment in order to find out what was known before. And the great danger in our country is that we may not push the experiment to the tedious but profitable end at which sound knowledge awaits us; we may grow weary of the discipline, and take refuge in parody or in sentimentality. These two avenues of escape from the problem have cursed American literature before, and signs are not wanting that they now are the temptations of those who yesterday were our "new" writers and promised brave things. Face to face with characters worse than in actual life, we may find our own satiric attitude monotonous, but to handle such material otherwise than satirically, we must master the art of comedy,

and comedy is a very difficult art. What Bret Harte and Riley and Eugene Field did in such circumstances was to obscure the meanness of the subject by sentimentality, instead of illuminating it by the comic spirit. Spoon River has been celebrated before, though we may not have recognized the subject with the old sentimental surface removed; much of our contemporary satire has been the kind of surgical operation necessary to separate the American reader from the sentimentality which in his heart he likes. Since it is in his heart, he may express it again quite shamelessly, this time as a protest against too much satire, and we may have another welter of old oaken buckets and old swimming holes and little boy blues—the literature that provides the satisfaction of a good cry, without the overexertion of tragic pity or terror.

We can but hope that the signs may prove deceptive, and that literature in America will not wait much longer for the characters and subjects proper to it, and proper to the dramatic hour we live in—characters and subjects expressing that better part of us which has given our land its direction and its power, and expressing also that other world of the spirit which man builds for elbow room to exercise his genuine ideals in, and carries it around with him, and sets it up to be a tabernacle in the wilderness of this natural world.

JOHN ERSKINE.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"AMERICANS"[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

STUART P. SHERMAN is a critic to be envied. It is not every commentator who can boast the distinction of having been bracketed with the late Lord Northcliffe as a "menace" to the progress of a nation. Most literary critics can hope for no more formidable power than that of being a menace to bad authors,—praying at the same time that they may not unwittingly be a menace to good ones (though we doubt if God hears this prayer so often as to be bored by it). But Stuart Sherman has been greatly honored. It appears that one Hansen, a German-American, has asked "what the masses can possibly know of the real Germany so long as the Shermans squat like toads in the portals of the schools and the Northcliffes send their Niagaras of slime through the souls of the English-speaking peoples." Professor Sherman, quoting this vivacious remark with some apparent satisfaction, tells us that he "was amused to find a great lord of the press so quaintly bracketed with an obscure teacher of literature in a Middle Western University". That is unduly modest of him. Mr. Sherman is far from obscure. Officially, he is Professor of English at the University of Illinois, which is not, to be sure, quite so conspicuous and influential a job as that of being the owner of most of the newspapers in the United Kingdom. But Professor Sherman has a good deal of Lord Northcliffe's genius for attracting attention and making people mad—which is surely one of the most precious and profitable varieties of genius that a man of letters can possess. Professor Sherman's modesty prevents him from reminding us of that which is, after all, the essential difference between himself and Lord Northcliffe,—a difference which, clearly understood, should

[1] *Americans.* By Stuart P. Sherman. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

have calmed the German-American soul: Professor Sherman cannot possibly have stood in the way of the masses's understanding of "the real Germany", for the brief and naked reason that the masses do not read Professor Sherman, and almost certainly never heard of him. They do—or did—read Lord Northcliffe. That is the cardinal difference between these two obstructors of international understanding—as the mysterious "Mr. Hansen" holds them to be. There are, of course, certain other differences, which again Professor Sherman is too modest to speak of. Professor Sherman writes visually well; Lord Northcliffe wrote—well, let us say fluently. Lord Northcliffe was an imperialist; Professor Sherman is not. But in one respect they saw eye to eye: Lord Northcliffe was no more fervid a nationalist than is Professor Sherman, though their conceptions of nationalism were as different as their literary styles. It is doubtful if Lord Northcliffe would ever have thought it worth while to study English men of letters as exponents of national character—it is hard to imagine his grouping Lord Roberts and Coleridge, as Professor Sherman groups Roosevelt and Emerson.

He is anxious that we should understand the kind of nationalist that he is. "An inflamed and egotistical nationalism," he says in his preface, "appeared to me [in 1917], as to so many others, the prime cause of the world's catastrophes." It was then—not unnaturally—that he

> began to meditate rather frequently upon the relation between civilization and the existence of separate nationalities, national traditions, national sentiments, and the national literatures through which the life of vanished generations survives as a living power among the powers of the present day. That sense of Humanity above all nations, which was quickened by certain appeals of the war, it seemed to me that every intelligent man must applaud, and must desire to strengthen. . . .

He realizes perfectly well that

> the most powerful instruments yet existing in the world for the destruction of international order are the nations; yet they are still the most powerful instruments for creating it. . . . The friends of Humanity will make less progress by attempting to destroy the national spirit than by criticizing it and purifying it, and by seizing upon and fostering those elements in it which are truly humane. With this programme in mind no wise student of the

national past will be an indiscriminating upholder of traditions. While seeking to conserve their vital energy, he will steadily subject their direction to a critical scrutiny in the best light of his own time.

It is hard to quarrel with that. The tragedy of the case is, of course, that those who create and stimulate that "inflamed and egotistical nationalism" which Professor Sherman abhors and dreads are not susceptible to the kind of humanizing and purifying criticism that Professor Sherman and other enlightened nationalists would subject them to. They do not speak his language. They are, as he caustically says of one who was their perfect exponent, "a realist with no nonsense about him; but all the realists of the period [that of the World War] are now under suspicion of being unrealistic themselves in that they ignored the almost universal diffusion of 'nonsense', or idealism, among mankind." Professor Sherman speaks hopefully of "magnanimity, fairness of mind, the love of civil ways". Surely he must realize that he will not get very far by advocating virtues that are incompatible with current conceptions of nationalism. Professor Sherman is a shrewd and clear-eyed student of the national scene. He knows perfectly well that the things of which America is proud are not the prose of Thoreau, the poetry of Whitman, the intellectual distinction of Henry Adams, the spiritual insight of Emerson, but what Mr. Dooley called "the crownin' wurruk of our civilization—th' cash rayg-ister". He knows, as that same profound and acute philosopher also knew, that we "dropped th' shackles fr'm th' slave so's he cud be lynched in Ohio". Professor Sherman is, in short, no critical Babbitt. He is candid, searching, serene, with a prophylactic wit and a mortified realization of the perversions that make nationalism maleficent and much of American civilization a grotesque and hideous sham.

But he knows, too, that there is another America, another nationalism—our "divine mother", the spirit of the essential America as the clear-eyed among our poets and statesmen have seen her; and "the more deeply we love the true constituent elements of her loveliness, the more clearly we understand her in most purposes and set ourselves to further them, the more perfectly we should find ourselves in accord with the 'friends of

mankind' in all nations". The studies in his new book all had their origin, he tells us, "in a fresh interest in American life and letters, which has strengthened side by side with a strengthening interest in the cause of those young men to whom the war brought a new vision of the old *Humanitas*." He quotes Matthew Arnold's comment on *Essays in Criticism:* "I think the moment is, on the whole, favorable for the Essays; and in going through them I am struck with the admirable riches of human nature that are brought to light in the group of persons whom they treat, and the sort of unity that the volume has as a book to stimulate the better humanity in us." Those "admirable riches of human nature" are present, too, Professor Sherman feels, in his group of Americans.

He need not have felt anything but certain of it. His "Americans" are Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, Joaquin Miller, Carl Sandburg, Andrew Carnegie, Theodore Roosevelt, the Adams family, and Mr. Paul Elmer More. It is, in all conscience, a catholic assortment—several of our greatest, and several who are there, one cannot help suspecting, for a purpose that ribald souls might be disposed to describe with a measure of impoliteness. What Mr. Carnegie is doing there we do not pretend to understand, even after reading twice over the book review which this chapter originally was. Nor does there seem to have been any good reason why Professor Sherman should have included, in a volume that contains that masterpiece of urbane irony, the dissection of the soul of Mr. Paul Elmer More, the boorish and cheaply spiteful chapter on Mr. H. L. Mencken, which Professor Sherman amazingly elected to give the leading place in his book. As representation it is dishonest, as satire it is adolescent, as persiflage it is dull. Professor Sherman lines up with Mr. Mencken what he calls "the prettiest type" of the swift new civilization that reads "the new literature". What does he mean by "the new literature"? He means "the kind that is not read by fine gentlemen with a touch of frost above the temples, sitting at ease in quiet old clubs under golden brown portraits of their ancestors, and turning the pages of *The Athenæum* or Mr. More's *Nation*". What does he mean by "the prettiest type" of the new civilization that reads "the

new literature"? Here she is, as viewed by the English Department of the University of Illinois: She represents a new generation that is "vulgar and selfish and good humored and sensual and impudent", whose parents "tilled the soil in Hungary", or "fished for mackerel around the Skagerrack". She "has no soul, the young thing, but she boasts that the tailor, the milliner, the bootmaker, the manicurist, the hairdresser, can give her an equivalent. When the car is at the door in the morning . . . she runs down the steps with something more than a flash of her silken perfections; she is exquisite, what though the voice is a bit hard and shrill with which she calls out, 'H'lo, kiddo! Le's go to Brentano's.'"—That, declares Professor Sherman, is "the new reader".

From which it would appear that Professor Sherman's mastery of the Light Touch is intermittent. We hold no brief for rich young American girls whose parents committed the deadly sin of tilling the soil in Hungary, and who greet their chauffeurs with "H'lo, kiddo!" But let us proceed to Brentano's. What does the outrageous chit do when she "flashes her silken perfections" through the folding doors at Twenty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue? Perhaps you think she buys *The Sheik*, or the latest by Mary Roberts Rinehart or Eleanor Glyn? Not at all. According to Professor Sherman, we are to infer that she orders a carload of books by Shaw, Chesterton, Knut Hamsun, Dostoievsky, and Artzibasheff. (Professor Sherman does not name these wicked authors, to be sure. He calls them, in his luminous and civilized way, "English mountebanks, Scandinavian misanthropes, Russian novelists crazy with war, taxes, hunger, anarchy, vodka, and German philosophy".) Our young friend, it appears, reads Sandburg, too, and claps her hands and cries: "Oh, boy, isn't it gorgeous!"

Perhaps the gentlest thing to be said of all this by any friend of Professor Sherman (and much in his book will win for him warm and grateful friends) is that "the new literature" and the "pretty" type of its new public as perceived in Urbana, Illinois, are not as we know them half a mile from Brentano's. It is possible that we are less familiar than Professor Sherman is with young women who ride to Brentano's in motor cars and

"flash their silken perfections". It is possible that "these parties"—as Mark Twain would have referred to them—really do say to their chauffeurs or to their companions (Professor Sherman's word-picture is a little vague): "H'lo, kiddo! Le's go to Brentano's." It is possible that they exclaim, after reading Carl Sandburg, "Oh, boy, isn't it gorgeous!" It is possible that they read Dostoievsky. But if all this is so, then these extraordinary creatures are concealed from public observation and contact except when Professor Sherman packs his field-glasses and comes to town. To natives of the Eastern seaboard the type is unknown—and as incredible, as grotesquely nightmarish, as the spectacle of a college professor who at one moment writes like a scholar, a poet, a master of wit and of exquisite malice, and at another moment writes like the funny man on the Urbana *Daily Cosmos*.

Of Professor Sherman's remarks on Mr. Mencken it would be impertinent to speak while Mr. Mencken himself has his health. It is pleasanter to remember the admirable studies—independent, enlightened, unexceptionable in tone and style—of Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, the Adamses, Mr. P. E. More. How excellent and salutary it is to have someone remind us that "a certain levity, almost a frivolity", which Emerson exhibits now and then

> in the presence of creeds, churches, pious organizations, is actually the consequence of his entire reverence in the presence of every unmistakable manifestation of spiritual life. . . . He feels that the religious edifices of the day are become uninhabitable; the religious spirit is seeking a new home. "Religion", he remarks, "does not seem to me to tend now to a cultus as heretofore, but to a heroic life." We find difficulty in conceiving any church, any liturgy, any rite that would be genuine.

What an inestimable service Professor Sherman renders to our times in unearthing, for the benefit of the mob of hundred-per-centers, this audacity of the wisest of Americans: "Our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms. Every actual State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the laws too well." This is the Emerson who received John Brown in Concord; and when, two years later, the

law doomed him to die, he declared publicly in Boston that the new saint would "make the gallows glorious like the cross".

We prefer to leave to Mr. Max Eastman Professor Sherman's conviction that Walt Whitman "would have been hanged by a canny council of workmen because of the genius of a new aristocracy lurking in his 'great persons', his powerful free individuals, and pervading, indeed, all that he says or sings". Nor is it worth while to comment at length on Professor Sherman's characteristic remark about the *Spoon River Anthology:* "Does it", he asks, "fill one with a sentiment of one's importance as a moral being and of the greatness of one's destiny?" It does not. But does *Macbeth* "fill one with a sentiment of one's importance as a moral being", etc.? Yet Professor Sherman proposes that test, "a very simple one", which will determine for us whether or not any given poetry is great. We suppose it may sometime dawn upon Professor Sherman that he is not the first critic who has confidently invented a divining-rod for determining the presence of the sacred fount, and has eventually had to discard it as useless. That the excitation of a belief in "one's importance as a moral being" is a function of great poetry seems less certain to many than it does to Professor Sherman. But it is clearly quite futile to say so to a critic who is capable of testing a work like the *Spoon River Anthology* by any such touchstone, or who can soberly recommend Emerson to us as a poet by citing as "flawless" such verse as this:

> Spirit, that made those heroes dare
> To die, and leave their children free,
> Bid Time and Nature gently spare
> The shaft we raise to them and thee.

That, says Professor Sherman, is poetic "wine of wine". We should prefer to call it rhetorical grapejuice.

> The flame of the moon ran under my eyes
> Amid a forest stillness broken
> By a flute in a hut on the hill.
> At last when I came to lie in bed
> Weak and in pain, with the dreams about me,
> The soul of the river had entered my soul,
> And the gathered power of my soul was moving

So swiftly it seemed to be at rest
Under cities of cloud and under
Spheres of silver and changing worlds—
Until I saw a flash of trumpets
Above the battlements over Time!

That seems to us to come a good deal nearer to being poetry than does Emerson's *Concord Hymn*. But since it is from the *Spoon River Anthology*, and since (for us at least) it adds not a cubit to our conception of our eminence as a Moral Being, we are doubtless mistaken.

It is only when Professor Sherman succeeds in forgetting *his* obligations as a Moral Being that he is completely winning. But when he achieves this feat, how persuasive and memorable he can be! What could be more deeply tender, wiser, more humane, than this?—

He would have discovered in the average man—along with healthy self-interest, petty vices, and envy enough to keep him stirring—courage, fortitude, sobriety, kindness, honesty, and sound practical intelligence. He would have discovered something even more surprising. He would have learned that the average man is, like himself, at heart a mystic, vaguely hungering for a peace that diplomats cannot give, obscurely seeking the permanent amid the transitory; a poor swimmer struggling for a rock amid the flux of waters, a lonely pilgrim longing for the shadow of a rock in a weary land.

And of the St. Gaudens statue which marks the grave of Henry Adams's wife in Rock Creek Cemetery he has written these sentences of haunting beauty:

Here at sunset, after long wandering, the Pilgrim comes at last to the place where no answers are given; at the gateless wall ponders the mysteries, silent, passive, thinking without hope yet without despair, "Here restless minds and limbs of divine mold rest at last. This is the place of dust and shadow and the dispersion of all that was sweet and fair into the devouring tides of energy. This may be the end of all, forever and ever. If so, so be it." Thus that sombre figure appears to commune with itself; but so much will is manifest even in its repose, it seems so undefeated even in defeat, that the visitor departs saying to himself: "Man is the animal that destiny cannot break."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE best vindication of France's occupation of the Ruhr district comes from Germany itself, and it is twofold. The right of such action, indeed, needed no vindication. It was obvious to everyone capable of reading and understanding the Treaty of Versailles or of appreciating the fundamental principles of justice and equity. But that right was emphasized and vindicated by Germany, in the very circumstance of her being alone among all nations in trying to deny it. "No man," wrote John Trumbull, "e'er felt the halter draw, with good opinion of the law." No fraudulent and deliberately defaulting debtor ever approves the legal process through which judgment is executed upon him. But his dishonest demurrer is a tribute to the law. Vindication of the expediency of the French advance is another matter. We must recognize the fact that many good friends of France were doubtful concerning the wisdom of her policy and concerning its success; and that even foremost French statesmen realize it to be a very grave act to occupy the Ruhr, confronted with colossal difficulties. Yet here again Germany affords vindication by her perverse intransigence. She had an opportunity to say, "Come in, if you will, and see for yourselves how impossible it is for us to meet your demands." That is what she would have done, had she been honest in her protests against the requirements of the Reparations Commission. Instead she has pursued the characteristic course of a fraudulent bankrupt, in trying to conceal her assets or to remove them from her creditors' reach, and to embarrass and if possible prevent any effective appraisement and administration of her resources. Clearly, in dealing with such a defaulter, strong measures were prescribed. France has put forth an iron hand, though in a glove of velvet. We shall see what happens before her grip is relaxed.

Meantime, there are suggestive memories of the manner in which Germany collected unlawful tribute and ransom from Belgian towns and cities only a few years ago, and in which she strove to "bleed France white" fifty-odd years ago. Are German statesmen, I wonder, familiar with the saying of old: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again"?

The first trial of men for the Herrin Massacre has ended, as was not altogether unexpected, in acquittal, but the same men are to be retried on other capital charges, and there are others awaiting trial. Meantime prosecution of men suspected of Ku Klux Klan murders at Mer Rouge, Louisiana, is in progress, with results not at this writing to be forecast. Whatever may be the final outcome in either case, these facts are indelibly seared upon the national consciousness: That in these two places remotely separated from each other, among people, in circumstances, and for causes as widely different as can be imagined, were committed with studied deliberation two of the most atrocious tragedies that sully the annals of man, with details so revolting that no paper nor official report could set them down in print. Someone is guilty, and should be punished. To say that such things could be done, in two of the oldest and most important States of this Union, and nobody be brought to book for them, would be to impeach American civilization.

An interesting coincidence is observed in the course of some labor organizations toward two recent tragedies. In Illinois a lawless mob of labor unionists tortured and murdered a number of non-unionists; whereupon labor unions all over the land moved for the raising of an immense fund for the defense of all who should be accused and put on trial for the crime. Later, in Arkansas, a lawless mob of non-unionists tortured some unionists and murdered at least one of them; whereupon labor unions all over the land moved for the raising of an immense fund for the prosecution of those charged with the crime. Perhaps that is merely an application to labor unions of a perverted interpretation of Stephen Decatur's famous toast to "Our Country",

made to read, "Our unions, right or wrong!" If so, it might be edifying for those who thus make use of it to recall some pertinent comments upon it by John Quincy Adams. The most unfortunate phase of the matter is the inclination it indicates toward injecting class interests into the administration of justice. Class legislation is thoroughly evil; but class enforcement of the laws would be to make an end of all law and justice. Of course, labor unionists, who are generally intelligent and law-abiding men and women, do not intend any such abominable thing. But they do themselves injustice by too great readiness to regard every accused unionist as innocent just because he is a unionist, and every accused non-unionist as guilty just because he is a non-unionist.

Almost every new incident in foreign affairs emphasizes the pertinent truth of what Mr. Elihu Root said recently upon the subject of our popular lack of information concerning them:

> The people of the United States have not bothered themselves much about international relations. . . . And now we are brought into immediate and inevitable contact with them, and the whole people of the United States are expressing opinions about them, and a very large part of the discussion is carried on on a basis of insufficient knowledge. . . . There are some people who think they know it all when they know very little. There are many people who think they can solve all the great problems of international affairs by evolving schemes out of their own consciousness. And I have been much interested to see how uniformly they settle everything international —except the difficulties!

To that "insufficient knowledge" we may attribute the erroneous views of the proverbial "man in the street"; but it would overstrain charity thus to excuse the spokesmen of error on the platform and in the press. There has lately been a prodigious recrudescence of clamor about the policy of "isolation", whatever that may mean. It seems to mean that if we adhere to the counsel of Washington and Jefferson, to refrain from permanent and entangling alliances with foreign Powers, and maintain the implied pledge of the Monroe Doctrine not to meddle in foreign affairs which are none of our business, we are dooming ourselves to the status of a hermit nation, something like old-time Corea,

and Japan before Perry's day. It would really seem that the most elementary acquaintance with the subject should teach men that Washington and Jefferson commended and urged the largest possible degree of social, commercial and all other non-political intercourse with all nations, and that the Monroe Doctrine abjures nothing in the world but military and political aggression. Of course, there may, under the dispensations of an inscrutable Providence, be those who imagine that social and commercial intercourse is impossible without political meddlings and entanglements; and, equally of course, there is always room for more in the mortar with the wheat.

Frederic Harrison was not, as some unthinkingly called him, the "last of the great Victorians", but he was certainly one of the latest—as he was also one of the earliest—and one of the greatest. He was one of the very few of that illustrious company who more than spanned the whole of Victoria's reign. He was born while her uncle was still on the throne, and he lived through many years of her grandson's reign; the personal witness of four successive sovereigns. But his longevity, extraordinary as it was, cannot be accounted his most striking characteristic. His versatility and his industry were still more amazing, and perhaps most of all was his intense and unflagging vitality which gave him the keenest of interest in everything that concerned mankind. Jurist, administrator, social and political and religious reformer, historian, critic, journalist, philosopher, philanthropist—he seemed to possess all the talents, and to exercise them all with surpassing skill. Not least shall we remember him for his relation to the World War. As an octogenarian, he discerned its coming in advance, and predicted the very manner of its outbreak with an accuracy which, after its fulfilment, seemed supernatural; but, like Lord Roberts, he was laughed at, railed at, and savagely denounced for his pains. At eighty-five he was a war correspondent at the battle front, and wrote one of the most masterful and convincing of all books on the great struggle; and after the peace, more than a nonagenarian, he wrote on the settlements with all the vigor of an ardent youth. Positivist in religion, Radical in politics,—though living to see the tide flow past until his

radicalism seemed reactionary,—he was in Humanity such a kindly, balanced, rounded, much-achieving man as the world has not often seen and may not often see again.

The remarkable achievement of some French explorers, in driving across the Sahara from Algiers to Timbuctoo in automobile vehicles, was effected without serious mishap and with gratifying success; demonstrating, incidentally, the superiority of automobiles to aeroplanes on that inhospitable route, since the attempt to make the journey in the latter vehicles ended in tragic disaster. Of course the old schoolbook notion of the Great Desert, as a smooth expanse of sand, basking in perpetual heat, is quite mistaken. The adventurers had many miles of rugged rocks and hill ranges to traverse, and while it was burning hot by day, at night it was bitter cold; circumstances which picturesquely justify the name of "Sahara of the North" which has been applied to the Arctic regions. By interesting coincidence, at the very time when these Frenchmen were crossing the African desert, there occurred the death of David Lindsay, the explorer who made some of the most memorable journeys across the Australian continent with its no less forbidding wastes.

In *Proletcult*, a magazine for boys and girls published by the Communists of England, I find the following oath, which Communists are expected to take, its form being an obvious parody upon the oath of allegiance:

> I, ——, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to my Class, their heirs and successors, according to the Class Struggle, without any God.

One cannot avoid wondering if those responsible for this absurd thing, and those who are deluded into taking it, realize that it is calculated to deny and forbid all progress, and to doom those who are under its spell to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for generation after generation, forever. It is the hope and pride of those who are not Communists that they may make progress, through merit, from lowly to higher places.

Jewish by race and faith, Prussian and Livonian by parentage, Hungarian by nativity, French by adoption and residence, and

Danish in his marriage choice, Max Simon Nordau approximated the cosmopolitan in circumstance and realized it in spirit. Albeit, he was a prophet without honor in any of the three countries which he was successively entitled to call his own. Hungary was intolerable to him because of Magyar contempt for Germans. Germany turned upon him and rended him when he cast his pearls of truth before her. Even France, long hospitable and appreciative of his genius, regarded him with suspicion and placed him under surveillance in the World War; though in fact he was aggressively loyal to the Allied cause. Despite the immense vogue of his two most striking books, *The Century's Disease* and *Degeneration*, thirty years and more ago, he was chiefly a voice crying in the wilderness, with none but the wilderness to hear. But the world is learning today, through much travail, the truth of his scathing arraignment of its crimes and follies. The confused æsthetic notions, the mysticism, the "realism", the "futurism", the sex obsession, the physical, intellectual and moral hysteria which have in late years afflicted the world, were accurately perceived and condemned by him in fearless words. Yet with all his recognition of the evil in the world, he was never a pessimist, but unwaveringly looked for ultimate reaction toward sanity and cleanliness. It was his misfortune that his diagnosis of the world's health, to be honest and thorough, had to be so searching and intimate, and so touched to the quick the most sensitive organs of the patient. In those circumstances it was impossible for his work to be judiciously and dispassionately appraised. Another age will judge him more justly than did his own.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

DAVID LUBIN: A Study in Practical Idealism. By Olivia Rossetti Agresti. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Just what is the relation between what we call genius and what we call character? Both words are, to be sure, greatly in need of definition, yet the concepts denoted by them seem to have this in common: that each suggests the idea of an irresistible inner force—an emanation of what used to be called the soul. The career of David Lubin is remarkable as showing the expansion of such an inner force—its effective working out amid circumstances diversely unfavorable, and through a personality that no one at the start would have thought particularly well adapted to be the medium of its expression. There was in the man a germ of something—call it character or call it genius—that grew, and in its growth moved obstacles aside as the root of a tree may heave and crack a concrete sidewalk.

David Lubin was born in a Jewish community in a little town in Russian Poland. In 1855, when he was six years old, his parents emigrated to America, taking the boy with them. The family lived on the East Side of New York. Though David was always a great reader and an independent thinker, he had but little formal education. At the age of twelve he left school and went to Massachusetts, where he obtained work neither well-paid nor very promising for the future. When sixteen years old he went to California to live with a married sister. We are told that the young man was strong, vigorous, and fond of outdoor sports, and that in Los Angeles he thoroughly enjoyed the life of what was then a pioneer community. In 1868 he joined an expedition which went to Arizona in search of gold. He returned no richer for his experience, except that he had tested his soul in thrilling adventures and had increased his mastery of the rough, forcible, picturesque speech of the pioneer. He manifested subsequently a remarkable talent for business and also a mechanical ingenuity not so usual in members of his race as is the former characteristic. While working for a firm that manufactured lamps, he invented a successful safety lamp for coal miners. At a later date, business trips to Europe broadened his horizon. At length he returned to California, where his lately widowed sister had started a small drygoods store. The development of this little enterprise into a large and successful business appears to close the first phase of his career. By 1884 he had become a prosperous and substantial merchant.

The story of this rise from poverty to comparative wealth is diversely interesting, though not unfamiliar in its theme and its general outline. The

really interesting point, however, is that in Lubin's work and circumstances up to the time when he acquired a comfortable fortune there was nothing particularly favorable to the growth of the reformer, the intensely practical dreamer that he became. Intellectually—and he possessed in a high degree the intellectual keenness of his race—he was self-evolved.

"I would be pleased to have you read this book," [Maimonides, *A Guide to the Perplexed*,] he once wrote to his son, "and write me something in the nature of a thesis on the subject from time to time; and do not for one moment think that reading such books will deteriorate business faculty. Nothing is better calculated to strengthen business ability, and there is nothing better calculated to help to an understanding of books such as this than everyday business experience provided that the business thought be blended with the philosophic sentence, and the philosophic sentence be blended with the business experience; but in all this there should be absolutely no trace of priggishness."

This point of view is sufficiently unusual. Still more exceptional, and quite as hard to account for through the influence of environment, is Lubin's moral enthusiasm and general breadth of view. The most one can say is that, like Henry George, he was moved through his residence in California to devote his mind to the problems of agricultural economy. The rest was heredity—the inherited force of strong belief in self and strong belief in righteousness.

Beginning with the consideration of local problems, he widened his views through successive circles. "In 1893, the Californian had become an American; in 1896 the American was becoming a citizen of the world." When, in 1904, he had induced the King of Italy to champion the cause of international organization of agriculture, his mother's prophecy, "You shall sit at table with kings," had been fulfilled. But the foundation of the International Institute of Agriculture, made possible by the initiative of King Victor Emanuel, was to Lubin only a beginning. He regarded this organization as merely a link in a chain, the first International Department of a World Administration. With unsparing devotion he gave the remainder of his life to work in behalf of his great idea, not trying to realize at once the whole of an ambitious programme, but applying his energies where he saw most hope of practical results. His ten years of work for America were fruitful. Who but he could or would have carried out the scheme of having two farmers from each State of the Union travel through Europe in order to study agricultural conditions? "The American farmer," writes Signora Agresti, "has to thank David Lubin if he secured a picture of the European credit and coöperative systems before the curtain fell on a phase in the world's history. The special piece of work then accomplished could never be performed again."

David Lubin would have scouted the idea that he was a genius: he thought of himself as an ordinary "scrub" man. He wished to show what the ordinary "scrub" man could do. Character, he had; but "character" in the

ordinary sense, connoting blamelessness and reasonable faithfulness to obligations, seems often to fail in the accomplishment of results at all notable. The more or less impotent man of good character is quite as common a type with us as is the aggressive crank, and both lack the kind of "character" that works miracles, as Lubin's did. Whatever it was that David Lubin had in him, it was something that the world needs just now more than it needs almost anything else.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE HOWARD FURNESS. Edited by Horace Howard Furness Jayne. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

It is a fact worth noting that Horace Howard Furness, one of the greatest of Shakespearean scholars, thought most talk about Shakespeare foolish. This opinion of his, however, was not adopted for the reason that might be hastily assumed. It is true that he spent the best years of his life upon the vast and meticulous labor of preparing his great Variorum Edition of the plays. It might be supposed, then, that he was of the type of scholar that prefers the letter to the spirit. Precisely the opposite was the case. His Shakespeare-worship was so sincere that he was willing to undergo the most irksome toil provided that the meaning of obscure passages might be made even a little clearer or at any rate the conclusion be reached that the original obscurity was better than any possible interpretation. Whatever might conceivably help to diffuse a love and intelligent appreciation of the plays he deemed worthy of the most painstaking effort. But the motive back of all his work was not an interest in the dry technique of textual criticism—which, in fact, he detested—nor an ambition for celebrity as an exact scholar, but an intense devotion to the plays themselves, an absorption in their very spirit. Thus, the emotional strain of editing was to him as great as that of inspired authorship. After being immersed for months in the agonies of Othello he was so much affected by the terror of the tragedy that he questioned whether Shakespeare ought ever to have written the play! As a reader, he thrilled his audiences with awe, moved them to tears, or provoked them to laughter with the mastery of a consummate actor. No one thought of the anomaly of a white-haired old gentleman representing Cleopatra; one thought only of Cleopatra.

Here is a paradox and one well worth attention: the most dry-as-dust of our Shakespeareans (so far as *minutiæ* were concerned) was at the same time one of the most sympathetic and inspired Shakespeareans that ever lived. No one cared more than he for the plays just in themselves, or was more in accord with Matthew Arnold's dictum:

> Others abide our question. Thou art free.
> We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
> Outtopping knowledge.

To him idle speculations—and most attempts at ingenious analysis of the plays

are idle—were an abomination. He resented particularly any too curious attempt to relate the characters and events of the plays to any real persons or things. He wanted Shakespeare's world to remain as "unreal", as purely a world of the imagination, as it was meant to be. The effort to spoil the illusion by showing out of what commonplace materials it was made seemed to him an impertinence. If Shakespeare had not believed in his characters and in the world which they inhabited, as produced by his imagination, he could not have written what he wrote. Very well, let the reader be of the same mind so far as in him lies.

It is a lesson to be preached, this love of the plays for what they are and for what Shakespeare intended them to be. In this age, when what is real seems to be valued chiefly *because* it is real, there is danger of forgetting that Shakespeare's plays and Whistler's pictures may be in very truth much better than reality. It is a dissipation, no doubt, to seek in imagination an escape from the austerity of the moral law: this is the danger of romance—of all romance save Shakespeare's, if "romantic" his plays can be truly called. But that is a different matter altogether from the realization that there can be something more beautiful and thrilling than Main Street!

A somewhat curious indication of Horace Howard Furness's general attitude is the fact that he rejoiced in the poverty of our knowledge of Shakespeare's life. Of Professor Wallace's discoveries, he spoke kindly, but without enthusiasm. Quite useless, he thought to try to conceive the personality of the man who wrote the plays! To us he is and must always remain simply the man who wrote them, and perhaps the less we know of his actual daily life the better. He could scarcely bear to look upon the portraits of Shakespeare, thinking them a hindrance rather than a help toward a conception of the forever unapproachable genius.

The scholarship of Horace Howard Furness speaks for itself. His recently published letters are simply a revelation of the intimate personality of a man who beyond all others lived by the maxim, "One touch of Shakespeare makes the whole world kin." In reading them, one is amazed at the versatility of mind, the breadth of sympathy, and the depth of feeling of one who might well be deemed a scholarly recluse. There is little enough of Shakespearean criticism or of any kind of literary criticism in the letters. They are mainly a charming self-revelation, in which a singular gift of expression ministers to the needs of a personality always worth expression. This last is said advisedly. Horace Howard Furness seems to have been one of those few men who cannot take up a pen on the most casual occasion without writing something both humanly valuable and distinguished in style. In his letters there is nothing trivial but the intentional trivialities of pleasantry; nothing solemn but the solemnity of deep grief. Without the least breach of decorum the writer appears to break through every formality and to reach the heart and mind of his reader with his slightest word. In his later years he is able to reproach himself for the defects of old age without offending by his apologies, and to the

very end, though the loss of his wife and one of his children had really broken his heart, he rejoices in love and friendship with an unfeigned gayety.

His individual style is an unfailing delight. What could be a harder task than to express with poetic charm the thought of prospective boredom? Yet the eloquence of Furness's tale of how tiresome he expected to find tarpon-fishing is matched only by the eloquence of his tale of how he caught his tarpon.

Horace Howard Furness's life was by no means uneventful or colorless. The experiences of his younger days left in his mind a rich deposit of memories. As a youth in Harvard, he saw, to his great delight, Phillips Brooks tossed in a blanket—"he was so very big and rose so very high, with arms and legs wide-spread!"—and gazed upon the features of Daniel Webster lying in state. He had many boyish escapades and formed many ties of lasting value. The tale of his travels abroad reads now like the romance of a remote but much loved antiquity—a romance of Europe long before the war, a Europe that seems now charming and unsophisticated—and one's heart is warmed by the fulness of the young man's delight in his quaint and stimulating experiences. During and after the Civil War, unable to enlist in the military service because of his deafness, he actively engaged in the work of the invaluable Sanitary Commission. The story of his work as acting chairman of the Seybert Commission, which between 1883 and 1887 investigated Spiritualism, is a curious record, enlivened by a caustic humor and humanized by a sympathy that could feel for the weakness of even the fraudulent medium if she happened to be a frail and more or less self-deluded woman. All in all, however, one is most impressed by the freedom of spirit of a man who according to his own account "rubbed his nose on every letter and glared at every comma" of the texts he collated. His life is another proof, and a striking one, of the truth that true culture liberates while pseudo-culture does not. No ordinary mortal may become cultured by pursuing the kind of work to which Furness in considerable part devoted his life; though one might become learned in a sense, by this process. But on the other hand no amount of nose-rubbing or comma-glaring could make Furness a pedant. On the contrary, textual criticism, which to most minds and characters would be a stumbling block and an occasion of offense, appears to have been for him a means of grace and culture.

Reflected in all the later pages of the book is what the editor calls with real felicity "the ineffable comeliness" of Horace Howard Furness's scholarly life, his rare good humor and his kindly sympathy. The pursuits of few distinguished persons are more remote from most men's "business and bosoms" than were those of Furness, yet few personal records are more truly exemplary than his. The very atmosphere of his life, the "comeliness" of an existence devoid, not of sorrow, but of all manner of crabbedness either of mind or disposition, and conspicuously free from the vices of spiritual sloth, cynicism, and unkindness, comes over one most gratefully as he reads. Whatever may be one's inclinations as to Shakespeare or textual criticism, one is bound to feel this effect. To have lived thus is to have lived well,—well in all senses,—one

inevitably reflects, as he turns the last page of this life-story of a great humanist. Let us hope that the old-fashioned gentleman, the old-fashioned humanist, will not be utterly extinguished in this day of much education and little culture.

UNDER FOUR ADMINISTRATIONS. By Oscar Straus. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Oscar Straus's autobiography deserves to be characterized chiefly as the record of a distinguished citizen. It is a story less rich in anecdote than strong in facts, and less notable for novel opinions than enlightening in the expression of views which can only be arrived at through a combination of perfect impartiality, full information, and eminent good sense. But it is the public spirit,—something a little different from what is ordinarily called "patriotism" or "Americanism",—a spirit pervading the whole career, which most strikes one. The attitude of intellectual detachment and of moral courage which is manifested in all Mr. Straus's public conduct is something rare and worthy of comment. In America there is so much that is either zealously partizan, or militantly mugwump, or intellectually indifferent, or not intellectual at all, that a character like that of Mr. Straus, combining piercing intellect with a commanding abstract sense of duty, seems phenomenal. Before such a temperament difficulties appear to dissolve. One does not, as one reads, wonder at Mr. Straus's success. The stages by which he advanced, gaining an early education by hard work, graduating from Columbia University, building up a successful law practice, becoming Minister to Turkey,—these forward strides, so impossible for the average person, seem perfectly easy and natural in the story of Mr. Straus's career. Never engaging in petty controversies, never disturbed by excessive personal ambitions, but guided by principle,—"idealism", he calls it,—this successful man goes serenely on his way, always appearing to be sought rather than to seek. He was often in sufficiently difficult positions,—though never in *false* positions,—but one receives the impression that all problems are comparatively easy to intellect backed by character. Thus, without the slightest egoism, Mr. Straus continually illustrates for us throughout the story of his extraordinary career the essential wisdom of being guided by idealism—that is, by principles.

The truth is that to maintain this attitude consistently requires more courage than most persons possess. This remark is platitudinous, yet it may acquire a certain distinction and depth from an anecdote concerning Mr. Straus which is in its way as significant as anything in his book of reminiscences.

While Oscar Straus was a senior in Columbia University he with other members of his class was obliged to receive instruction in a subject called Evidences of Religion, taught by Dr. McVickar. The good Doctor was a poor disciplinarian, and the subject, necessarily taught from a sectarian viewpoint, was distasteful to many members of the class, while to many more the circumstances afforded an opportunity for boisterousness and general insubordina-

tion. This typical exhibition of Anglo-Saxon love of liberty was not pleasing to the more thoughtful and law-abiding Straus.

"One day when the disturbances became most flagrant," he records, "and the poor professor was really quite helpless, I ventured to point out to him how he might bring about order. He received my suggestion most favorably, so I asked him to let me take his chair for a few moments. I made a brief appeal to the class, reminding them that we were now seniors, and that there were some, especially those intending to study for the ministry, who were interested in the subject and prevented from following it by the boisterous behavior of the rest. I was jeeringly dubbed Professor Straus, but I went right on. I said I knew that there were a number who were opposed to the study of Evidences of Christianity, and I proposed that they rise. To those who got up, I gave permission to leave, and, as I recall, there were some eight or ten left. Then I turned to Dr. McVickar and said, 'Here is a class you can teach'. And the session went on smoothly enough."

This seemingly insignificant bit of "class-room diplomacy" deserves to be pondered. The confidence in right principles, the effective appeal to reason, the insusceptibility to jeers, are noteworthy. Broadly speaking, the whole episode would seem impossible nowadays, because almost every student would rather be shot than place himself in a similar position. That is what one means by saying that such qualities are rare and worthy of emphasis. Such individualism, such moral courage,—this *type* of moral courage,—is too seldom found among either college students or mature men.

It is perhaps the secret of that public spirit which was so fully manifested in Oscar Straus's life. We know of him as three times Minister to Turkey, as the able Secretary of Commerce and Labor in Roosevelt's Cabinet, and as an active leader in so many public movements that the mere enumeration of them would be tedious, while a detailed discussion would be impossible within ordinary limits of space. This book reveals him also as the wise counsellor and gives authoritative and close views of many of those eminent men with whom he was intimately associated.

In many ways this autobiography is comparable to the remarkable life-story of Edward Bok. Both men were foreign-born, both were "self-made"; above all, both men exhibited in an intense degree that many-sided and active public spirit, that fearless initiative and practical optimism, which are the most lauded and the rarest virtues of our time.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ESPIONAGE OR ASSISTANCE?

SIR:

The dynamic and stimulating article, *Prospecting for Intelligence*, by Miss Caroline E. MacGill in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, certainly needed to be written: Miss MacGill has written it splendidly. There are several things which the public should ponder over and act upon: Miss MacGill has stated them forcibly and arrestingly.

From two of her theses, however, I must dissent.

First, if I mistake not her meaning, she wants to increase the number of private schools and "scrap" the public schools. My experience of several years in both private and public schools leads me to conclude that while, as Miss MacGill says, "What is needed is more special schools, not fewer", these special schools should be *public*. I readily concede that the large classes of the average public school contain many misfits—both pupils above the intelligence of the grade and those below. I concede also that there are many mistaken school officials who think the children are born for the sake of the schools, instead of the schools being established for the sake of the children. The remedy, as I see it, is not to put these misfit children into private schools, however good, but into public schools especially planned and conducted for pupils of their type. Of course this involves getting rid of both the "hard-boiled" and the "halfbaked" administrators and teachers.

Some years ago I heard Professor J. C. Metcalf—then of Richmond College—say that in the last analysis there is no such thing as a private school; that since all schools educate prospective citizens, all are public schools. In that dictum I concur, and take the next step logically. Since all schools are public schools, all should be maintained and conducted by the public.

In practically every community in which I have lived there have been some excellent citizens who were dissatisfied with the local public schools—frequently with good reason. They believed their children entitled to better opportunities than those offered in the local system, but they took the wrong method, in my opinion, to secure the desired advantages. Either they sent their sons and daughters away from home to some private academy, or combined forces and funds and induced someone to establish a private school in their home town. It goes without saying that most of these people were well-to-do or rich. Others, who really could not afford to patronize these expensive new schools felt compelled to do so for "social reasons". Naturally this additional expense had to be recouped by a saving in some other department of the family budget. Oftentimes, I am afraid, it meant skimping the family table—certainly not a good preparation for better brain work.

I maintain that had these good citizens invested the same amount of time, effort and money in improving the public schools, the results would have been infinitely better all around. Let those citizens visit the schools, get acquainted with trustees, supervisors and teachers, and make friends of them; aid them with advice and sympathy. Then watch the improvement. Let those taxpayers insist that their taxes be spent to the best advantage, in securing the best superintendents and teachers, and an adequate number of them. Let those parents who are dissatisfied with the public schools serve a while on the school boards and improve the system.

The second fallacy I find in Miss MacGill's witty paper is the assumption that all public school inspectors and supervisors are spies. Clearly "no one can do good work under perpetual espionage". Granted: there is absolutely no room for argument there. That statement is axiomatic. However, the next sentence is a woful *non sequitur:* "It is the *raison d'être* of inspectors to find fault and to alter, in order to justify their salaries."

Doubtless there are inspectors of the type described, for Miss MacGill paints too life-like a picture to be drawing upon her imagination. Still, such must be very rare specimens, since in an experience extending over more than twenty years in nine States I have not met a single specimen of this genus.

Hitherto I have labored under the delusion that the *raison d'être* of an inspector, supervisor or other official visitor is to observe the teaching and by his encouragement and advice to improve it. By passing on to one teacher the best devices observed in the work of others, by judicious praise of good work, the inspector helps to improve the beginner, the weak teacher, the discouraged teacher. Naturally, he or she will observe some mistakes. Clearly it is his duty to children, taxpayers and parents to call the teacher's attention to them, privately and tactfully. Inevitably, the inspector will sometimes find a person conducting a class whom nature never meant for a teacher; after fruitless and repeated efforts to help such a person, it is the plainest duty in the world to recommend his or her dismissal. I am happy to say that in my public school experience I always enjoyed the visits of superintendent, principal or board member. Needless to say, they sometimes found things to correct in my work, but it was seldom that such a visitor left without giving my associates and me some valuable suggestions.

In short, my experience as pupil and teacher in public schools and private convinces me that the remedy for the ills Miss MacGill points out so ably is the coöperation of all public spirited citizens in improving the public schools. Let neither politics nor sentiment stand in the way of weeding out incapable teachers and "spies". Let not conservatism or timidity stand in the way of establishing as many "special" schools as seem necessary. But above all, let it be done in the spirit of Dumas's immortal swashbucklers: "One for all; all for one."

Milledge L. Bonham, Jr.

Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

WORKERS AND EMPLOYERS BOTH HUMAN

SIR:

May I be permitted to express my deep appreciation of the article by Mr. Seebohm Rowntree on *The Future of British Industry* in your recent number? The closing portion especially in its constructive suggestions was to me of paramount interest. Neither is this academic on my part, for I have been an actual worker and am in a position to know certain things as a matter not of theory but of experience. It seems to me that Mr. Rowntree has suggested, if not the solvent for the main problem, at least a scheme under which the solvent may be applied. Workers and employers are very human, after all, and to condemn or estrange either class is to confess a lack of that faith in humanity which a practical man must assume to accomplish results. Many a workingman, from my experience, would contribute his portion in a mutual sacrifice for better things. Of course when you have created an atmosphere of distrust, things are extremely difficult, for each party feels the other is trying to "put it over", as the saying is.

As one who abhors sinister and explosive forces, and has no hope where law and order are disregarded, I simply want to express my approval or rather intense satisfaction in this article.

CAROL WIGHT.

Johns Hopkins University,
Baltimore, Md.

THE SERVICE OF "MILITARISM" IN PEACE

SIR:

What a hideous thing is "militarism", to be sure!

A most instructive and suggestive account is given in your February number of the way in which U. S. Navy officers, serving under Secretary Hoover, secured a great increase in the output of coal last year, distributed it discreetly, and saved the nation from imminent disaster. Their unique efficiency was unquestionably due to their naval training and discipline, their finely balanced sense of duty and of authority.

We all remember how civilians "fell down" at Panama, and how it needed two army officers—Gorgas and Goethals—to conquer the fever and complete the Canal.

What a hideous thing is our "militaristic" system, which trains men for such achievements in the works of peace! With such records, which may be indefinitely multiplied, ought not Annapolis and West Point to be immediately abolished?

WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

Washington, D. C.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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TAX-EXEMPT SECURITIES *vs.* PROGRESSIVE INCOME TAX

BY ROBERT MURRAY HAIG

SOME time ago Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip asserted that America was a nation of economic illiterates. This undoubtedly shocked many persons, but not the professional economists. They had received their shock long before. However, Mr. Vanderlip's charge is really not so devastating as it appears to be at first glance. Illiterate, after all, may mean merely "having little or no book learning". It does not necessarily imply a lack of intelligence, of ordinary horse-sense or, in John Dewey's language, of an ability to distinguish between what is or is not "bunk". Most economists are prevented from becoming confirmed pessimists because the record shows that, even though we be a nation of economic illiterates, we are not by any means a nation of economic idiots.

Happily, intelligence, not literacy, is the quality required in dealing with the question of tax-exempt securities. From present indications this question will form the basis for the next amendment to the Federal Constitution. If the pending measure receives the consideration and the disposition it deserves, it means that the public and the State legislators must exhibit an ability to keep to the road through a somewhat complex bit of economic analysis without being diverted into the numerous blind paths which lie along the way. The proposed amendment

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promises to be a very interesting test of the fundamental economic intelligence of the American people. This paper attempts to disentangle and to discuss the essential issue involved which, in the opinion of the writer, is nothing less than the future of the taxation of income at progressive rates. There are other important factors in the situation, but this is the heart of the problem. If progressive income taxation is to continue as an important part of the fiscal system of the States and the nation, the unlimited issuance of tax-exempt securities must cease.

The economic analysis involved relates to the manner in which the market prices of tax-exempt securities are determined in the presence of an income tax imposed at rates which rise as the size of a taxpayer's income increases. The analysis is one which has long found general acceptance among economists and business men, but its character is such that there is no lack of opportunities to wander astray.

Whether or not one approves progressive taxation, that principle has been definitely established in the fiscal systems of all modern democracies. Whether or not one believes that the Congress of the United States and the legislatures of some of the States have been wise in pushing the rates to the present high levels, the fact remains that these scales have been written into the statutes as representing the sentiment of the community. They actually exist and they were constructed with the intention that they should be paid. In large measure they are not being paid, because of tax-exempt securities. Unless the issuance of such bonds is brought under control, the progressive feature of the income tax will become in its practical operation so ineffective and so unjust that its entire abandonment will be a logical necessity.

One can conceive of conditions under which it would be only common sense to make all public bonds tax-exempt. If the governmental organization of the country were completely unified and if the aggregate public borrowings were sufficiently limited in amount, tax-exempt bonds could be used with the assurance that the Government would receive back in lower interest rates and increased market standing of the bonds the full

worth of the exemption from taxation which it granted. Under such conditions there would indeed be a positive factor in the situation which would throw the balance definitely in favor of the exemption policy, for after all it requires some effort to transfer money from one pocket into another. However, these two essential conditions do not now exist and cannot ever be expected in this country. Instead there exists a congeries of overlapping governmental authorities which issue securities exempt from the taxes not only of their own but of the other jurisdictions as well. This effectually prevents any one political division from reaping the benefit of its own (and only its own) exemptions from taxation. Again, the aggregate public borrowings, instead of being very limited in amount, are enormous and there is no reason for believing that they will grow smaller. As a consequence the Government does not and cannot receive back the full worth of the exemptions it grants.

These statements require elaboration. First, consider the manner in which the size of the total public borrowings affects the problem. When the Federal Government sells a three and one-half per cent bond containing an agreement that the interest shall be exempt from its progressive income tax, it offers a concession which is of different value to different individuals. The privilege of being excused from paying income tax on the interest is a great or a small privilege depending upon whether the rate of tax which would otherwise be payable is high or low.

How widely the value of this privilege may vary can be grasped from this simple example. If the $35 interest on the three and one-half per cent bond happens to be received by a millionaire with an income of over $200,000, the amount of tax which he would be excused from paying under the federal rates now in force would be $20.30. That is the portion of the $35 which he would be asked to pay in income taxes if the interest came from some non-exempt source such as an ordinary industrial bond. Obviously, this millionaire would be willing to pay more for a government bond carrying this tax exemption than for an ordinary industrial bond, even assuming such bonds to be identical with the government bond in all other respects. The tax-exempt bond is really worth to him an additional sum equal to the present

value of the annual item of $20.30 which he is excused from paying for the term of the bond.

Such a bond is worth something less to a second rich man whose income is $150,000, instead of $200,000. The tax he is excused from paying is $19.95 instead of $20.30. The value of the exemption steadily declines as the taxable income of the owner of the bond is assumed to diminish, until the tax-exempt privilege becomes valueless to the owner whose income is so small that he is subject to no tax at all.

So long as tax-exempt bonds are restricted to an amount which can be readily absorbed by the heaviest tax-payers—those in the highest surtax group—the Government can expect to receive a full return for the exemption granted, for the market value of the bonds (or, what amounts to the same thing, the rate of interest) will be established by the demand of those to whom the exemption is most precious. Just so soon, however, as the number of such bonds exceeds the demands of this group of very rich men and it becomes necessary to dispose of them to taxpayers in the next lower class, the market value of the bond begins to drop. For such a bond cannot be sold to a $150,000 man who saves only $19.95 by purchasing it, at as high a price as can profitably be paid by a $200,000 man who saves $20.30. The lower market-standing of the bond, now fixed on the basis of its value to the $150,000 man, is a value which extends to the entire issue, so that the $200,000 man may now buy his bond at a price lower than its full worth to him. In other words, through this process by which the market value of the bond declines, the $200,000 man reduces his true, effective tax rate to the level of the $150,000 man. The law says that he shall pay a 58 per cent income tax on his income in excess of $200,000. By buying a tax-exempt bond at a price fixed by the value of the exemption to the man in the $150,000 class, he reduces that 58 per cent to 57 per cent. The tax-exempt bond is then a device which has the peculiar quality ascribed to the Scotch hen of the old nursery rhyme:

> Bobby Shaftoe has a hen,—
> Cockle button, cockle ben,—
> She lays eggs for gentlemen,
> But none for Bobby Shaftoe!

If Congress was really in earnest when it said that equality of tax burdens demanded 58 per cent of every dollar of income received by an individual above $200,000, then, in authorizing the issuance of tax-exempt bonds in such numbers that their market price is determined by relatively small taxpayers, it has destroyed that equality. Consciously or unconsciously, by its own act it has created a device whereby that dollar is actually burdened less than the 58 per cent which justice and equality presumably demand.

Keeping in mind the character of this process, which is known among economists as capitalization, attention may be given to the quantities of the tax-exempt bonds which are available in the market and to the ability of the taxpayers to absorb them. Have they or have they not been issued in excess of the demands of those to whom the tax exemption is most valuable?

Estimates of the amount of tax-exempt securities outstanding vary from ten to thirty billions, a range truly amazing until one comes to examine the bases upon which the estimates are made. The highest estimates include all of the federal bonds—even those which on their face are not entirely exempt from the income tax—on the assumption that such bonds are not held to any great extent by individuals in excess of the amounts covered by the blanket exemptions allowed each individual, which at present altogether amount to $165,000, par value, of the various issues. Since after July 2, 1923, this figure drops to $60,000 and three years later to $10,000, the important qualification which must soon be made in the largest estimates is a point to be taken into account. The total interest-bearing debt of the Federal Government on January 31, 1923, amounted to $22,354,059,703.55.

But in addition to the exempt portion of the federal debt, the entire issues of all of the States and their political subdivisions must be taken into account. These securities, according to the preliminary figures of the Educational Finance Inquiry Commission, amounted to $6,524,040,734 in 1920. The issues since that date raise the figures to approximately ten billions.

After all, these sums mean little until brought into relationship with the power of those in the highest surtax groups to absorb

tax-exempt securities. Inquiry was made among dealers in securities in February, 1923, regarding the classes who were finding it profitable to invest in such bonds under the market conditions existing at that time. The answer cannot, of course, be given in precise form because of the variable importance ascribed by different investors to the element of safety, but the testimony showed that many conservative investors, with annual incomes as low as $20,000, were finding it advantageous to invest in tax-exempt bonds at the prices of such securities then current. Less cautious investors who normally placed their funds in sound preferred stocks found tax-exempt bonds attractive when their income approached the $50,000 mark.

The significance of this situation becomes clear when it is realized that the income tax rate is only 16 per cent at the $20,000 mark and only 31 per cent at the $50,000 mark. This means that the flood of tax-exempt securities has been great enough to satisfy completely the demands of all the large surtax payers and that the market price of such bonds has dropped to a point where they attract investors with incomes of relatively moderate size. In other words, the very rich may now purchase these bonds at prices based on the value of the tax-exemption to a $50,000 man, or even to a $20,000 man, rather than its value to the recipient of a $200,000 income. It indicates that so far as investment income is concerned, the surtax schedule above the 31 per cent rate is virtually inoperative. To this extent the progressive scale has been flattened out. While the income tax law pretends to levy rates on such income ranging up to 58 per cent, tax-exempt securities in effect cut that maximum rate practically in half. Under these conditions the $200,000 man can buy himself free of the tax of $20.30 on the three and one-half per cent bond at a price fixed by the demand of a man who is freeing himself of a tax of only $10.85. Clearly, under these conditions, the Government loses in taxes more than it gains in reduced interest rates or increased market-standing of its bonds.

In passing, attention should be called to the type of income whose burden is thus virtually cut in two. It is not income from salaries, fees, or business. It is investment income, "lazy" income, as Gladstone was fond of calling it. In England income

tax rates are arranged so as to favor "industrious" income as compared with investment income. There is a strong sentiment in this country in support of a similar policy. The effect of tax-exempt securities is in exactly the opposite direction. The man who earns $200,000 pays 58 per cent. The man who inherits a fortune and places it in tax-exempt bonds yielding $200,000, pays the equivalent of a tax of about 31 per cent.

The conclusion must be that the quantities of tax-exempt securities are so great that it is impossible for the Government to reap the full value of the exemptions it grants. There is still another element involved. Because of the form of the governmental structure of this country, these interest exemptions on government securities permit one governmental body to profit at the expense of another and at the expense of the interests of the community as a whole. Even if the United States Government were the only authority which issued bonds and imposed progressive income taxes, the legal evasion described above would develop. Heavy taxpayers would buy themselves free of the tax without paying an equivalent amount in the form of an advanced price of the security. But not only can the United States itself issue bonds which are exempt from its own tax, but, due to the constitutional situation, every State and every little subdivision of a State, down to the most insignificant school or drainage district, may issue its securities exempt from federal income taxes. This means that a county in Oklahoma may, in effect, pay a substantial part of the cost of new roads with federal income taxes, for the millionaire investor can buy himself free of the federal tax by investing in a bond of the Oklahoma county. He will pay something more for the bond, it is true, than he would pay if it were not tax-exempt. However, as shown above, he will not pay a sum at all commensurate with the value of the federal exemption. Moreover, what he does pay will go, not to the federal treasury, but to the Oklahoma county. Here is federal aid gone mad. If there were no better solution it would pay the Federal Government, as a price for abolishing the exemptions, to give to the localities a sum equal to the advantage they gain from the exemption of their bonds from the federal income tax. Since the amount of the tax-exempt bonds which may be

issued by the States and their political subdivisions is entirely beyond the power of the Federal Government to control, it is clear that the principle of a federal progressive income tax lies quite at the mercy of these jurisdictions.

The exemption from the comprehensive federal income tax at present available to State and local securities is, therefore, to all intents and purposes a direct bonus to the localities. This has been recognized by economists for many years. Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, for example, in his standard work on *The Income Tax* (2d. ed. 1914, p. 614) says:

> The constitutional inhibition, if it means anything, means only that the National Government shall not discriminate against the States by injuring their power to borrow. It does not mean that the National Government should discriminate in favor of the States by enhancing their power to borrow. A special exemption of State bonds from a general income tax would, if it increased the market price of these securities, be tantamount to a gift from the National Government to the State Government. Such a relation, however, is not contemplated by the Constitution. It is not the function or the province of the National Government to confer gifts or favors upon the State governments. The States can look after themselves, and all they have a right to ask from the National Government is that there shall be no unconstitutional interference with their powers. Equality under the Constitution they have a right to claim; special favors they have no right to demand.

It should not be forgotten that progressive income taxation is a principle of vital importance to the States themselves. A number of States already have progressive income taxes in operation and such taxes form an essential part of the most promising plans of State tax reform. The student of taxation is indeed bold who contends that federal income tax rates will always remain high and State income tax rates low.

Most of the available space of this article has been exhausted in the attempt to make clear the importance of this problem of tax-exempt securities in its relation to the principle of progressive income taxation. This was done because it is felt that this aspect is of overwhelming importance as compared with the rest. The exemptions have many other ill effects, aside from their devastating influence on progressive income tax scales, a few of which may be briefly stated.

The advantage to be gained through investments in tax-exempt securities has greatly disturbed the normal investment habits of the very rich. Large sums which formerly found their way into mortgages and public utility bonds have been diverted from their normal course and into the public treasuries by the artificial interference of the exemption privilege. The result has been complaints from farmers and home owners regarding the scarcity of mortgage money and complaints from the public utilities not only about the scarcity of capital, but also regarding the competition to which they are often subjected by government-owned utilities financed with the proceeds of tax-exempt bonds.

The manner in which the interests of the farmers are affected by the exemptions is not always clearly grasped. If Senator Fletcher fully appreciated the true price paid for the lower interest rate borne by the Federal Farm Loan bonds because of their exempt character, could he defend his assertion that "this whole cry against tax-free securities found its very beginning and inception in the Land Mortgage Bankers' Association—a multi-millionaire organization which has grown rich out of the charges it has imposed upon the farmers of the West" (*Congressional Record*, January 26, 1923, p. 2490)? As a matter of fact the net amount of Federal Farm Loan bonds outstanding on January 1, 1922, amounted to only $284,000,000, a scant three per cent of the lowest estimates of the total amount of the tax-exempt securities. Moreover, the evidence before the House committee is to the effect that only five per cent of the farm loans are made through the Federal Farm Loan system (67th Cong., 2d. Sess., H. R., Rept. No. 969, p. 21), and the other ninety-five per cent through channels drawing upon a loan fund depleted by the competition of tax-exempt securities. Are "the farmers of the West" so in love with the taxpayers receiving incomes of over $50,000 that they propose to exchange the only means of securing an effective progressive income tax for such a mess of pottage?

In these exemptions many students find a partial explanation of the recent enormous increase in State and local borrowings, which have nearly trebled since 1910. Whether the charges of extravagance be well founded or not, is it well to continue at federal expense the present obvious incentive to large State and

local expenditures? If the progressive income tax at high rates is an essential part of the federal tax system, is not the argument valid that tax-exempt securities constitute a danger to the stability of the federal financial system itself?

There are those who consider progressive income taxation unimportant. That there is a considerable number of such persons is shown by the strength of the movement favoring a general tax on sales. There are some who consider progressive taxation positively unsound and obnoxious. These are chiefly those who are asked to pay the higher surtax rates. Much of the opposition comes from these two classes and much of the argument is disingenuous. They are against the amendment primarily because they fully realize that the continuance of the present system means the speedy ruin of progressive income taxation in its present form in this country. This they very much desire, but it is not an effective argument in view of the known sentiment of the country. Consequently much dust is being tossed into the air and the real issue is being obscured. Let there be no doubt about it: The country must decide, and that very quickly, whether it wants tax-exempt bonds or highly progressive income taxes. It cannot have both.

ROBERT MURRAY HAIG.

RADICALISM AND THE FARM BLOC

BY JOHN R. COMMONS
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In trying to estimate a widespread movement one is likely to be misled by his limitations in obtaining all the facts and giving to each its proper importance. Yet I will state what seem to me to be the principal reasons for the prevailing unrest. On the part of wage-earners there is a determination, unknown to such an extent in any preceding period of depression, not to accept any cut in wages. Employers and employment managers have been surprised to see men, in the severest stress of hardship of themselves and families, refuse to accept jobs at less than former pay. Many wage-earners had set aside savings, and their example in holding out has stiffened others whose savings were exhausted. This seems to be true of all classes of laborers—not merely of organized laborers, who, if they happen to have preserved their organizations, have maintained their level of daily wages to an astonishing degree. It is well known that employers who drastically reduced wages a year or so ago have been compelled to restore them in part, and are complaining of a scarcity of labor. The scarcity is largely in the psychology rather than in the supply of labor.

This dogged determination to stand by the wage scale even at the expense of no earnings at all, shows up in contrast with the falling off of revolutionary, Communistic and even Socialistic propaganda. The "old stuff", as they say, about Rockefeller and the other "exploiters" of labor, which used to stir up a crowd, now "gets the laugh". The worker wants "to bring home the bacon" and wants to listen to somebody who will tell him how to do it within, say, the next year. Wage-earners are certainly less revolutionary than they were two to four years ago when a great audience would resound with applause for Lenin or for the Communists who took over the factories in Russia, Germany or

Italy. They seem to have settled down to acceptance of the capitalist system, but are more determined to get the pay.

No doubt the present law restricting immigration has something to do with bolstering their determination, and their attention is turned more to preserving that law intact than to ousting capitalism. So far as there is a radical menace among wage-earners it is that of protecting their bargaining power rather than taking over the management.

It is evident, too, that woman suffrage has had much to do with the relative falling off of Socialist votes. Women are showing themselves conservative as respects revolutionary programmes but aggressive as respects prices, wages and the burden of taxation. On the whole, as far as laborers are concerned, the trend is towards Gompers and the conservative wing of the American labor movement and away from the revolutionary wing. At the same time this evidently means greater aggressiveness respecting the immediate issues of wages, prices and shop rules.

The situation has been intensified by the injunction obtained by Attorney-General Daugherty against the railroad shopmen's unions. These unions indicate a new phase of the labor movement. They include classes of laborers not heretofore organized, and they extend to small towns and labor centers not hitherto affected by injunctions. The irritating thing is the fact that the Federal court undertook to do what Congress had refused to do. These facts account in large measure for labor's support of La-Follette, Brookhart, Shipstead and Frazier, who are distinctly the farmers' candidates and less distinctly the laborers' candidates. The fact that farmers generally are interested in getting cheap labor and getting cheap manufactured products made by urban labor does not seem to have a disturbing effect on the labor vote, in view of the uncompromising stand of these and other candidates against the existing legislative and judicial control.

The issue of the war, which was raised against Senator La-Follette, reacted in his favor. Those who raised the issue could not show that they would now do anything substantially different respecting the foreign policy of the Government. Hence they had really no issue with him on foreign policy, and this cleared the field for domestic policies. Samuel Gompers, whose war record

was exactly opposite to that of LaFollette, nevertheless strongly endorsed him in his present programme. The Socialists, for the first time, did not put up a candidate against LaFollette, primarily, indeed, on account of Victor Berger's approval of LaFollette's war record, and the Progressives did not put up a candidate against Berger. It seems that, practically, the Socialists as a political party are losing because their revolutionary watchwords no longer get votes, and the way is opening, probably not for a Farmer-Labor Party, but for a Farmer-Labor Bloc.

The laborers and farmers have one interest in common, that of legalizing their unions and coöperative marketing organizations. The operations of the War Finance Corporation show how necessary it is that farmers shall combine in order to obtain credit in marketing their products. The individual farmer, to an unfortunate extent, throws his crops upon the market at one season of the year, whereas the manufacturer and consumer take them off the market only in a steady flow throughout the year. In order to hold his crops for "orderly marketing," the farmer must have warehouses and storage equipment where the products can be inspected, graded and held as security for loans. The individual farmer, of course, lacks these facilities. Furthermore, even if he had them, the expense of obtaining credit in small quantities in rural districts would be prohibitive as compared with that of the big middlemen. Hence credit unions are essential. These can borrow in large units, and the War Finance Corporation has perforce encouraged the organization of farmers' coöperative selling agencies in order that it might not only advance its own funds but, even more important, induce local investors to help finance the farmers' crops and live stock.

These operations of the War Finance Corporation through farmers' coöperative marketing organizations have saved the farmers large sums of money, for the result has been a considerable recovery of prices, both for organized and unorganized farmers, simply because they were not compelled to dump their entire products on the markets at the end of the crop season. Yet the thing has been done by a process that is technically none other than "restraint of trade". Threats of dissolution suits and penalties for violation of anti-trust laws make these credit unions

somewhat risky. Yet farmers are looking towards coöperative marketing, as never before, as a way out of their difficulties, and find themselves, at least for the time being, joined to the labor unions in a demand for legalized collective bargaining. Congress has already responded to the Farmers' Bloc by legalizing their coöperative marketing organizations to an uncertain extent, awaiting the interpretation of the courts. Until this matter of collective bargaining by farmers and laborers is cleared up the Farmer-Labor Bloc may be expected to function.

There are, however, vivid signs of internal conflict. One farmers' paper says:

> The man who drives a city milk wagon gets close to a dollar an hour. The farmer who makes the milk is lucky if he gets a dollar a day, and the farmer's day is often sixteen hours long. There is not a man who touches the farm produce from the time it leaves the farmer's hands until it reaches the consumer's table who does not get more out of it for the time and energy put into it than the farmer who produced it. This applies to the trainman, the conductor, fireman, brakeman and engineer, all the way through the various truckmen and dealers down to the delivery boy and cook.

Other farmers' papers and spokesmen speak in similar tones. Evidently the Farmer-Labor Bloc has its seeds of dissolution that are being actively cultivated, but they probably will not ripen while the bloc is on the defensive, or in a minority, and has its present leadership.

The farmer's source of grievance is plain. The family is his unit of industry. He is conservative and individualistic. His capital is large for the labor employed. He climbs the agricultural ladder from laborer, to tenant, to mortgaged farm owner, to debt-free owner. His progress is through the primitive capitalism that ruled in manufactures seventy-five years ago. Yet he cannot stop production when prices fall, like the manufacturer. He cannot lay off his laborers, for he is employer, capitalist and laborer *in parvo*. He is highly speculative—he speculates on weather as well as prices. Yet he has reversed the maxim of business—he now buys in dear markets and sells in cheap markets. He estimates his loss of power to command other products in exchange for farm products at five to eight billion dollars during the first year of the depression. Our banking and credit

system does not fit all of his needs. Other business men have ready access to suitable savings banks, commercial banks, investment banks, trust companies and the powerful Federal Reserve system. Yet that system did not prevent inflation nor collapse of prices, which left the farmer's prices behind on the inflation and hit them hardest on the collapse.

His representatives were able to force Congress to help him at the collapse by renewing the War Finance Corporation and legalizing his credit coöperatives. The Federal Farm Loan banks helped somewhat with loans at less than current market rates of interest. He is learning a lesson. He feels the need of cheap credit to keep prices from falling and he sees that Congress has been able to give it.

Yet it is evident, from the undercurrent of approval of Ford's and Edison's plans, that he and others are not quite clear as to the relation between low rates of interest or bank discount, and an inflation of prices. The after-war inflation by the Federal Reserve Board, occasioned by keeping down the rate of rediscount and issuing Federal Reserve notes, was something unprecedented in the history of after-war finance. No agency so powerful over rates of interest and discount and volume of money has existed since the time of the Civil War. In the year 1868, without any previous campaign on the subject, Congress, under the influence of farmers, small business men and laborers, suddenly ordered the retirement of the greenbacks to be stopped. Another inflation followed and ended in the collapse of 1873. One can see today, among the farmers, a similar undercurrent, not stated in platforms. The War Finance Corporation is to lapse shortly, by virtue of the limit set by the act of Congress. The time is here for thorough consideration of the farmer's credit needs. It cannot be expected that he will let the Federal Reserve System go untouched. The system saved us from a panic but did not save us from a war inflation and a post-war inflation. It would seem that the credit needs of the farmers might be met without repeating the greenback inflation and collapse. A programme of stabilizing the general level of prices somewhere near the war level—the standard adopted in the "five-year look before and after" at which some corporations have been re-capitalized—

instead of a programme of getting back to the before-war level of prices, would meet the farmer part way. Any renewed insistence on a policy of contraction would widen the breach.

Yet there is one situation even more difficult. The great outlet for farmers' products has hitherto been the European markets. The collapse of Europe's purchasing power, at the same time with the collapse of American prices in general, injured farmers more than it injured manufacturers. And no stabilization of prices, nor inflation, nor cheap credit, can correct this relatively greater loss of markets. Credit depends on expected prices, and an inflation or stabilization of prices must always leave manufacturers' prices ahead of farmers' prices, until either the European markets are restored or American manufactures increase or farm output decreases, sufficient to offset the loss of European markets. This means, unless Europe is rehabilitated, a prolonged depression of agriculture compared with manufactures, accompanied by a shift of bankrupt farmers to other industries until a new balance is created between American industries and agriculture independent of foreign markets.

Yet farmers adhere to the traditional American policy of refusing to take part in European affairs, and, at the same time, they insist on the payment of the war debts by bankrupt Europe. Since these debts can be paid only by imports of manufactured and other products, which would reduce by so much the sale of competing American products, the farmers and manufacturers, by high tariffs, prohibit the Europeans from paying their debts. The farmers are in the position of a merchant who finds his prosperous customers suddenly changed into beggars in front of his store, but refuses to let a bankruptcy court write off their debts and let them start over again, and refuses to let them sell what they might produce and so become prosperous again.

There is nothing revolutionary or even radical in the situation. It is rather the extreme conservatism of democracy and its political leaders, and a natural reaction after-war psychology. It prevents America from joining with Europe in a world stabilization of credit, currency and prices which must precede the rehabilitation of Europe and the restoration of markets.

JOHN R. COMMONS.

WHAT THE ENGLISH LABOR PARTY WANTS

BY J. ELLIS BARKER

THE English Labor Party is an exceedingly important factor in English affairs. Four million people voted for it at the last general election, and it is represented in the House of Commons by nearly 150 members. It is the second strongest party in the House, and its leaders are prepared to form an alternative Government. Apparently labor may govern England at an early date. What, then, is its character, and what are its aims?

The British labor movement is not easily understandable, because it is very complex. It comprises men of all shades of opinion, from Conservatives and reactionaries to Communists and revolutionaries. These inharmonious elements strive for mastery. Their struggles take place below the surface. The party tries to adapt itself to the policy of that section which dominates it at the time. Hence it changes chameleon-like its colors in accordance with its moods and surroundings.

If we wish to understand the English labor movement we must bear in mind that history and tradition have shaped its character, that British and foreign influences have molded its policy and views. The British trade unions may be traced back to the Middle Ages. They are the direct successors of the old guilds, which aimed at improving the conditions of the workers by strictly laying down methods of production and of sale, by limiting production and the number of apprentices, by artificially keeping prices high, etc. The British trade unions continued this policy. They were secret societies, like their predecessors. They supported their members when ill or out of work, and enabled them to offer a united front against the employers.

Modern Socialism arose on the Continent. The early Socialists were middle class men who aimed at political revolution. They were driven from the Continent by the reactionary Gov-

ernments of the time, and many of them found a refuge in England. In the opinion of Karl Marx and of his disciples England, which at that time was industrially most highly developed, offered the most favorable conditions for a social revolution. The foreign fugitives threw themselves into the fray and preached revolution with the greatest zest. However, they discovered that their general appeals failed to move the stolid people, and it occurred to them that the powerful trade unions might be converted into most valuable instruments of revolutionary propaganda. With this aim in view they insinuated themselves into the ultra-conservative trade unions, which were devoted exclusively to benevolent and industrial aims. By trickery and violence they obtained control over the executive committees, and converted the unions into political organizations which aimed at the overthrow of the existing order. The Labor Party shows the duality of the movement. It consists of the trade unions, some of which are frankly revolutionary in character while others are liberal and conservative, and of a number of Socialist societies and organizations. The two branches of the Labor Party have grown in the following most remarkable manner:

	Trade union membership	*Socialist membership*	*Total membership*
1902–3	847,315	13,835	861,150
1914	1,572,391	33,230	1,612,147
1920	4,317,537	42,270	4,359,807
1921	3,973,558	36,803	4,010,361

It will be noticed that between 1902 and 1914 the membership of the Labor Party grew by about 90 per cent., but it almost trebled between 1914 and 1920. It will also be noticed that the trade unions provide the overwhelming majority of its members. In 1920 they furnished a little more than 99 per cent. of the members, and the avowed Socialists a little less than one per cent. However, the Socialist tail wags the Labor dog. The small but powerful Socialist societies, which are dominated not by working men but by middle class intellectuals, such as Sidney Webb, George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and others, dominate in turn the great Labor Party. Incidentally it should be mentioned that there are in Great Britain about 8,000,000 trade

unionists. In many of the most important industries all the workers are trade unionists. The extraordinary growth of trade unionism during the last decade was due to Government action. Desirous of obtaining the votes of the organized workers, British politicians placed the trade unions above the law. So-called peaceful picketing has been made legal. The funds of the unions have been made inviolable. The Trade Disputes Act reads:

> An action against a trade union, whether of workmen or masters, or against any members or officials thereof on behalf of themselves and all other members of the trade union in respect of any tortious act alleged to have been committed by, or on behalf of, the trade union, shall not be entertained by any court.

The trade unions are empowered to collect political subscriptions, which are lumped together with the non-political dues. The financial position of these organizations, which formerly insured their members against unemployment, illness, death, etc., was greatly eased by Government insurance, whereby the principal functions of the trade unions were transferred to the State. Thus the trade unions were made political fighting organizations pure and simple, and were given a privileged position above the law. Naturally the leaders of the movement made the best use of the powers which had been rashly thrust into their hands. They forced all the workers in various industries to join the unions. They introduced the most rigorous discipline among their members, and they endeavored to carry out the Class War in accordance with the views of the Socialists.

British labor is frequently described in England as a giant with feet of clay. It is certainly a giant which can easily be managed by an enterprising pigmy. Individually the British working-man is rather conservative than liberal. He is not fond of innovation in politics or in industry. However, organized labor has always been amenable to the direction of a few advocates of violence, who have succeeded in obtaining control of the movement by fraud or by force. Hence the British Labor Party has readily become a champion of the most un-British policies imported from abroad, from Marxian Socialism to French Syndicalism and Communism, and to Russian Bolshevism.

The British Labor Party pursues at the same time industrial

and political aims. The two should be considered separately. Curiously enough, while the party is revolutionary in the realm of politics, it is conservative, or rather reactionary, in economic matters. True to the spirit of the mediæval guilds, the organized British workers believe that they can improve their position by keeping output low, by opposing the introduction of improved machinery, and by demanding high wages in respect of a very unsatisfactory output. How extremely low output per worker is in Great Britain may be seen by comparison with the United States. The only census of production taken in Great Britain refers to 1907. The American census of production nearest in date was in 1909. The two may be summarized as follows:

	Number of Workers	*Value of Products*
United States, private manufacturing industries only, in 1909	6,615,046	£4,134,421,000
United Kingdom, industries of all kinds, including public utilities, in 1907	6,019,746	£1,617,340,000

Since the time when these censuses were taken the disproportion has greatly increased. In the manufacturing industries a single American workman produces as much as three Englishmen, measured by wholesale prices, which are approximately equal in the two countries. In mining, agriculture and railway transport, the disproportion to England's disadvantage is even greater. The automatic loom was invented in England. Yet it is practically unused in Lancashire, while several hundred thousand are used in the United States. The late Mr. Frederick W. Taylor, the efficiency engineer, wrote to me:

> Years ago I arrived at the conclusion that under-production was the most serious problem that England had to face. . . .
>
> To illustrate the restriction of output, we had in our works a locomotive and car-wheel tyre rolling machine, which was brought from Tangye Brothers in England, and all the apparatus connected with this machine came from England. We had a splendid set of English workmen—that is they were fine fellows, and were very skilled workers and personally not lazy or shiftless—to run this machine, and yet after working at it for three or four years they refused to turn out more than fifteen tyres per day. We called their attention over and over again to the fact that at this rate of production we were making no profit whatever; that it was absolutely necessary to increase the production

of this machine. All of our persuasion and all of our talk was of no avail whatever and we were finally obliged to discharge the whole lot of them, to get every man outside the works, and ourselves to train an entirely new and green set of American workmen, who had never seen a machine of this sort. Within three months after training them in, we had increased the output from fifteen to twenty-five tyres a day, and this output went on, right on the same machine, increasing until, three or four years later, we had an output of 150 tyres a day.

The great obstacle which you have to overcome in England is not the unwillingness of the manufacturers to use modern machinery, but the unwillingness of your workmen to properly use modern machinery after it is installed.

During the last decade the power of the trade unions and of the Labor Party has grown enormously, and their economic activities have been devoted to the Class War preached by the Socialists who control them. The Socialist directors of the movement have exploited to the utmost the inveterate tendency of the British workers to keep output low and to oppose improvements in the methods of production. During the World War and the years following it they have encouraged the workers to demand higher and ever higher wages in respect of an ever decreasing output. The effect of that policy was seen by the shrinkage of British exports. Measured by volume, British exports in March, 1920, were equal to only 71.3 per cent. of the exports of 1913, and they declined in June, 1921, when the lowest ebb was reached, to only 38.4 per cent.

The agitators dominating the Labor Party brought about a series of the most gigantic strikes, such as a universal coal strike and a nation-wide railway strike, which England has ever experienced. Compared with these the recent American strikes were unimportant because they were only partial. The effect of that disastrous policy may be gauged from the following figures:

	No. of strikers	*No. of working days lost*
1919	2,575,000	34,903,000
1920	1,937,000	27,111,000
1921	1,794,000	86,000,000

How gigantic the loss to British industry and the British workers was may be gauged by the fact that the great coal, railway and iron strikes forced many connected factories to close

down for a great many months, that the figures given show only the smaller part of the mischief wrought, that the coal strike alone inflicted a calculable money loss far exceeding £500,000,000. We have been told that British labor has been sobered by the terrible period of unemployment which followed the great strike year. Of that there is little evidence in the most recent publications of the Labor Party. For instance, in *The Labor Speaker's Handbook* which was issued a short time before the general election, we read, with regard to the period of strikes which converted the after-war boom into a slump of unprecedented severity:

> The comparatively small number of strikes which have taken place during the period of economic readjustment were not strikes against the community. *They arose from the necessity of protecting the community from the rapacity of the exploiting class, and of resisting unjust and unreasonable demands made by the employers upon the trade unions.*

The italics are in the original. The attempts to freeze and starve the people into surrender to a few schemers desiring to introduce Bolshevism—during thirteen weeks in 1921 all the mines without exception came to a complete standstill—are now declared to have been undertaken "from the necessity of protecting the community".

British industry has been stagnant for a long time, principally owing to the restrictive policy pursued by organized labor. How disastrously that policy has affected the British industries in general may be seen by the changes which have taken place in England and Germany in the production of iron. The figures given are representative of those relating to many other industries:

	In Germany	*In United Kingdom*
1890	4,658,000 tons	8,033,000 tons
1913	19,292,000 "	10,260,000 "

Between 1890 and 1913 English iron production increased by 20 per cent, while German iron production increased by more than 300 per cent. In 1890 England produced almost twice as much iron as Germany, while in 1913 Germany produced almost twice as much iron as the United Kingdom. In steel the position has changed no less strikingly to England's disadvantage.

When the war was over, there was every chance of England

experiencing a prolonged period of unparalleled prosperity. The world was starving for manufactured goods of every kind. Half the machinery on the European continent had been smashed up or carried away. Germany had no raw materials. England with her industries intact might once more have become the workshop of the world, to the great advantage of her workers. The boom which began immediately after the Armistice was perfectly justified. However, British organized labor refused to play its part. The workers insisted on vastly increased wages for a diminishing output, and the fatal result of that selfish and short-sighted policy was increased by reckless strikes.

The British Government weakly and foolishly gave way to the demands of labor. Owing to official intervention, gigantic subsidies, wage increases and doles of every kind were provided. Labor insisted upon consuming far more than it produced. For a time this policy was made possible by drawing upon the accumulated funds of the nation. The value of the British currency declined rapidly. If the reckless policy of the Labor Party had been continued much longer, the English pound would have gone down like the German mark. Labor would have bankrupted the country. That, indeed, was the aim of those who controlled the activities of the Labor Party. Under-production and boundless waste combined were to lead to the downfall of the capitalist system. Happily the nation awoke before it was too late. Instead of financing reckless labor by means of unlimited note printing, the Government called a halt at the eleventh hour. The determination to preserve an honest currency led to the raising of the bank rate and of the interest rate which, indeed, was made necessary by the exhaustion of the liquid funds of the nation which had been dissipated by the Labor Party. Thus the after-war boom was followed by a slump of unprecedented severity. Millions of workers were placed before the alternative of keeping their employment by reducing the swollen costs of production either by increasing their output or by accepting lower wages, or of losing their employment because many industries were carried on at an unbearable loss. Encouraged by the Labor Party, the workers refused to abandon the established standards of remuneration and of totally in-

sufficient production, and the result was a general closing down of industries and unprecedented unemployment. At one time between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 were unemployed.

The leaders of the Labor Party have been responsible for the terrible reaction and for the prolonged period of unprecedented unemployment. They knew quite well that England could not live beyond her means, that the industries of the country could not flourish as long as labor consumed far more than the value which it was producing. Immediately after the Armistice the walls of all the factories were plastered with posters signed by the labor leaders, in which the workers were told that their prosperity could be secured only by producing more, that national consumption could not be increased unless production was increased at a similar rate. However, that policy was not in accordance with the traditional spirit of the British trade unions, and it was condemned by the Socialist wire-pullers who wished to bring about hard times in the hope that widespread suffering and despair might enable them to carry through the revolution which was their aim. Hence the Labor Party held capital responsible for widespread unemployment, and it demanded relief for the unemployed by a policy of universal doles, of expensive public works and of universally reduced output. In other words, it aimed not at the relief of unemployment but at the complete ruin of the property owners and of industry and commerce.

The principal aim of the Labor Party is not to benefit labor, but to destroy capitalism and to bring about the social revolution. That aim has not been abandoned. In one way or another almost every proposal of the party pursues that end which is its guiding star. That may be seen by its activities previous to the recent general election. Arthur Henderson, the elected head of the party, stated a few days before the general election:

> Labor has declared war against the organization of industry and society called private enterprise. . . . Against this system, called private enterprise, labor has declared war by constitutional means.

One of the pet schemes of the British Labor Party is a gigantic Capital Levy. In order to make the proposal attractive to large

numbers of middle class men, the party hypocritically asserts that such a levy would be in the best interest of commerce and trade. The official labor manifesto, issued immediately before the last general election, stated:

> Labor recognizes the urgent need of lifting from the trade and industry of the country the dead weight burden of the National Debt. It therefore proposes the creation of a War Debt Redemption Fund by a special graduated levy on fortunes exceeding £5,000.

England is tremendously overtaxed. With two-fifths the inhabitants, and with only one-fifth the wealth and income, of the United States, it pays considerably more in taxation than that country. The burden is almost unbearable. There would perhaps be no objection to a Capital Levy if it were to take the place of ordinary taxation, if the people were given the option of paying a lump sum instead of a number of yearly instalments. However, this is not the idea of the Labor Party. It wishes to accompany a gigantic levy with vastly increased taxes on wealth and income, with the object of taxing the capitalists out of existence. In its election manifesto and in countless other pronouncements it has promised to the workers vastly increased prosperity accompanied by much greater leisure, which means less work, less production. The very able controllers of the party know, of course, that prosperity means an abundance of necessary and useful goods and nothing else, and that an abundance of these can be created only by increasing output and not by transferring capital from one section of the community to the other, or by distributing bits of paper, called money. They deliberately make use of the popular delusion that money is wealth and that national prosperity can be increased quite easily by financial jugglery and taxation tricks. In *The Labor Speaker's Handbook* we read, with regard to the Capital Levy:

> The policy of the Labor Party is to wipe out once and for all the whole or a great part of the debt by a levy on all accumulated wealth. The repayment of the whole of the National Debt is practicable and desirable in the national interest. We propose it as a practical measure which should meet with wide support. The levy should be devised to raise at least £4,000,000,000. . . .
>
> A special feature of the levy would be that the taxpayer would have the option of handing over securities instead of money. Thus the levy would not

cause the forced realization of stocks and shares which opponents allege. A levy of £4,000,000,000 would reduce national expenditure by over £200,000,000 a year. As a result it would be possible to give relief to taxpayers in many ways.

To a working class family of five persons, this would mean a saving of 4/- a week. Also most professional men, shopkeepers, small business men and many others, would gain by the Levy. . . . If the Labor Party policy were carried out and food taxes abolished, together with the entertainment tax, and the tobacco duty reduced by half, the relief to the average family of five persons would amount to about 4/- per week.

Tobacco has come to take the place of, at any rate, a conventional necessity to many. The entertainments tax may have been necessary during the war, but as a tax for normal times it is indefensible, for it is little better than the bad old "tax on knowledge." Drama, music and even the cinema are agencies which the State should encourage.

The extracts given faithfully summarize the taxation policy of the Labor Party. It is a policy of deception and of gross immorality. The capital of the capitalists consists of the machinery of production and of civilization, and of nothing else, and the distribution of that capital or the taxation of the income derived from it will not increase the stock of consumable goods available for the masses. These can be increased only by starving the rich and the well-to-do, as has been done in Russia. However, by that procedure the available goods would be increased only quite insignificantly because the rich and well-to-do are few. The masses are told that an abundance of food, clothes, house room, furniture, amusements, etc., can miraculously be created by seizing £4,000,000,000 of accumulated wealth at one stroke and by seizing the rest by means of vastly increased taxes. Perhaps never in the world's history a larger and a more dishonest proposal of general bribery has been brought forward.

The mischievous activity of the Labor Party is by no means limited to attempts to ruin capitalism, which means to ruin commerce and industry, by the policy of underproduction, hostility to machinery and to improved methods, unlimited subsidies and doles, and unlimited State expenditure accompanied by a ruinous increase of taxation. It is not limited to proposals of nationalizing the industries of the country and of carrying out unproductive public works on the most gigantic scale. As previously stated, the party is composed of Conservative, Liberal, Socialist and

revolutionary elements, and labor has allowed itself to be directed by foreign advocates of violence. In the past German and French influences were paramount. Since the Russian revolution, Bolshevist inspiration and Bolshevist funds have largely influenced the policy of the British Labor Party.

It is notorious that for years the emissaries of Lenin and Trotsky have spent gigantic sums in England in the hope of bringing about a revolution on the Russian model. In accordance with the policy pursued by German and French Socialists in the past, the Russian emissaries and their British agents insinuated themselves into the trade unions and endeavored to obtain control over them by persuading, bribing or overawing the directing personages or committees. They were only too successful. For a long time British labor was made to believe that ideal conditions prevailed in Russia. The activities of the Russian and pro-Russian agitators were powerfully supported by the labor press which had fallen under Moscow's control. The three largest trade union organizations, comprising practically all the coal miners, the railway men and the general transport workers engaged at the ports, on the roads, etc., formed an alliance with a view to bringing about a revolution and taking over the Government of the country. It was expected that the three organizations mentioned could starve the nation into surrender.

It should not be thought that the advocates of a revolution on the Russian model limit themselves to agitation by speeches and by means of the labor press which they have captured. They have clearly shown that they would not flinch from revolutionary action, and have thus given to the nation the clearest and the most unmistakable warning. Bolshevized labor has done its utmost to injure the country. It has encouraged attacks upon England in Ireland, Egypt and India, and has striven to bring about the Bolshevization of Europe by causing Soviet Russia to triumph over its opponents.

Organized labor had for a long time demanded the recognition of the Bolshevist Government and the abandonment of the Border States to their fate. In August, 1920, the Bolshevist armies were overrunning Poland to the delight of their sympathizers in England. When Warsaw was almost within their

grasp, England and France hastily considered steps for saving Poland and all Continental Europe from being overwhelmed by the Bolshevist flood. British labor, guided by the pro-Bolshevist wire-pullers, meant to make Russia's triumph certain, and prepared everything for a Bolshevist revolution by creating the Council of Action. That body was to play the part of the Central Soviet, to abolish Parliament, and to take over the government of the country. *The Daily Herald* of August 14, 1920, stated:

> The Council of Action is entrusted definitely with the executive power to call out, at a moment's notice, and without question, this or that section of the Labor Movement. It can organize, and is prepared to organize, complete control of foreign policy, and of that domestic production and distribution of commodities which, in the last resort, determines policy.

The fact that the Council of Action was preparing to "control foreign policy" was made clear by the dispatch of two ambassadors, Messrs. Adamson and Gosling, to France, who were to arrange for the coöperation of French labor. The Right Hon. J. H. Thomas frankly confessed that the Council of Action meant "a challenge to the British Constitution", while Mr. Bromley, another prominent labor leader, stated, according to *The Daily Herald* of August 17: "I have just come from London where, for purposes of peace and war, the fifteen of us have practically taken over the government of the country in this particular issue."

Unfortunately the influence of Russian Bolshevism is still alive. It is true the acute danger has disappeared. The labor leaders are no longer prepared to "take over the government of the country". However, the central and the local organizations, formed on the model of the Soviets, are still in existence and they may prove a danger. The Russian emissaries and their sympathizers are merely biding their time and are waiting for a moment favorable for action. Money continues flowing from Russia to England. The activity of the papers and of the agitators in Russian pay is as great as ever. For the moment the Communist-Bolshevist section of the Labor Party is quiescent. The party finds it in its interest to turn towards the public its trade union aspect. However, interesting and noteworthy de-

velopments have taken place since the leader of the Labor Party in the House of Commons has become the official leader of the Opposition and an aspirant to the succession to the Premiership. In the previous House of Commons the party was represented principally by trade union officials and representatives, and the Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, an exceedingly able trade unionist, had been selected as their leader. The recent general election vastly increased the number of labor members. They form now a quarter of the House of Commons. However, although, as previously shown, about 99 per cent of the members of the party are trade unionists, while less than one per cent belong to Socialist organizations proper, the labor members recently elected chose as leader not one of themselves, not a trade unionist, but Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, a Socialist journalist and agitator who has been prominent in that powerful Socialist organization which disguises its real aims under the misleading title of the Independent Labor Party.

Before the last general election many labor leaders prophesied that the Government of Mr. Lloyd George would be followed by a Labor Government. Now many voices are heard that a Labor Government will replace that of Mr. Bonar Law; that, in view of the divisions of the Liberal Party, it is the only conceivable alternative Government. Very likely the prophets are mistaken. Socialist labor, far from increasing in strength, seems to be declining. After all, only about half of the organized workers have enrolled themselves in the Labor Party. The great majority of the workers, both organized and unorganized, have voted for Conservative and for Liberal candidates. Last, but not least, the great power of the trade unions is declining. "*L' excès du mal en devient le remède.*" The workers begin to recognize that the trade unions, far from having benefited them, have inflicted upon them the greatest injury, and their revolt against them is becoming more and more pronounced. Considerably more than 1,000,000 organized workers have left the unions. Prolonged unemployment and great strikes have exhausted the vast funds which have been accumulated. Unemployment and dissatisfaction and the revolt against trade unionism are most pronounced in those districts where they were strongest and where Bol-

shevist agitation, inspired and financed from Moscow, was most noticeable. In South Wales, with its anthracite mines and factories, and in Glasgow and about the Clyde, where shipyards and engineering works abound, the agitation for higher and higher wages was strongest and strikes were most frequent. The reaction has struck those two districts most severely, and in them the power of the trade unions which used to be absolute has suffered more than anywhere else.

British labor is conservative rather than liberal. The British workers are loyal, patriotic and somewhat stolid. Organizations for the enlightenment of labor have spontaneously arisen among the workers. It may be that labor internationalism will before long be confronted with patriotic organizations. The example of Italy may lead to the creation of an organization comparable with that of the Fascisti. It seems quite possible that from now onward Socialism will lose ground, and that the large number of Socialists in the British Parliament misrepresents the actual position in the country. That is, at least, my personal view.

J. Ellis Barker.

FOUR YEARS OF BOLSHEVIST SCHOOLS

BY WLADIMIR SENSINOFF

One of the outstanding examples of the creative skill of the Bolsheviki and the ability of the Communists to solve the problems which confront them is the state of public instruction in Russia. In November, 1917, immediately after the Bolsheviki had seized control of the Government, Anatol Lunacharsky was placed at the head of the educational system of Russia as a member of the Council of People's Commissaries. An enlightened and educated man, and an old member of the Bolshevist party, Lunacharsky was known long before the Revolution of 1917 as the author of a series of books and articles on Socialism, religion and art. He was a contributor to the most prominent Russian periodicals and newspapers, had written a great deal of literary criticism, and was himself the author of a number of dramatic works. It would seem that this ought to have been the most suitable person for a department charged with the entire system of public instruction. As a matter of fact Lunacharsky really issued a number of fine decrees which were intended to establish throughout the country free and compulsory education. They were designed to spread a vast and dense network of schools of every grade, elementary, intermediary and higher.

According to this grand scheme, the Soviet Republic undertook not only the universal education of the people, but the Government also drew up a comprehensive programme of feeding over sixteen million children of school age and the furnishing them with all the necessary supplies at Government expense. Public instruction under the control of the new Communist Government was to become a powerful weapon in the struggle for a new humanity, whose era was to be inaugurated by victorious Communism. With this object in view, the whole educational system which had theretofore existed in Russia, and which had

grown up with the bourgeois system as a background, was repudiated and abolished. All the universities and higher educational institutions, all high schools and urban and rural primary schools, were in part closed and in part reformed. All private schools were abolished. The bourgeoisie was denied the right to educate its children. The duty of a Communist education and training was to be entirely incumbent upon the new Communist powers. The business of public instruction was proclaimed a state monopoly, and the funds and resources of the Central Government were to be the sole source of support for the Russian educational system. Thus read the decrees of the new Government which were signed by the Commissary of Public Instruction, Anatol Lunacharsky.

However, the distance between the decrees of the Bolshevist authorities and reality proved to be vast, far greater than the new Government had expected. As in all other fields of governmental activity, so here, too, the Bolsheviki had overestimated their capacities. It is true that they proved strong enough to destroy the educational system which had existed until then. They were not sufficiently strong to create a new system. To establish in place of the old educational system a new Communist school system would have required a whole army of well-prepared people, thousands of schools, scores of thousands of Communist teachers, and thousands of Communist professors. Yet the need of establishing all this in place of the already destroyed and abolished schools was immediate. It was necessary to do all this while a Red army had to be perfected for the continuation of the civil war, while a new Communist administrative apparatus had to be set up all over the country, and while the regulation of the economic life, of transportation and other important matters had to be carried out.

All this when the nation was completely exhausted by the unprecedented war!

Such were the dreams. And here are the stern realities:

According to the official figures made public in Lunacharsky's report for the third anniversary of the November revolution (1920), there was needed in 1920 for each pupil, in the form of supplies:

	Required	Granted	Received
Cotton textiles	16 1/2 arshins	3 3/4	1 1/2
Thread	1 spool	1/6	1/20
Wadding	1 pound	1/25	1/100
Footwear	1 pair	1/39	1/50
Rubbers	1/50 "	1/200	1/333

Still more tragic was the situation with regard to writing materials. The schedule for each pupil, for half a year, was:

	Required	Received
Paper	30 sheets	1/15
Pencils	3 pieces	1/60
Pens	17 "	1/22
Penholders	1 "	1/12
Copy books	6 "	1/2
Inkwells	1 "	1/100

In other words, one sheet of paper had to do for fifteen pupils, one pencil for sixty, one pen for twenty-two, and one inkwell for a hundred. Can the reader picture to himself this swarm of children passing on from hand to hand, like some precious object, that treasured piece of pencil, or waiting for their turn for the pen, or crowding impatiently around the inkwell? Thus Lunacharsky's own figures cruelly dispel the dreams of universal education which he himself had put on paper.

The material condition of the school teachers may be inferred from the statistical data furnished in the report of the Commissariat which was prepared (but not published) for the Eighth Soviet Congress in December, 1920. According to these data, "it has been established that pauperism among the teaching profession in fourteen Provinces reaches an extent of 100%, and in the other Provinces from 30 to 40%. Generally speaking, about one half of all the teachers are literally starving."

The appropriation for the Commissariat of Public Instruction in the general state budget for 1920 ranks in the fourth place officially. "We have a right to feel proud over our apportionment of credits," declare the Bolsheviki in the official report published for general information. "If these sums were to be appropriated in full, the world would witness an unusual advancement of education in the Russian Soviet Republic," writes

Lunacharsky himself. "But," he continues somewhat more modestly, "unfortunately the People's Commissariat of Public Instruction must note that a certain portion of these sums has not reached its final destination." It has turned out in reality that not more than about one-tenth part of all these paper appropriations, over which the Bolshevist government considers itself entitled to feel proud, has reached its final destination.

In September, 1921, at a Congress of Educators, Lunacharsky referred to the allocation of ten per cent of the total budget for education as being "an unattainable ideal for which we must fight with all our might". As a matter of fact, it was found that not more than three to four per cent had gone towards public instruction. But according to the calculations of competent persons the actual disbursements for public instruction should be reckoned still lower, *i.e.*, not higher than from one to one and one-half per cent. Under the old régime, in prerevolutionary Russia, the state expenditures for education made up eight per cent of the budget.

But this is not all. In civilized countries the Central Government usually carries not more than a fourth or a fifth of the total expenditure on education; the rest falls on the local Government. In prerevolutionary times the disbursements of the Central Government for public instruction amounted to about one-third of the country's total expenditures for this purpose. In the Soviet Republic, as has been pointed out, the treasury of the Central Government is the sole source of support for educational enterprise, and thus we see that the actual expenditures for this purpose are now still lower than they were under the old régime.

Such is the sad picture of the state of public instruction according to official data. Vast schemes, vast promises—and paltry, miserable results.

The Educators' Congress referred to above, held in September, 1921, was compelled to point out the sad results of the work accomplished by the Commissariat of Public Instruction. It turned out that the People's Commissariat of Public Instruction was not only unable to support the schools and pupils, but even

the teachers themselves. Official data tended to bring out the fact that the teachers were not paid their salaries for anywhere from four to five months at a time; and in September, 1921, the Government owed the teachers of Russia up to fifteen billion rubles, at the salary rate of two thousand to three thousand rubles a month, *i.e.*, an amount sufficient at that time to buy one pound of black bread. According to a very optimistic estimate, not more than an average of about seven per cent of actual living costs were covered by the salaries paid throughout Russia to the teachers. The result was that the Commissariat of Public Instruction was forced to admit that it had been unable to maintain the teaching personnel even at the lowest starvation level. Lunacharsky's assistant, Litkens, wrote in his report: "We actually supply only seven per cent of our school needs. The State practically fails to maintain its institutions, does not pay salaries and does not feed the personnel."

This was the state of affairs in 1921. It grew still worse in 1922. According to the figures of the Central Statistical Administration, there were in the year 1921 in Russia, outside the Ukraine (*i.e.*, for a population of more than one hundred millions), only 75,467 schools with an attendance of only 4,702,500 children from eight to eleven years of age, out of a total of 9,229,000 children of that age. In other words almost half the children had been left without schooling. In 1922, according to the official *Izvestia*, there were left in the twenty-seven Provinces of European Russia and in Siberia only 40,287 schools, with 2,852,676 pupils.

In the beginning of 1922 the General Government budget was 1,800,000,000 gold rubles ($900,000,000). Out of this sum 1,200,000,000 rubles were appropriated for the army and the defense of the country, and of the remaining 600,000,000 rubles only 26,000,000 rubles, or thirteen million dollars, were alloted for public instruction. Compare this with the more than sixty-eight million dollars appropriated in 1916 by the State of New York for elementary schools only.

Most of the primary schools are closed, school buildings are ruined, teachers, books and supplies are lacking. The intermediary schools are in a similar condition. Practically all

educational institutions, children's homes, and colonies are closed. The condition of the higher institutions of learning is no better. There remain only five universities for all of Russia at the present moment; there were ten universities before the Revolution. But even these are open only to students recommended by the Communist Party and the trade unions. Non-Communist youths may gain admission only if there are free vacancies left, besides having to pay a fee of five hundred million rubles paper, which is beyond the reach of ninety-five per cent of the population. The study of the humanities at the universities has ceased, non-Communist instructors have been either deported, or killed, or have died prematurely, or been dismissed. A sufficient ground for deportation is failure on the part of a professor to approve of Communist teachings, or, as was recently officially stated, if the professor "holds to a school of thought which is incompatible with the teachings of Communism".

The American public is familiar with the tragic picture of Russian professors and scholars brought out of Russia by Mr. H. G. Wells early in 1921. This is how another observer who had but recently arrived from Russia describes his meeting with some Russian professors:

> In Moscow I met a professor of the University of Perm who had come as a delegate. In a torn, dirty overcoat, with an old and torn cap and with boots from which his feet, covered with filthy cloth socks, could be seen protruding, a bag on his shoulders, unshaven, and exhausted and unwashed after a seven days' journey in a freight car, he was immeasurably far removed from the ordinary picture of a college professor. I frequently met also S. A. Kotliarevski, Professor of Constitutional Law of Moscow University. He, also, wore torn boots from which his toes were protruding, and he was suffering from some kind of skin disease caused by undernourishment. The vast majority of scientists, writers and teachers are starving and freezing in the winter time in unheated rooms, serving in various Soviet institutions, peddling books, underwear and dishes in the market places. In the summer they go out to work in the truck gardens etc., in order to make a bare living. Only a few are living nearly as well as they used to before and are able to do their work as in previous normal years. Schools of every description, beginning with the universities and ending with the village schools, laboratories, libraries, museums etc., are left unheated and without repair, some of them being half deserted and others entirely so, and crumbling into ruins. At the lectures the professors and students keep on their caps, overcoats and gloves.

"Lack of local funds and of support by the central government," writes Lunacharsky, "is plunging Russia into a state of Asiatic barbarism." The *Izvestia* of October 15, 1922, writes: "A wave of darkness and ignorance is sweeping Soviet Russia! The teacher is barefooted and starving, he lives in the cold, and he flees the school for other more remunerative employment." At a teachers' congress held in Vologda Province a resolution was adopted recommending that "educational workers save themselves by fleeing wherever there is a possibility".

"The school in our village is closed," writes a peasant of Pskov Province. "No salary has been paid to the teachers and nothing has been furnished to the school, neither paper nor books. The old books we were ordered to burn. As for getting books on the outside that is impossible. And so the little children grow up to be illiterates."

The darkness that has descended upon Russia in the field of education has been the result of the Utopian scheme of the Bolsheviki. They proclaimed that education was to be gratuitous and universal, and in conformity with this plan the school system was to be unitary and secular. The actual result, however, has been that, instead of creating a free school system, the Bolsheviki have only destroyed the existing schools, and so solved the problem of "universality." In the schools that survived they have introduced tuition fees. The result has been that the present schools have become very casual in their character. In the rural districts parents have ceased to send their children to school because of their "secular" character. In the intermediate schools, the teaching of foreign languages was abolished as early as 1919; a rather strange proceeding for an internationally minded Bolshevik Government! The instructors were tied down each to a particular group of scholars, while each teacher was made to teach every subject of the curriculum. It is easily imagined what the result of such a school "system" has been.

A great deal has been written in the official Soviet press about the Bolshevist Government assuming particular care for children of kindergarten age. Much has been written about children's model homes, nurseries, kindergartens and colonies. Visiting

foreigners were shown with a great deal of pride model institutions of that kind in Moscow and Petrograd. But it turned out afterwards that all this was merely intended for propaganda.

These model institutions actually existed, but there were only a few of them in both cities and they sheltered only specially favored children—those of the Commissars and other Soviet dignitaries. In other kindergartens and homes the children were poorly clad, starved, entirely neglected and dying by the tens of thousands. Incompetent persons were in charge, and many of these were morally defective, so that the surviving children frequently contracted the vices of the adults: stealing, prostitution and rowdyism. Here, for example, we have a statement in a report prepared by the Commissar of Public Instruction for the Eighth Soviet Congress (December, 1920) by order of Lunacharsky, but which he himself styled "extremely tactless" and which was therefore never published:

War, famine and pestilence are hourly carrying off more and more fathers and mothers to the grave. The number of orphans and uncared-for children keeps growing with dreadful swiftness. The children are going about famished and cold, begging for alms, learning immoral practices, stealing and causing panic and consternation in the villages. Neglect of children has now reached a terrible extent. In a disorderly swarm, without any organization, the children are making their way to the South, where they know there is warmth and food. The chief of the evacuation point of the Caucasian front has issued an absolutely impossible order: to station detachments of pickets on the roads to let no such children enter Caucasian territory! Similar picket detachments have been stationed in the Don Territory and in other Provinces. The child thus finds himself in a veritable mouse-trap: whichever way he may turn he faces armed men. The child then becomes a little savage. The police and railway authorities round up these famished, savage children, frequently in droves of 100 to 150 at a time, as has been the case at Rostov, in the Kuban Territory and at other places, and send them to the local branches of the Commissariat of Public Instruction. These are unable to handle this avalanche of children and the latter have to stand for days at a time before the gates, trying to enlist the sympathy of the authorities by singing the *Internationale*, and sleeping right there on the side-walks and stairways.

The children's homes offer a ghastly sight. Intended for forty to fifty inmates, they have accommodated one hundred and fifty to two hundred. One bed had to do for six children, or else they sleep on the bare floor, on bundles of straw, or wood shavings, which are very seldom changed and reek with vermin which are eating the children alive. There are no dishes. The

children eat out of some dirty conserve cans or tins which contained axle grease and which they frequently pick up on the streets. There are no spoons, and the children eat their soup without them, forming spoons with their hands. According to the figures of the Department of Child Care of the People's Commissariat of Public Instruction, there were issued in 1920 for each child: six vershok (about ten inches) of textiles and half a zolotnik (about one-fourteenth of an ounce) of wadding; one pair of light footwear for thirty-nine children, one pair of socks for two hundred and sixty-four, one pair of felt boots for three hundred and twelve, and one blanket for 3,124 children. In the summertime the children would be simply stripped naked to have their underwear washed and dried right there in the sun; but in the winter their underwear would remain unchanged for three or four months. Hands and feet are frozen. Chilblains cover the body. Everywhere the children are suffering from the itch, so that their bodies are covered from head to foot with sores, scabs reeking with lice. Such children rot and putrefy while still alive. The older children are addicted to all kinds of vices, play cards, smoke and drink. The girls traffic with their bodies.

It is a shame to have to say that these children are our future, our reliance, our pride and our strength. The children's homes are not nurseries of Communism, but breeding places of counter-revolutionary sentiments which arouse the population against us. So, for instance, during the terrible fire at Saratov, when children were perishing in the flames, the parents prevented us from saving them, saying it were better for them to burn to death rather than suffer and rot alive in the Children's Homes.

Thus reads the official report. Small wonder that it was never published. Moreover, by order of Lunacharsky this report was sought everywhere and destroyed, being taken out of the typewriters and burned, while the stenographers were compelled to sign special assurances that they had turned over to their superiors all the copies they had already managed to prepare.

The same report deals also with the state of primary education:

It is painful to have to say that the schools are forgotten and neglected. All the best school buildings are occupied by the institutions of the War Department, and those which are already restored are nothing but heaps of ruins, with all their windows smashed, doors torn from their hinges, and floors and ceilings demolished. Even where school work and classes could be arranged somehow, they are coming to nothing for lack of teaching personnel, as the instructors abandon the schools because there is absolutely no provision for their material needs. The beggarly salaries are paid to the teachers irregularly, so that they have to wait for periods of six to eight months. Many conscientious pedagogues either literally starve to death or else they end it all by suicide.

The intermediate schools have suffered likewise. All private schools have been abolished. In the "Gymnasia" (high school grades) the seventh and eighth classes (the highest) have been done away with. Language instruction has been abolished, and sociology put in its place. The so-called "practical work processes" are being applied extensively, so that the pupils have to spend their strength scrubbing floors, in the class rooms, corridors, lavatories, cleaning away snow and ice, carrying and distributing firewood, and spending hours, sometimes days, waiting at the storehouses to get ink, paper and pencils.

Somewhat longer has been the life of the higher educational institutions, as their Communization was started only at the close of 1920. In doing so, the attempt has been to increase in every way the number of such institutions, were it only on paper. Thus the Soviet Government boasted in 1921 of twenty-three universities, soon to be increased even to ninety, in place of the former ten universities. But the type of university and instructors represented by these may be inferred from the fact that the university of Veliki Ustiug—one of these new universities—has for its head a person with a criminal past.

Academic freedom in the higher educational system was, of course, abolished definitely. Says Lunacharsky in his report for 1920:

> In the domain of higher education we have broken completely with the benevolent attitude towards the autonomy of science. Of course, we recognize it even as desirable and natural, but not in the atmosphere of a proletarian dictatorship. The struggle against autonomy under existing conditions is a struggle against the enslavement of science by the bourgeoisie and its camp followers.

This viewpoint finds a theoretical grounding in another Bolshevist document, the proclamation of a government commission for revising the programme of the humane studies. There we read:

> In a society which consists of classes there is not and cannot be any freedom and neutrality of science. The Soviet Government would commit suicide if it were to proclaim the freedom of scientific teaching and research. Having proclaimed a dictatorship of the proletariat in the political and economic domains, the Soviet Government must just as frankly declare that the same dictatorship extends also to science.

It will not be amiss in conclusion to consider the state of the publishing and printing business in Russia, since no education is possible without a free dissemination and publication of books.

As we know, after the Bolsheviki seized the governmental power the printing presses of Russia were nationalized and became the monopoly of the Communist party. The result was a formidable decline of the publishing business. In 1920 the "All-Russian Authors' Union" submitted to Lunacharsky a memorandum, from which we quote the following:

> Now they are closing the publishing houses, confiscating our last remnants of paper, shutting down our printing places, stopping the typesetting on manuscripts, and cancelling permits already issued for publications. Russian books on art, criticism, history and philosophy are doomed. Russian Literature ceases to exist. History will not forget to record the fact that in the year 1920, during the first quarter of the twentieth century, Russian authors, as was the case many centuries ago, before the invention of printing, had to write their works by hand in one copy and thus to exhibit them for sale, as no other means of communion with the reader remains. The policy of governmental publication which has monopolized the whole printing business of the country makes the silencing of the living Russian Literature a matter of principle. We note with indignation that the involuntary encroachment upon literature is the murder of literature.

It is only fair to say that towards the close of 1921, as a result of the so-called "new economic policy", when the Soviet Government found itself compelled by economic necessity to renounce economic dictatorship and to allow some freedom of private initiative, a large number of private book-publishing firms at once opened shops in Petrograd and Moscow. Even though all books continue to appear only "by permission of the military censorship," the State has at least ceased to monopolize the publication of books. But the economic life of the country is so thoroughly ruined that the publication of books in present-day Russia is incredibly expensive. The common people go on living without books as heretofore.

Under these circumstances it is easy to imagine what dark ignorance must envelop Russia and in what condition the young generation is growing up. They know nothing and they cannot, in spite of their best will, acquire new knowledge anywhere. The conditions of material existence at present are such that the

children grow up without having even a conception of the most elementary objects and ideas.

Nevertheless, the events of recent years have stirred the soul of the people to its depths. They are passionately striving for knowledge, trying to understand what is going on around them, and to explain the causes of the tragic situation in which they find themselves. All observers of Russian conditions are unanimous in testifying that the common people are thirsting for knowledge, and that they are reaching out with childlike, implicit faith for the book, to seek enlightenment, anxious to grasp every opportunity to learn something new and to escape from the clutches of a horrifying reality. And in this the authorities are prone to see the gravest danger to themselves, and rightly so; they get alarmed whenever they learn that an "illegal" private school is started in a village, seeing in that a manifestation of the "irresistible bourgeois elements".

One of the official reports of the Commissariat of Public Instruction says:

> The desire for education is tremendous. Notwithstanding all the difficulties, in spite of the general havoc and consequences of the civil war, which has swept away the entire educational system, and regardless of the famine, we receive every day news about new schools being established through the peasants' own efforts. In a large number of Provinces village schools have come into existence which are being maintained by the peasants pooling their funds, while the authoritites are fighting against it.

As all other domains of the national life, the fate of public instruction in Russia to-day depends entirely upon whether the popular forces will succeed in extricating themselves from the clutches of Communist state tutelage.

WLADIMIR SENSINOFF.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY W. P. CRESSON

When that brilliant *litterateur*—and occasional statesman—Chateaubriand died in the year 1848, he left behind him fourteen ponderous volumes of *Memoires d'Outre Tombe*. He had intended to seal up these veracious accounts of many activities, and, as the title indicates, to defer their publication till some years after his death. But events that marked the closing months of his life, and a very human desire to hear the way in which these pages of history might be received, caused him to anticipate his earlier designs. The *Memoires* appeared just before their writer disappeared from the scene, nor was he wholly satisfied with the result. The doings of the Restored Bourbons had already ceased to be of any great importance to a changing world.

Although his *apologia* gave a curious impression that his whole diplomatic career had been deliberately modeled on lines suitable for biography, there were many strange reticences concerning some of the most important happenings in which he had played a part. One of these omissions is especially to be deplored at the present time: His introspections contain no reference to the events that led to the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Monroe in his Message set forth three great principles of foreign conduct, to which on the whole his country has rigidly adhered. The first of these, the principle of non-participation in European affairs, was but a reiteration of the policies laid down by Hamilton and Washington. Non-colonization, the second great principle affirmed, discouraged the pretentions of Russia to extend her influence along the Pacific coast of California. The third principle was laid down in the form of a warning to the Powers of Europe against attempting to "oppress or control" the destinies of any of the free nations of either American continent. This last was directly aimed at the intervention of France and the Holy Alliance in Spanish affairs. It associated the policy

of the United States with that of Great Britain in opposition to the plans of Chateaubriand (then Minister of Foreign Affairs), who aimed to extend the scope of Royalist adventure by establishing a group of Bourbon principalities in South America. To the tortuous diplomacy of this histrionic statesman we therefore owe the most sonorous and popular article of our great national creed.

Although but little read or appreciated by the present generation, even in France, Chateaubriand was one of the most admired writers of his day. Mankind, like architecture and painting, has its styles, and the period of the Bourbon Restoration chose for its approval models that now arouse antipathy rather than admiration. The leader of a romantic movement that brought about a revolution in literature, he was by birth and tradition a reactionary in politics. To be born in Brittany is to inherit the beliefs, prejudices and inhibitions of another century. The Chateaubriands were an ancient family of *la Bretagne brettonante.* The Chateau of Combourg, where he first saw the light, stands between Dinan and St. Malo. "I passed my youth," he writes, "a lonely companion of the winds and tides. These were my earliest inspirations."

After the outcome of the events of 1789 had exiled Chateaubriand from France, he returned to Combourg, and gazing on the ocean horizons that had charmed his boyhood felt their distant imperative call. In a small packet boat, partly laden with French wines, he left St. Malo for America in the early spring of 1791. In later years Chateaubriand, the publicist, attempted to give to these boyish adventures a serious end which it is difficult to reconcile with the circumstances of his departure. In letters to M. de Malsherbes he even hints at vast designs "to explore the shores of Hudson Bay", and to wrest from British voyagers the honor of forcing the Northwest Passage! His landing near the Virginia Capes is best told in his own language:

> We passed through a little wood of Virginia cedars whose perfume filled the air. I saw on every side mocking birds and cardinals whose songs and plumage announced a new different climate from our own. Herds of cattle were peacefully grazing behind wooden fences along which ran agile squirrels, grey and black. Negro workmen were sawing wood, and cultivating the planta-

tion of tobacco. At a house which resembled both an English farm and a pioneer dwelling, the door was opened to us by a little negress, some fourteen or fifteen years of age, of a rare and extraordinary type of beauty.

It was perhaps fortunate for the susceptible traveller that he embarked almost immediately for the capital at Philadelphia. Here the poet gave place once more to the publicist; the observer with a mission.

To a man like myself, newly landed in the United States (filled moreover with the classical enthusiasms of a Cato seeking everywhere the stern customs of the early Roman republic), the spectacle afforded by the capital; the elegance of the costumes; the luxury of the equipages; the frivolous conversation heard on all sides; the inequality of fortunes, besides the open immorality of the gambling houses and public dance halls, came as a disillusion. Philadelphia was an English city. There was nothing apparent there to differentiate a republic from a monarchy.

An interview with Washington happily restored some of his Spartan illusions:

A small house in the English style, wholly like its neighbor, was the Palace of the American President. Not a sentinel; not even a single lackey. The door was opened by a young maid servant who bid me "walk in", and to await the General in a little ante-room. In a few moments Washington entered, a tall man with an air cold and formal rather than noble; very like his portraits. I presented my letter in silence, and he opened and read it. "Ah, you come from Colonel Armand!" He spoke thus of the Marquis de la Rouairie.

The great American listened with amazement to his visitor's plans regarding the Northwest Passage. His incredulity even somewhat ruffled the poet-geographer. With a "Well! Well! young man!" the traveller was bidden to dinner the following day. On the occasion of this gathering the famous key of the Bastile, presented to Washington by Lafayette, was brought forth, and, perhaps in return for his host's doubts regarding his projected discoveries, Chateaubriand in turn grew sceptical concerning this "talisman of Liberty".

New York the poet found "gay and commercial". From Boston he made a pious pilgrimage to the battlefields of the Revolution, and forgetting his Royalism admired the "mute eloquence" of Lexington, which he compared to Thermopylæ. Embarked upon the Hudson, *La Riviere du Nord*, he heard a

fellow voyager sing a popular ballad lamenting the fate of Major André, and approved the generous cult with which that unfortunate Briton's death was even then surrounded. At Albany he proposed to plunge into the wilderness. He seriously considered "studying the languages of the Sioux and Iroquois", and, possibly to facilitate his journeys to the Northwest, "some notions of Esquimault". His first actual contact with the Indian ended in disillusion: "In the midst of the forest I saw a wooden cabin wherein were gathered some twenty savages, men and women, painted like sorcerers, and more than half naked. Their ears were clipped to sharp points, crow feathers adorned their head dress, and brass rings pierced their nostrils. A little Frenchman, powdered and beribboned in the style of other days, scraped upon a violin, while to the tune of *Madelon Friquet* these noble Iroquois danced like demons." He spoke of them as "*Ces messieurs sauvages*" and "*Ces dames sauvagesses*". We cannot but suspect some more travelled compatriot hugely enjoying an opportunity to introduce the "tenderfoot" explorer to the customs of the forests.

A voyage by way of Niagara to the Great Lakes, and down the Ohio to the Mississippi, certainly placed him in a position to present savage America to his countrymen, and to dogmatize upon the customs and polity of the Red Man with all the authority of a La Salle or a Montcalm.

But between the triumphant publication of *Atala* and the author's return from America a period of stormy exile was to intervene. Chateaubriand learned the news of Louis XVI's execution during the course of his wanderings along the Ohio, and without hesitation set forth to join the avenging armies of the Prince of Condé. He fought side by side with the officers of his old regiment during the campaign of 1792, and came near dying of sickness and wounds during the ignominious retreat of the Royalist Crusaders from Namur. Almost by a miracle he escaped to the Island of Jersey where he was nursed back to life by the family of a cousin, a penniless refugee like himself. It was hunger and exile that drove the young poet to take up a form of writing which was to lay the foundation of his material prosperity, if not of his literary fame.

The first of his politico-literary effusions was his *Essai sur les Révolutions*. Beginning with a documented account of popular movements in Greece and Rome, and the British Revolution of 1648, he attempted to draw a historical parallel to the recent events in France. This "Outline of History" was a not too reactionary attempt to explain to a bewildered world the cause and results of recent stupendous changes. It came at an opportune time and achieved immediate success. Exploiting this popularity he returned to France, where even the republican press, veering towards the Brumaire, had acclaimed his talents. With the profits of the *Essai* he revived a famous old literary review, *Le Mercure de France*. The publication of his American novel *Atala* soon followed, and his long reign as the arbiter of French letters began.

Although for a short time he served Napoleon as a Secretary of Legation at Rome, it was not until the return of the Bourbons in 1814 that Chateaubriand began the career as a statesman which had always been the object of his secret ambitions. His pamphlet *Napoleon et les Bourbons*, a brilliant piece of what today would be called propaganda, had placed Louis XVIII and the restored dynasty under a deep obligation. After the Hundred Days and the Second Restoration, while acting as Louis's Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, the first real opportunity occurred to display his talents as a diplomat.

The international Congress of Verona, not unlike similar conferences held a century later, was principally justified by the necessity of clearing up questions and differences raised at previous reunions of the Allies. Chateaubriand was chosen by Louis XVIII as his representative at Verona in the hope that his "liberal principles" would counterbalance the vagaries of the mystical ultra-royalist Montmorency, who headed the French delegation.

At first his appointment seemed justified. As both Louis and Villele had foreseen, the persuasions of Alexander soon entangled Montmorency in a network of statements, favorable to the Czar's desire for an intervention in Spain. An expeditionary force composed of contingents furnished by all the Allies was the only solution, the Czar idealist insisted, for this "European

matter". When Chateaubriand replaced Montmorency (relegated to obscurity with the title of Duke), both as Minister of Foreign Affairs and as the principal French delegate at the Congress of Verona, the Czar soon made him a convert to his "Sublime Idea". His pleasure in at last filling a post worthy of his talents and the services he had rendered the House of Bourbon was made childishly apparent. To figure at last among the conspicuous group of rulers and statesmen who, passing from conference to conference, formed the policies of Europe, appealed to Chateaubriand's histrionic conception of his own importance. With all the enthusiasm of a dramatist he began the preparation of an international "situation" in which he should inevitably become the principal figure.

The attentions of Alexander, a dangerous charmer, ended in completely fascinating the poet-diplomatist. In spite of his explicit instructions, he now saw the "necessity" of a war between France and Spain. "The Czar understood us," he writes in the tiresome plural number which he adopted for his account of these events in the *Congress de Verone*, "and we immediately understood the Czar." Even Metternich, another statesman who always seems to have negotiated with an eye to the composition of his memoirs, failed to advance such a pretension!

In one respect, however, Chateaubriand avoided the errors of Montmorency. His instructions directed him to "preserve for France an absolute liberty of action". He insisted upon the right of the chief of the House of Bourbon to reap the facile laurels which he believed would accrue from an expedition to restore the absolute power of Ferdinand VII. All his efforts were now turned towards persuading Louis and the cautious Prime Minister, Villele, that Spain was no longer the united country whose patriotic resistance had defeated the best Marshals of Napoleon. A recent journey (resulting in an admired romance, *Le Dernier des Abencerrages*) had made him an authority concerning that country! Again he was "the man who had been there".

King Louis finally allowed himself to be convinced. On January 28, 1823, a speech from the throne declared that an army of one hundred thousand men led by a prince of the royal house

would maintain the rights of the Spanish grandson of Henry IV, threatened by republicans and the revolutionary "sects". It was a military expedition wherein the nobles of the old régime would fight side by side with the flower of Napoleon's officers. Chateaubriand hastened to confide to his *Memoires* that he alone was responsible for this happy turn of affairs: "The Spanish war is our own doing. We do not hesitate to affirm that our reputation as a statesman will be made by this event."

The event thus hopefully alluded to, while attaining its immediate end, was to have an outcome far different from that anticipated by the poet-minister. The responsibility so lightly claimed was to end in his own undoing. As the famous *Memoires* reveal, the Spanish war was but part of a grandiose scheme which Chateaubriand's romantic imagination had devised. Besides raising France once more to her old position as the first military Power of the continent, he dreamed that this royalist crusade might even strike a fatal blow at republicanism across the sea. In South America, where the Spanish colonies were successfully maintaining the cause of their independence, the power of the Bourbons, restored by Chateaubriand, was to turn back the hand of time. At the head of a confederation of American kingdoms and principalities he dreamed of placing the younger sons of this royal house, who might be unprovided with European thrones. Thus at one stroke he believed that the republican danger might be conjured and, at the same time, history would see in himself the Warwick of a whole new world.

Nor was this plan as wholly visionary as may well appear at the present time. A strong monarchial movement existed in South America. The republican form of government was still an exotic in the southern continent. On May 28, 1822, Chateaubriand had written to Montmorency:

> Peru has adopted a monarchial constitution. The policy of Europe should direct all its efforts toward obtaining a similar result in all the colonies which declare their independence. The United States fears the establishment of an Empire in Mexico. If the New World ever becomes entirely republican, the monarchies of the Old World will perish.

As the learned Señor de Villaneuva has shown in his study entitled *La Monarquia en America*, so strong was this royalist

sentiment that at one time there was even question of restoring to the throne of a confederation of the old provinces one of the native descendants of the murdered Inca, Manco Capac. The monarchial form of government was everywhere supported by the Church, which kept its hold upon the native population in spite of the spread of liberal ideas among the colonists. Venezuela, the first among the colonies to raise the standard of revolt, had for some time hesitated between a republican constitution and a monarchial form of government. "It was only through the influence of the American Consul that a constitution was finally adopted modelled upon that of the United States." It will thus be seen that Chateaubriand's plans (to some extent founded upon the confidential reports of the agents of the French foreign office in South America) were not wholly chimerical.

There are moments, however, in the development of great international policies when the results of amateur diplomacy may very closely resemble those obtained by amateur surgery. In his zeal to restore the prestige of the House of Bourbon in Europe and America this diplomatic impressario overlooked several highly essential factors of his problem. The British cabinet, as he rightly supposed, might condone a policy of intervention in Spain, and even welcome the preservation of a monarchial system in the new world. But Chateaubriand left out of his calculations Great Britain's opposition to the Family Pact. This agreement, which had formerly united the policies of the French and Spanish Bourbons, still had its terrors for British statesmen. He forgot, moreover, that the great mercantile interests of England would never tolerate any radical change in a situation that without cost or effort to themselves was rendering obsolete the old system which retained colonial trade as a Spanish monopoly. Most important of all, Chateaubriand failed to observe events which showed more and more clearly that George Canning, who had succeeded Castlereagh in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, had decided to make a clean break with the policy of "concerted" action fostered by the Holy Alliance. Henceforth, he announced, Great Britain "would resume her isolation" and ask only "to revolve in her own orbit". This was a complete abandonment of the

Czar's policy of international solidarity consecrated by a Holy League.

Alexander's actions now clearly showed that his League of Peace was largely dedicated to what Canning characterized as a "policy of meddling". The interior affairs of neighboring states were obviously the principal object of its congresses and conferences. In a note that immediately preceded the march of the Bourbon armies across the Biddassoa, Canning made an eloquent rejoinder to the elegantly phrased arguments of Chateaubriand concerning that Royalist crusade: "Negotiate at least before you invade," he implored. "Leave the Spanish revolution to burn itself out within its own crater. You have nothing to apprehend from the eruption unless you open a channel for the lava through the Pyrenees."

But Chateaubriand, now urged on by the whole pack of the ultra royalist press in triumphant cry against liberalism, was not to be moved from the line of conduct which he had adopted. Spanish intervention had become an issue of French domestic politics. While the French Minister of Foreign Affairs continued his correspondence with Canning, penning his dispatches in the grand style of a minister of the reign of Louis XIV, the new Bourbon armies started on the triumphant march which was to lead them without serious resistance to the walls of Cadiz. Here the Spanish monarch was released from his imprisonment at the hands of his own insurgent "regency". Ferdinand, restored to power, quickly justified every doubt regarding his brutal incapacity and unfitness to reign.

Canning's chief anxiety, however, was not concerned with the fate of the Spanish republicans. He knew that Chateaubriand was already maturing his plans with respect to America and the extension of Bourbon influence overseas. On March 31, just before the Spanish invasion, he had directed the British ambassador in Paris to inform the French Foreign Office that while England had no intention of appropriating for herself any part of Ferdinand's former possessions, she "confidently expected" that France, whatever the results of the intervention might be, "would show an equal spirit of self denial". Stripped of its diplomatic form, the British note was an ultimatum which ren-

dered Chateaubriand's cherished plan hazardous if not impossible. The armada of the Holy Alliance, which he had dreamed might cross the Atlantic to impose the principles of Bourbon legitimacy upon the revolted colonies, was in no position to oppose the navies of Great Britain. It was moreover apparent that in this attitude the British cabinet would soon be able to count upon the coöperation of the United States.

Chateaubriand's plans for an American intervention were to have far-reaching results. On August 16 Richard Rush, the Minister of the United States at the Court of St. James's, called at the British Foreign Office. "Transiently," as he observes, he asked Canning whether "he was justified in supposing" that the latter's note of March 31 addressed to Chateaubriand was not "distinct in its import". Was he right in believing that England would not remain passive "in case France should attempt to control South American destinies"? Or, as concerned the colonies, "attempt to bring them under her dominion either by conquest or by cession from Spain"? In this informal conversation, which nevertheless foreshadowed even the phrasing subsequently used in the Monroe message, Rush expressed his hearty personal approval of the course of British policy. This he knew to be in accord with the views of the cabinet at Washington.

Canning's prompt rejoinder was to throw the astute but cautious American envoy into a state of perplexity, which is reflected with amusing sincerity in his memoirs. "What," asked the British Foreign Minister, "did Mr. Rush think his Government would say to going hand in hand in such a policy?" Here indeed was a question for the cautious Mr. Rush! How would the fraternal gesture proposed react upon public opinion in the United States? The "whole subject", he wrote, "is novel and open to views on which I have deliberated anxiously." On the one hand he realized that the United States had already gone much further in the matter than Great Britain. They had recognized "in the most formal manner" the more important insurgent governments. On the other hand he was equally convinced of "the danger of pledging my government to any measure of foreign policy which might now or hereafter implicate it in the federated system of Europe." The latter danger was but the more immi-

nent from the fact that the Czar and Chateaubriand were already trimming their sails to meet the storm. All the machinery of Alexander's Holy League was to be put in motion in order to give to their policy a tone of disinterested international action. A congress in Europe or "some other concert and consultation specifically on the affairs of South America", Mr. Rush reported, was openly rumored among the European chancelleries. Nor were the American Minister's perplexities lessened by Mr. Canning's logical statement that only "the coöperation of the United States with England through my instrumentality would ward off altogether the meditated jurisdiction of the European powers in the New World." His anxiety was to continue through many weeks. In Washington the Monroe Doctrine was being slowly forged out in a series of stormy sessions of the cabinet. As Jefferson saw and reported to the President, "Its consequence is not her (Britain's) war, but ours. Its object is to introduce and establish the American system, of keeping out of our land all foreign Powers—of never permitting those of Europe to intermeddle with the affairs of our nations."

Finally, to Mr. Rush, anxiously awaiting in London the result of these debates, came the full text of Monroe's message to Congress. By this time the British Foreign Minister, alarmed by the progress of French intervention, had addressed himself to Chateaubriand in the terms of an ultimatum concerning the South American provinces. The fantastic scheme for setting up Bourbon principalities in South America had received its death blow. Monroe's message to Congress, laying down in broad language the policy maintained during the long negotiation between Rush and Canning, was welcomed in the British Parliament "not only with satisfaction but with enthusiasm". The great Liberal leader Mr. Brougham announced: "The question with regard to Spanish America is now, I believe, disposed of, or nearly so; for an event has recently happened than which none has ever dispensed greater joy, exultation and gratitude over all the free men of Europe".

The abrupt dismissal of Chateaubriand from his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs followed closely upon the events just narrated. The return of the Duke of Angoulême from Spain,

triumphant but wholly disgusted with his royal cousin, had been accompanied by rejoicings in Paris that seemed to justify the poet-minister in his belief that "his war" had "restored to the Bourbon arms their former strength and splendor". How closely he believed the continuance of this state of affairs to be bound up with his policy of a further extension of Bourbon power in South America may be seen by referring to the garrulous appendix of his *Congress de Verone.*

This policy, however, as he himself realized, had been rendered impossible through Canning's defection from the European system. To the Czar he turned for the comfort and approbation which was denied him at home. Alexander considered him a victim of the enemies of his "Sublime Idea." Decorations and the ribbons of the highest Russian orders were showered on all Chateaubriand's friends who had supported the cause of the Holy Alliance and international action. Soon the cautious Prime Minister, Villele, was horrified to unearth a secret and personal negotiation between the French and Russian Foreign Offices, hinting at a new intervention. Foiled in his plans regarding South America, Chateaubriand proposed to employ the army of Spain, with Russian support, to readjust the Rhine frontier. But now even the royalist majority in the Chamber withheld its approval. On a vote of confidence the over imaginative Foreign Minister was retired to private life.

From then on Chateaubriand passed his time in composing the famous *Memoires d'Outre Tombe* which he addressed to future generations. All the logic of which he was capable was enlisted to inform posterity of the opportunities he had offered France in vain. History was filtered and doctored to show that at a critical moment when the whole future glory of the Bourbons hung upon their acquiesence in his policies, the King's ministers had failed him. Villele had ruined his schemes. His great design for a Bourbon empire in South America, which would compensate France for the loss of Canada, had been thrust aside. All this might be forgiven. But as we may read between the lines, the unpardonable sin lay in Villele's conduct towards Chateaubriand himself. A successor had risen to Richelieu and Colbert and the doors of the Ministry had been slammed in his face.

The moment described at length in his *Memoires* when he had tossed his belongings "into half a dozen waiting hackney coaches" and quitted the quarters of the Foreign Minister "within an hour" was, he believed, a turning point in the history of two continents. With these comforting reflections Chateaubriand turned his back upon the episode of the "American colonies". For the Monroe Doctrine—today the outstanding result of this strange diplomatic adventure—there is no word of comment. Perhaps the author of *Atala* could not bring himself to treat seriously the foreign relations of a country which his own pen had brought to the polite attention of continental Europe.

W. P. Cresson.

THE RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY

BY THE REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM

The New Testament stories of the death and resurrection of Jesus have certain curiously interesting features. One of these is that, if the single touching but scarcely authentic incident of Mary's commitment to the care of John in the Fourth Gospel be excepted, none of the Disciples saw Jesus die or saw Him dead, and none of them participated in His entombment. The simple, suggestive statement of the earliest Gospel is, "They all forsook Him and fled." Of Peter we have a glimpse in the court of the High Priest's palace, but he, too, disappears. To Joseph of Arimathea and the few faithful women who had ministered to Jesus fell the pitiful task of preparing the body for burial. The loneliness of Jesus's life followed Him to the tomb.

What effect the absence of the Disciples from the last scene may have had on their later strong belief that Jesus had risen from the dead, would be an interesting inquiry. The sight of a corpse is the one experience which most immediately and most powerfully depresses the belief of unreflective minds in immortality.

Another fact is that none of the Disciples showed the slightest expectation of Jesus's resurrection and, at first, all received the report of it with incredulity. According to three of the Gospels, this incredulity was overcome by positive and tactual demonstration of the bodily presence of their Master. In the earliest of them, Mark, there is no such demonstration and there is no indication of belief by the Disciples that Jesus had actually risen. In the two later synoptics that demonstration appears, but it is much fuller in Luke than in Matthew. In the latest Gospel of all, the one ascribed by tradition to John, it is fuller still and with different and extended details.

Since the appearance of these Gospels covers a period of at least fifty-five years, from 70 to 125 A. D., they register the growing conviction of the Church that death did not hold

Jesus in its grasp, and that He was living and powerful among His followers.

Other documentary testimony to belief in the resurrection of Jesus is the earliest of all, namely, that found in the Epistles of Paul. These antedate the earliest Gospel by from thirteen to sixteen years, and are from twenty-four to twenty-seven years subsequent to the event. While differing from all the Gospels in the few details which he gives, Paul expresses a conviction as to the fact of the resurrection which is certainly as strong as that of any other witness. Yet, as far as we know, Paul never saw Jesus, alive or dead, save as he saw Him in a vision, and the appearance of Jesus to him in a vision which he mentions he unhesitatingly coordinates with the reported appearances of Jesus to the Disciples. The indisputable fact remains that, from the time of Paul onward, the belief in the resurrection of Jesus was coextensive with the rapidly extending Christian faith, and it was the most powerful article of that faith.

In the long development of Christian doctrine and life the belief in the resurrection of Jesus has become identical with belief in immortality. If the immortality of the soul becomes incredible, belief in the resurrection of Jesus will vanish. Is the reverse of this proposition true? If belief in the resurrection of Jesus vanishes, will belief in the immortality of the soul cease? The answer to this question depends on the nature of the belief in the resurrection of Jesus. As a mere physical fact the resurrection may be discredited, and yet belief in immortality may remain unweakened.

Fundamentally the resurrection of Jesus is a spiritual fact; it is the survival of Jesus, through death, in the spiritual realm of being. Such it must be to have any abiding validity and significance, whatever may or may not have been the material phenomena of the historic event. The question has come to be, not Did Jesus rise from the tomb in bodily form? but Is Jesus alive now in the timeless realm of the spirit? If He is, then the immortality of the soul is an assured truth. Thus Jesus has become the crucial instance, and the whole validity of the belief in immortality is bound up with His deathlessness. If death could not annihilate Him, it cannot annihilate any human spirit. On the other hand,

if the soul is immortal, then Jesus is immortal, and all questions as to the material historic fact, however interesting they may be, are relatively unimportant. That Jesus is alive is vital to the complete Christian faith. The belief that He is alive is persistently and joyfully affirmed by the whole Christian Church. This belief makes the Easter festival supremely significant, and the recurring celebration of the day is the Church's glad and solemn testimony to the reality of the spiritual life inseparably joined with and based upon belief in God.

Belief in God and belief in immortality stand or fall together, and the latter shares in all the reasonableness and certainty of the former; but neither of these beliefs can be proved simply by the processes of formal logic. They lie on a plane above that of physical or syllogistic demonstration. Both call for, as they both reward, a supreme act of faith; and this act of faith is in accord with the highest reason, since denial of either reduces life to hopeless unreason and contradicts the deepest instincts and experiences of the soul.

It is, indeed, in experience that the truths of the spirit have their chief witness and authentication. To know God is to have the supreme evidence of His existence, and it is to have also the supreme evidence of immortality. From this evidence there is no reaction; this experience is eternal life.

From the crude and credulous belief in immortality which prevails among the mass of mankind, the scientific mind revolts. Much the larger part of prevalent scepticism on the subject of immortality is the inevitable recoil from the materialism which still pervades religion. This scepticism will never be removed by arguments which are invalid and by the repeated assertion of facts which will not bear scrutiny. It will yield, however, to "the witness of the Spirit", the testimony of God within the soul. And when it yields, the higher interpretation of life which takes its rise from the conviction of an immanent and transcendent God, will show the accord of a thousand facts and intimations of Nature with the soul's deep sense of imperishable kinship with God.

In the large sense the doctrine of evolution requires immortality for the completion of its ascending process. The long reach

from monad to man is futile unless it be the prelude to the long reach from man to immortal son of God. But experience precedes and shapes the philosophy. God is the only key to the problem of life and the soul.

Just here Jesus based His whole conception of man and life and salvation. The philosophical mind has worked slowly up through Nature to God. Jesus looked from the divine centre down through all the facts and forces of the world and human experience. When astronomers worked from the earth as the centre of the universe, their astronomy was mainly wrong; when, under the lead of Galileo and Copernicus and Bruno and Kepler, they worked from the true centre, the sun, astronomy became a genuine science, unfolding the story of stars and planets and solar systems. God is the true centre of the mind in its endeavor to interpret the life and destiny of mankind. From that centre Jesus and the soul and immortality grow intelligible and certain, and human destiny becomes the unfolding of a beautiful and self-consistent divine purpose.

If, then, it is impossible securely to base a belief in immortality on a variously but more or less doubtfully attested historic fact, once the conviction of immortality is rooted in the soul as the necessary corollary of belief in God,—and belief in God is not only an intellectual perception but also a spiritual experience,—the fact of the resurrection of Jesus comes into new significance. It is no longer a questionable resumption of a material body and of physical contacts with the world and men, a thing which the scientific mind can in no way coördinate with experience and the known order of the world; but it is the realization by Jesus of a vivid personal existence in the realm of the spirit. That is, the resurrection of Jesus *is* immortality clearly realized as conscious existence on a higher plane. He who came from God went to God; but that does not necessarily involve removal from the world or any remoteness from human life; it involves rather a new nearness to human life. By removal from the sphere of the sensuous, Jesus came closer to the soul. "It is expedient for you that I go away." That was not the earliest but a later interpretation of Jesus's death, but it was literally true. Death was thus an enlargement of Jesus's life and power. As the immortal Son of God

He can be and is unmistakably more to humanity than He could be while clothed with a material body and dwelling in an earthly locality. It will be found, I believe, that the very process which dissolves many of the assumed facts clustering around the historic Jesus will clarify and strengthen belief in His resurrection and put a deeper note of reality into the human sense of His continued presence in the world.

But the question raised by the resurrection of Jesus concerns not only Him and our faith in Him; it concerns also those to whom our hearts have clung with unconquerable love, whom we have seen die, whom we cannot relinquish to the abyss of nothingness without a convulsion which upheaves the very bases of our life. It is in such experiences as this that the question of immortality becomes most pressing and poignant. I do not use the phrase, "personal immortality": immortality is *the survival of the person.* If it be not this we can have but small interest in it. Here I cannot do better, perhaps, than to quote some words which I wrote many years ago and which I reiterate now with deepened conviction:

"Immortality is inseparable from personality. The chief significance of man's nature lies ultimately in its discreteness, in the evolution and persistence of the self-conscious Ego. Men cheat themselves with phrases when they talk about the reabsorption of the finite soul into the infinite soul, and call that immortality. The finite and the infinite coexist in this world, and this of itself is proof that they may coexist in the next world and forever. The absorption of the conscious finite into the infinite is unthinkable save as the annihilation of the finite. Dr. Martineau says with great force: 'We are here in contact with something greater than the succession of the seasons and the phases of the moon, with the very crown and culmination of the world's process; and though its scale be finite, yet, in comparison with it, the impersonal power in the universe is immeasurably lower; so that if, in virtue of its infinity, it really swallowed up the personal life at the end of the mortal term, it would be more like the sacrifice of children to Moloch than the taking of Enoch by God. Personality is not the largest, but it is the highest fact in the known cosmos; and if death has power over it, there is

nothing which death spares: it can undo the utmost which the Divine will has wrought.'"

Equally do they stultify themselves with a false ideal who join in the beautiful, melancholy prayer of George Eliot:

> O may I join the choir invisible
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence: live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> For miserable aims that end with self.
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars.
> And with their mild persistence urge men's thoughts
> To vaster issues.
> So to live is heaven;
> To make undying music in the world.

In plain prose, interpreted in accordance with the author's express avowal, this means that the supreme aim of life is to distil aspiration and effort and even personality itself into force that shall feed the life of the coming generation; this in its turn shall pour itself in self-effacing tribute into the life of the next; and so on and on, with no result save the bettered phenomenal life of each succeeding generation—generation following generation in eternal prelude to something that never arrives. A thousand ages perish to give a brighter bloom to the thousand and first, which also perishes for the transient benefit of its successor.

With the semblance of deeply religious self-abnegation, this idea of human destiny mocks the heart and hope of man by eternally frustrating the supreme end of a spiritual creation. The treasures of life—of its struggle and passion and pain—are inseparable from personality, from the ever-unfolding and perfecting being in whom the continuity of experience conserves the results of all the divine education of man. The whole movement of human history is towards the perfected individual, consciously fulfilling himself in the perfected society—the realized and manifest Kingdom of God. The destruction of personality is for man the extinction of being. Extinction is remediless waste. In nature there is no waste. Individual forms perish, but the type remains in perpetually recurring forms that but repeat the antecedent forms by absorbing their disorganized substance. In man,

because he is a spiritual personality, there is the possibility of endless progress, not the mere recurrence of types nourished on the decay of preceding types. The loss of personality is utter loss of being, and such self-abnegation as the poet contemplates, were it possible, would be final suicide and the lapse of human life into absolute, hopeless failure. The plea that the desire for "personal immortality" (as if there were or could be an impersonal immortality) is selfish, is at once specious and false. The greatest service which we can render to our kind, present or future, is by and through the fullness and strength and sweetness of personality to which we attain. The aspiration to render this service is a mark of the purest and most intelligent unselfishness. Nothing that we can do in any period of our existence is so significant and so valuable to humanity as that which we may become. Our successors gather the fruits of our labors and sacrifices, but their inheritance is poor if those fruits are only the remainder from perished lives. We keep fresh in our hearts the memories of those who have greatly served mankind in the past, witnessing thus to the value which personality gives to deeds, and to the inseparableness of the work from the worker. "One sows and another reaps," but in order "that both he that sows and he that reaps may rejoice together."

There is no tenable standing-ground between personal immortality and annihilation, as there is none between theism and atheism, between a spiritual faith and the blank negations of materialism. The deepest philosophy underlies the verse of Tennyson, when he sings,

> That each, who seems a separate whole,
> Should move his rounds, and fusing all
> The skirts of self again, should fall
> Remerging in the general Soul,
>
> Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
> Eternal form shall still divide
> The eternal soul from all beside.
> And I shall know him when we meet.

At some time all of us have looked on the pallid faces of our dead. We have felt the weird spell of that change of friend, of child, of loved one, into a silent, pulseless form, touched with a strange

majesty, but rapt into awful remoteness. With quiet or passionate anguish we have looked upon the dead face and asked: Where has he gone? Does he indeed still live? Shall I ever see him again? It is to the soul in such an experience that the Christian faith declares: "Jesus died, but He lives. Death is of the body; the soul is untouched by physical dissolution. God is the eternal life and the soul partakes of God. Believe that as He lives so your loved one lives and finds life's fulfillment in Him in higher sphere."

It may be said that this has no scientific validity; but he is very bold, bold to rashness, who shall say that it will not, cannot, have scientific validity. We are yet in the early youth of science and already there are gleams of a higher knowledge. Furthermore, we may truly say that this faith has no scientific *in*validity. Frankly I confess that, if there were one scintilla of positive proof that the mind perishes with the body, faith would receive its death-wound, and with faith hope would die. But there is none. The visible fact of dissolution seemingly is against faith, but the deepest presumptions of reason are with it. The rationality of the world's order and development, the incompleteness of life here, the insistent sentiment of justice, the instinct and hunger for the illimitable which betokens that "we are adapted to infinity", the sense of God and of life in Him, all support the belief in immortality. It is true, as Tennyson says, that

> We have but faith: we cannot know;
> For knowledge is of things we see;
> And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
> A beam in darkness: let it grow.

But faith is not the contradiction of knowledge; it is vision. It is the venture into a higher realm where vision is knowledge of the kind not reached by the slow plodding of reason moving from point to point of observation and patiently building up its structure of induction. "For my own part," said John Fiske, "I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work." Fiske here assumes no contradiction between faith and science; he rather suggests to the thoughtful reader that faith has reached a conclusion

towards which science surely moves; for science is the slowly elaborated demonstration of just that truth, "the reasonableness of God's work." Faith has always been the prophet and forerunner of science. Whither the swift spirit has flown, with divine intuition, reason will follow with accumulating verification. Thus the soul

> Takes by faith while living
> Its freehold of thanksgiving.

Here and now life means duty, but it means beauty too, for it is irradiated by hope. To the sad eyes of the great dramatist "Our little life is rounded with a sleep," but to the eye of faith the sleep of sense is the awakening of the spirit, and this brief prelude of mirth and pain, of aspiration and labor, of sacrifice and resignation, leads to a larger life wherein the buds of promise shaped in this lower air come to full bloom, and the dim prophecies of this world are fulfilled in the eternal world. Meanwhile, to us who are in the school and drill-room of this world, the eternal world is revealed in flashes of softened splendor through rents which death has made in the material barrier that shuts us in.

It is no fond and baseless fancy which speaks by the open sepulchre the thrilling words, "He is not here, for He is risen!" O mourning heart, be comforted! There is no death for the soul. Thy loved one lives with God and, with Jesus, rains gentle and purifying influence upon the earth. Death seems to impoverish us; shall we not rather say, "It enriches us"? Since through death Jesus came into closer relations with all mankind, so, unless we are ruled by the senses and tyrannized by doubt and fear, death, while taking from us the dear sight and touch of our loved ones, gives them back to us in so pure a spiritual communion that we enter upon a new and deeper intimacy with them and receive from them a ministry which, in the body, they could not perfectly give us.

PHILIP S. MOXOM.

BLACK ROSES

BY HERVEY ALLEN

"For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the Milk of Paradise."

His hard-horn eyes
Glitter with pictures
Of the cloud-piled skies;
Wide eyes that little limn
Heaven, unseen by him;
Beside the river road to hell
The dream slave lies.

Here where the swart demons go,
Pass and repass to and fro,
Tread very soft—speak low.

Shrill are the dog-voiced winds
And shrill,
Straining through cedars
At the mouth of hell,
An eyeless socket in the hill;
And the dark river slips,
Sucked through red granite lips,
Into low moonless halls
Down to a cavern land it falls;
Spills with black, lightless thunder,
Where darkness crouches on the dragon hills
An earth-mile under.

Backward, flung back upon the humid winds
Stumbles the mile-deep thunder;
Out of the earth is born
As haggard as a shout from solitude,
The dampened, copper clamor of a horn.
Near here no farmer plants the kindly corn!
Only the sodden dreamer hears the sound
Of the infernal horns bray underground,
While fitfully comes,

Rumbled like trundled drums,
The river's voice,
The mile-deep thunder—
Speak very soft, speak low;
This is a place of wonder!

Tread very soft—tread slow—

For here black roses grow
In ground unholy,
Flowers of darkness
That have sought the light,
One blue-leafed seedling
From the world below
Of night and shadowy trees and voiceless birds,
Of vast, dim meadows and of monstrous herds—
Petals of midnight which are come
To prophesy against the sun,
With seed pods dangerous to all things bright,
Dull blossoms from the tree of melancholy.

Lean very low—lean low

To hear from dreamer's lips
How fiendishly appears
A webb-foot being at the mouth of hell
To prune the ebon rose with leaden shears;
And how that demon strews
Jet petals round the dreamer once, and twice
Cupped like the sloughed scales of an asp,
And bears the dreamer's soul down cavern roads,
Cold, in a damp-smooth clasp.

He bears the dreamer's soul asleep;
He bears the swarthy roses deep—

Deep down the pounding cataracts,
Along the river hurled
Through leafless tracts
Within a starless world,
Into a city drowned
With shadows drooping down
From balconies of blindness
In the murky town.

Signals of flapping blackness float
In folds of darkness from the walls,
And a gigantic watchman rests
His bony hands upon a drum,
Waiting for sunrise that will never come;
The eyeless serpents rustle in the moat;
And silence calls.

Then where the dead waters flow
Down to the last pit below

There is a noise of boulder stones,
Cast up by blurting fountains;
Washed down the cataracts with grumbling tones,
That rumble dismally among the subterranean mountains.
And down the crags
Along whose face
The grey clouds hang
Like rags in space—
The cowled dreams sit
And listen to the thunder, thunder, thunder
Of the black river and the stones.

Tread very soft—speak low.

This is a place of wonder.

WILD GEESE

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Only the other night, it seems, I saw the wild geese trekking
In a black lanky wedge across the moon,
Their sharp frost-silvered wings flecking
The zenith. . . . And now in a fever of harsh maroon,
Burnt scarlet and tarnished bronze, the great groundwhirl
Of leaves twists to a frenzied skirl
From autumnal pipes, the dervishes of brilliant blinding death
Shuddering, weaving, spinning—faster and fiercer—without breath!
Oh that last rich barbaric dizziness, the smoke of pearl,
The crimson axes of the heat hissing through,
The final lividly exultant blue
Crackle of dust!—and then the acrid silence and the hard green glitter of
hoar-dew. . . .

Only the other night, it seems, only the other night
You passed with the passing of familiar light
From the sky and a certain hill: Oh, at your dying
There was a sound of wild geese crying, crying;
There was a sound of leaves that give up trying
To glow; and all wild beauty drifting, shifting
South, interminably south! . . .
But I cannot give up remembering your swiftly quiet hands and the half-
frightened hint of peace over your eyes, your mouth.

LAST NIGHT IN MARCH

BY BERENICE K. VAN SLYKE

The night is filled with shy new-venturings,
Winds unused to the miracle of wings;
Flutter and swirl, a sudden swift retreat,
And silence where were now impetuous feet.
Slow shadowhands stealing about my eyes;
Almost the winds break out in little cries,—
So sweet to be an almost-April breath.

In some brown pool, where daylight lingers still
About the hidden face of daffodil,
The frogs start thinly piping to the spring
An arrowy wisp of song; and when winds bring
That alien note past each unhearing leaf
I feel a melancholy joy in grief,—
So sweet would be an almost-April death.

EXPERIENCE

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

STATISTICS never give what is really worth knowing, because they never can give it. The important facts are moral facts, and can only be ascertained by experience, which is a thing temperamental and individual, varying for each person. There is however an experience of the race, having its expression in custom and manners, guides more elastic and adaptable than law, which as a rule embodies the experience of those long dead—a mummified experience. But among moral facts, that tangled and bewildering jungle, the inexperienced soul, if it is to escape peril, must be led by custom. To depart from that leading is adventure.

What proportion of mankind shuns adventure, what proportion courts it? That is what we should like statistics to tell. The legislator wants to know, that he may increase the number of the cautious; the leader of men, that he may breed more adventurers. But whether we know the proportion or not, we can all realize that this is the greatest and most significant division of mankind. It divides the givers from the takers, the doers from the done-by. None of course is always giver or always doer; every life has its passive part; in every soul there is a struggle between the prompting of adventure and the warning of precept. But there are natures in whom the active preponderates, and these are the adventurers, the creators, makers of many things, but all of them in common makers of experience. They make it in the first instance for themselves; they drink the heady runnings of their own distillation from the still. Yet they also as well as others can taste the liquor when it is mellowed and matured; and perhaps modified by later blending.

All adventure is experience; that does not need to be argued. But adventure is enjoyed because it is experience. Your first salmon is an adventure, if you were to be as old as Methuselah

when it happens; but your fiftieth is not, unless there are special complications. Otherwise you will not specially remember it. In all adventure, the whipping up of the blood, the stimulation of the nerves at the moment, is indeed a kind of physical pleasure, but the lasting charm is not there; it comes through a mark made on the mind, an impression on the sensitive complex of memory that can be recalled and reproduced, enjoyed and studied at will. Excitements to the sensibility or to the intellect, or to both—to some part of our sentient and reasoning self—that remain and enrich it, these in their sum make up experience. We enjoy because we are enriched. We may have gained strength, we have, anyhow, gained knowledge of the world and of ourselves.

The most obvious and primitive source of adventurous experience is danger. A child's first steps are surrounded by it, till experience brings confidence, and feet are planted firmly on the floor's beaten path. That is the end of that adventure: new experience must be sought further afield. Habit is a beaten path maintained by custom, and on it our lives run smoothly. Yet many are impelled to step outside it into the fields, even into primitive jungle, for the adventures that must bring experience—knowing themselves to be less themselves when they are simply fashioned by custom, still walking by that experience of the race which they have not verified for themselves by re-discovery, and to which they have added nothing. This search for experience is a kind of privateering which the legislative mind will always condemn; yet without it the world would moulder. The failures in adventure are those who justify the prescription which they defied; who confirm that experience of the race which knows them for fools, or pursuers of nastiness from which they must be whipped off like puppies: and they are lucky if, having confronted these moral facts, they can take that experience to heart and profit by their lesson.

But the successful adventurer gains an experience which makes of his adventure an abiding source of knowledge and strength for himself. In extreme cases he modifies, enriches, and enlarges the experience of the race: till by and by the legislator comes along and adores respectably what he wanted to burn.

These privateers very often have a tough time; the hardest

adventures are not pursued on Mount Everest nor in big game shooting, nor in any sphere of physical danger. But "a man's life is his will"; it was their choice and probably they enjoy it, after their fashion.

Yet what is to be said about those moments when all habit breaks down; when the experience of the race finds itself up against a yawning gap in the permanent way—as has happened in our time? A friend of mine said the other day that we should count ourselves fortunate to have been born when we were—to have been suckled when our mothers guessed so little the road that we must travel in, the doom we had to dree. My friend spoke, as I write now, in Ireland, which had its part of Europe's suffering, and then elaborated a neat purgatory of its own. Would we rather, even in Ireland, have avoided what has to come to us, have lived in easier times?

The question is as futile as asking a man if he would rather be some one else. All would agree that this or that detail, external or internal, in our existence might be amended; yet none sinks so far in self-esteem as to desire total effacement of the only personality with which he is really acquainted. That were true nihilism. Indeed, essentially we all want to be ourselves, because we cannot imagine being anyone else. Still, those of us who knew the world before this deluge have enough experience to compare the two phases—the smooth road and the rough. Would we sooner have died than lived on? Have curtailed our experience, have stopped short before the break?

Nobody can speak for those upon whom war-times brought cruel separations. Yet there are many who would not refuse the name of privilege for a suffering which was recompensed in pride. Their experience may make them go softly all their days, but the world will seem to them nobler, not less endurable by their own loss. No experience enriches more than admiration of those you love, and in thousands of lives death has set on that admiration a seal which nothing can efface. We can all say —it is our common experience—that in our generation mankind, our race, faced as great dangers as willingly as ever since the world was. We can say it, but those who loved feel it: that is their privilege, the fruit of their soul's adventure; that is their

contribution to the race's gathered confidence in itself. For the rest of us, the ruck, we have nearly all known the adventure of physical danger and most of us have been reassured to find that we behave with decency under that stimulus. Yet even those who have been frightened are anxious to anatomize their fear. They would hardly wish to have avoided it: it has, and they know it, enlarged their outlook on life. We all know more about life than we did ten years ago, because we know more of death.

Wider and more purely intellectual experience, too, has been heaped on our generation. We have seen society strained and shaken, and in Ireland we have almost seen it broken; great political experiments, partly of advancing design, partly make-shift engineering to span a broken bridge, are in progress before our eyes: and we can see how such a time as this intensifies the national character, as it does that of the individual. The Frenchman is more French, the German more German, the Englishman more English. In Ireland, where we always made a luxury of sardonic comment, the irony has entered into our bones, our life is penetrated with mockery: we chew a bitter cud. None envies us, none pities us: yet few Irishmen, I think, would honestly wish themselves into another age. The stimulus to curiosity is too keen, even among that vast majority who have no active hand in the adventure, over whose lives the play is played.

Those who cry out against this surfeit of the unusual, the unexpected, the disturbing, and the dangerous, are no doubt mostly the votaries of habit, rich and poor, those contented in their misery, no less than the more conspicuous persons who desired a stake-fence round their "stake in the country". Let us have peace: give us back a quiet life, is the cry of those who never wanted experience. Yet, in Ireland, as everywhere in Europe, are found seekers after experience who have been disturbed from their own hunt. To read a new poet is an adventure, if he is new, and if he is a poet, and if you who read can understand. Your quiet intellectual before these brawls went on his quest undisturbed: the game he is after is scared away, his brooding thoughts scattered like snipe out of a bog,

when the first shot is fired. Before the war, some of these minds, avid of experience, read their Wordsworth and envied those who found it "bliss to be alive" in the days of the French Revolution: they are sick now of adventures which to them mean nothing. Danger has no real teaching for you, unless your business is with danger, unless you are a specialist in the article: for the ordinary man, its prolongation, as he found in trenches, or in a bombarded town, is merely weariness. The physical, brutal adventure of dodging gunshot in the streets brings him nothing but crude chunks of undesired experience; more danger than he can digest. Facing danger means much if you are facing it with a purpose; if not, it merely exhausts the nerves and wastes that store of vitality which ought to be devoted to the life's true adventure, the inventor's, the thinker's, the artist's. There is no such adventurer as the artist; every day is lost for him when he is not gaining experience; no one else is so intolerant of the fenced and trodden; if, as is often true, the trivial round of others will furnish him with all he needs to ask, it is because sun, moon, and stars, wind and clouds, happy and unhappy faces, that to the commonalty would carry no experience, can bring an adventure to his spirit, if it is free for its proper work.

The quality of an adventure lies in the quality of the experience it leaves behind. I look back on these nine years, crowded with events that would have seemed fantastic if foreshadowed: and of course there is no denying that for us all the war was an adventure profoundly modifying our experience and extending it. Yet its very bigness made it an adventure of the race, rather than my adventure, or yours, or the next man's: our impressions were received as part of the community. A personal aspect developed, no doubt: one's first day in trenches was an adventure, having in it what the tourist in trenches also found there. Yet those who came for business were too busy studying their business to have much leisure for appreciation: and certainly afterwards, trench warfare became a grim routine, deadening the faculty of apprehension without which there can be no experience gained. We learned; but most of what we learned was really as elementary as what a child learns when it begins to walk alone: though for many generations our society had suppressed the need for these

lessons. Later, for us in Ireland, came the experience of revolution and of civil war; our souls have not lacked material for adventures and many of them have no doubt been enriched. Yet the looker on gains little experience, except perhaps some added shrewdness in discerning which jockey to back. I search my mind in vain for any other experience of profit.

Had there been more sympathy in me, I should have been able to gain by the adventure; for it is undeniably an adventure to live through either a revolution or a civil war. But if adventures come to the adventurous, it is more true that experience only grows when the soil suits it. Neither the war in which I fought, nor the civil war in which I did not fight, nor the revolution which I observed near by, held anything so properly an adventure for me as when, loosed from the European war, an ex-sailor asked me to help with getting his boat from Dublin to the Shannon by canal.

It involved sleeping out two or three nights, and much hard hauling, for a motor broke down; but otherwise nothing could have been less adventurous; and probably most human beings would have found it tedious. But it was an unusual thing to do, it was a piece of real travel; the exploration of this unknown route, through an unfrequented part of a country which I had studied more than most, lit up much in my mind; I learned the more because I had studied, enjoyed the more because I had already enjoyed. This experience was not crude lumps of something new and alien; it came to its own and its own received it; it took root kindly and grew. It was an adventure for me because I could profit by its experience: it set up more continuous movement in my mind than many exciting scenes in politics or many an hour of shellfire. I can see now that in it one central impression stands out. After hours of toiling with the tow-rope, on a raised track through vast bogland, we halted, and I went up to ask for leave to boil a kettle in a thatched cottage that stood back a hundred yards from the bank: prosperous, trim, sheltered, yet typically an Irish peasant's cottage, ten miles from train or town. War had passed over Europe, the convulsions that have rent Ireland had begun to be sharply felt, and I myself like so many was already estranged from those who a few years back

would all have been my friends. Yet entering there in this remoteness, I found the essence of my country unchanged; or if changed, improved. Here in the past might have been misery: and the welcoming hospitality that would have been there, even in the misery, had now a settled strength; there was not only the will to give but the power of giving, wholesome, kindly food, offered by healthy, kindly, well-nurtured people, whose lives were no longer blackened by the shadow of famine. It was no new thing that payment for what I asked for and which was pressed on me in addition should be put out of the question: that was only an old impression, pleasant to have confirmed: but the essence was to feel as I felt that, after all these long decades of turmoil have not been for nothing, that a better way of life prevails, that gentle courtesy is set now in comely surroundings: above all, that the trouble of these late years is only skin deep. If the perception of these things had come to me, it was because my adventure had put me in tune for it. Departure from fenced-in customary life had quickened all my sensibilities; sleep on the ground was an adventure, heightened by the contrast of other sleep on soil very different. Yet the nights I had spent in dug-outs by no means shell-proof, though they had danger, have left few impressions so keen as this adventure of peace, which grew out of and continued old wanderings when war and revolution were scarcely dreamed of in my world. It was part of my real experience, the experience that I had sought.

I care not to have adventure thrust upon me, to have its form imposed: but let me be counted of the party that think nothing in life worth seeking or worth enjoying unless it brings experience: unless it adds to the color and intricacy of the web that we weave on memory, unless it charges new cells in the storehouse of varied power that is our brain.

Having looked at the other ways, having gained experience of strife of party, strife of war, and known also, in and through them, the experience of comradeship, the tie of loyalty to a leader, my heart goes out to the quest that is pursued in peace and to the hope it offers. My allegiance is to the leaders in that adventure, my true comradeship with those who are of their band; who for the most part walk solitary, work with a lone hand, yet share

with the world what they acquire. To have steeped the vision of summer twilight in the blue of eternity, to have put together some few words whose cadence will always reproduce a fine emotion, whose associated images will always evoke response in some sensibility, bringing remembrance of what we seem to have always known yet never perceived, putting utterance into some inarticulate depths of self—that indeed is achievement not to be accomplished without long adventure: it is to fix and render accessible the very essence of experience. Yet often these doers and these makers do not know themselves for adventurers, are scarcely aware that it is experience they bring home: for in their adventures, and in them only, the result achieved outweighs and swamps the experience of the effort: the true labor, the true quest passes far down below the conscious mind. If brawls and wars hinder, as I believe they do, such adventures, destroy unborn such outcome, then this is the most precious of all the commodities that they waste; and we may all pray to live in a time when there will be fewer prodigious happenings and, for that cause, more worthy adventures followed, and a more treasurable experience attained.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

FREDERIC HARRISON: 1831–1923

BY JANET E. COURTNEY

Frederic Harrison was born in London on the 18th of October, 1831. He died in the old Roman city of Bath on the 14th of January, 1923. What a span of life! What a period of history to cover! One of the last of the great Victorians, born when Victoria herself was but a child and living to see twelve years of the reign of her grandson, and her great-grandson the travelled and popular Prince familiar on both sides of the Atlantic. But the significance of his life lies not in its length; it is in its fulness. It can have fallen to the lot of few to have seen so much, done so much, thought so much, lived through so much. In the truest sense Frederic Harrison was a historian, able not only to recall and record every important event of the Victorian age but to view it in perspective. That is the supreme consolation belonging to extreme old age; it can itself give the verdict of posterity.

Such was Frederic Harrison, lawyer, reformer, literary critic, religious teacher, the friend of France before the Second Empire, of Italy when Garibaldi was still scarcely known, of Germany before it was Prussianized, of the United States ten years before the Civil War. And he lived not only to see but most keenly to participate in the great world struggle, which has swept away Prussia, re-made the map of Europe and brought the United States into the forefront of world politics.

His childhood was passed at Muswell Hill, on the hills to the north of London. It is now a suburb, cut up by a network of rail and tram lines, with just a few survivals of park and woodland; but it was then "a very beautiful country—green, shady and smokeless". His childish walks were in country lanes where he could "wander all day and meet no one but a carter or a milkmaid", and where the only lurking danger was a possible meeting with a savage bull belonging to a dairy farmer who

became the grandfather of Cecil Rhodes. "So early," as he sets down in his *Autobiography*, "did the Great Empire Builder's ancestor inspire me with fear."

His parents had strict views on education and believed in home training of the more unimaginative kind. He could remember little of poetry or fiction, and had never heard of Cinderella, Jack the Giant-killer, and other nursery friends. Indeed, the fairy world was a sealed book to him until he was first introduced to it by his own children forty years later. But he read Homer in translation, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Macaulay's *Lays*, Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads* and *The Nibelungen Lied*, as well as some of the books of allegories beloved of pious Church people in mid-Victorian England. All his early training was in the doctrines of the English Church, the safe, steady, moderate views of old-fashioned folk, who were sufficiently influenced by the great Anglican revival to turn their backs upon Calvinism without abandoning the traditional English dislike of Popery and Puseyites. When he was nine years old his parents moved down into the western district of London, still on the edge of the country—where Paddington station stands now was then a market garden—and he was sent to an excellent day school, passing on some three years later to King's College School in the Strand.

School life does not seem to have meant much to him. His classical precocity placed him amongst boys much older than himself, who petted and spoilt him and saved him the rough and tumble, finding yourself amongst your equals, which has been the making of many a man. This experience Frederic Harrison never had, either as boy or man. Life was always made easy for him, and it was only his own naturally eager spirit which saved him from indolence. He rather deplored in later life this lack of any spur to ambitions, but by then it had engendered "an ineradicable indifference to personal success and personal fame". In early life the chief result was a disinclination to adopt any definite profession, which only his all-round interest in humanity made distinguishable from idleness. Until he went to Oxford he lived always at home. Consequently he got less discipline but more all-round culture than falls to the lot of most

English school-boys. His physical education was, however, not neglected. By the time he was sixteen he was a very fair cricketer, and could swim, row, ride, skate and dance; he was also a more than tolerable classical scholar, he was well-read in the English classics, and he had seen something of France and could read and speak its language. This early French training had much influence on his later thought.

At the age of seventeen he won a scholarship at Wadham College, Oxford, and the next year he matriculated. For the first time he left home to live amongst his contemporaries, and the immediate result was disillusionment. He seems to have found the Dons "pompous" and the freshmen "childish", and to have been chiefly impressed by the "coldness, selfishness, and want of sense" of his new environment. But there was one bright exception, his tutor, Richard Congreve, the historian and future Positivist. They fell out in later life, but Congreve was a born teacher and found an apt pupil in this somewhat unusual undergraduate. By him Harrison was introduced not only to the ancients but to the modern historical thinkers of the period, Mill, Grote, Cornewall Lewis and Carlyle. Harrison learned from Congreve to work for work's sake, not with an eye to the examinations. Nevertheless, in 1853, his name appeared in the very small first class in the Final examination. He stayed on for some six months to read more of modern history, and the next year was elected a Fellow of his college. But as he had somewhat reluctantly consented to his father's wish that he should read for the Bar, he left Oxford finally in 1855, as he himself says, "a much-changed man of twenty-four. I had come up to Oxford with the remnants of boyish Toryism and orthodoxy still holding on . . . I left Oxford a republican, a democrat and a free thinker."

This change decided Frederic Harrison's life in many ways, two in particular. It made him European in his sympathies, and inspired his great work for the trade unions. Quite apart from the "love of humanity" enjoined by his Positive creed, Harrison was a lifelong worker for the cause of the oppressed, whether at home or abroad. He was one of the group, all the rest long since dead, who founded the first college for working men in London.

In politics he followed John Bright. At the time of the Crimean War he was bitterly opposed to England's anti-Russian, pro-Turkish policy, and anticipated Lord Salisbury's rather cynical conclusion of thirty years later that "we put our money on the wrong horse". His early hatred of Louis Napoleon became modified when that prince appeared as Italy's champion. But after the peace of Villa Franca, and the withdrawal of the French armies, Harrison set out, armed with introductions from Palmerston and Lord John Russell, to revisit Italy and to glean material for interesting English press opinion in favor of a further struggle for Italian independence. He sailed from Genoa to Leghorn in a ship full of volunteers going to join Garibaldi. At Parma he saw the revolutionary party drag a Government emissary from the train, behead him with a butcher's knife, and stick the bleeding head on a pedestal in the public square. ("I stood there gazing at the gruesome spectacle absolutely alone. As Italians do, every living soul had disappeared from the square.") He was the only English newspaper correspondent who knew the story of what was happening in the Italian duchies at first hand, and he sent back letters to the press, which did much to guide public opinion to adopt the Italian cause.

It is impossible within the limits of a REVIEW article to chronicle all his European achievements. But something must be said of his work for France both before and after the frightful days of the siege and the Commune. The Franco-German War found him on his honeymoon tour on the Continent. He stayed abroad until October so as "to watch the great war and its results from abroad". Though bitterly opposed at the time to the histrionics of Napoleon III at the opening of the war (the action of Bismarck as *agent provocateur* was then unknown), Harrison was no stranger to the danger that had long threatened European peace from the ambitions of Prussia. As early as 1864, at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein affair, he was urging this upon Palmerston's Government in letters to the press. "Mr. Gladstone, the Peace Radicals and the general public were blind to the vast and sinister power which was gradually being built up by the great Prussian statesmen. Cavour, the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century, was gone; Palmerston was

in his decrepitude and actually favored the aggrandizement of Prussia." But when the Napoleonic dynasty had fallen and the war was degenerating into an attempt on the part of Bismarck to crush France and leave her impotent, Harrison spared no effort to enlist British sympathies for the young French Republic. He protested vigorously against the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, denying that Germany needed them to protect her strategic frontier, or that their German populations were panting to be freed. And he denied still more vigorously that the influence of German culture would be for the good of Europe, a favorite academic doctrine at the time which for many only met its final refutation in 1914. But even in 1870 Frederic Harrison was saying: "Why are we to take the future freedom and peacefulness of Germany on faith? We know that for one hundred and fifty years the present dynasty and its servants have held Prussia in the grasp of a strict military discipline. . . . The Prussian rule has ever been defiant of public opinion. . . . Germany will do whatever the Hohenzollerns think most to redound to their personal glory. . . . And we are asked to entrust the peace of Europe to the keeping of these men." What they made of it is now bitter knowledge to the whole world.

It is very interesting to find that even then Harrison and his friends were urging upon Queen Victoria's Government the very policy of active intervention which King George's Government took forty-four years later. It seemed to him at the time, and he saw no reason to change his opinion later, "that it was the clear duty of England and was within the power of England" to prevent the annihilation of France as a great Power. He urged that "failing a coalition of neutral Powers to bring the war to a close, England should throw herself into the rescue of France with her whole forces, moral and material, naval and military. Let money, guns and supplies be poured into France, with the aid of the English fleet; and it may well be believed that France could turn the tide." He even advocated, if necessary, the sending of a British army to some spot in Brittany, where it could be covered by the fleet—just such an expeditionary force as was sent over the Channel in August, 1914. "Looking back after

some forty years," he writes in 1910, "with all that we now know, I still assert that this was the true, the practicable policy, in January, 1871." It would have prevented the despair which led to the French surrender, the fall of Paris, the break-up of all government, and the horrors both of the Commune and its repression. But Gladstone would have none of it—"In my opinion this was his *gran rifiuto.*"

Harrison's first married home in London became a centre for the Communist refugees. He describes them as "a singularly unpractical, unbusinesslike and ineffectual set, often nursing in exile visionary schemes and the jealousies and suspicions of rival sects. . . . They were of various types—cultivated and high-minded men who had flung themselves into the struggle on impulse—some young men of ambition who intended to become ministers or generals—some old Socialist insurgents—and some feckless enthusiasts in a state of cerebral excitement." It is no wonder that they failed. But however much Harrison might "deplore the blunders of the Commune and abhor its crimes", he was too good a Republican not to sympathize with its principle of municipal self-government and with the claim of the workingmen of Paris to take their part. He was one of the few to defend them and to insist on Englishmen hearing the other side, the barbarity of the methods employed to suppress a perfectly just attempt to establish government on a democratic basis. These are sufficiently illustrated by a single quotation from a leading French newspaper: "Forty thousand Communists only have been killed; why have the other 60,000 escaped military justice?" It was Harrison's abiding belief that the Commune, with all its horrors and its apparent failure, saved the French Republic and frustrated a monarchical reaction.

Gambetta was the French statesman for whom Harrison had the sincerest admiration. He regarded him as, in sagacity, the equal of Bismarck and Cavour, and he was his staunch defender at the time of Marshal MacMahon's attempt at reaction in 1877, which was exposed to English republican sympathizers in its true light by Harrison's letters to *The Times.* Harrison rendered the French Republic the same service again in 1888 at the time of the Boulangist conspiracy, which he described in his *Times*

letters as "simply a coalition of the enemies of the Republic, monarchic, imperialist, democratic and revolutionary, worked by a syndicate, like the Panama canal, financed by rich pretenders, who hoped to win something in the scramble . . . gathered round a melodramatic soldier who rode about Paris as if it were a circus and who had won popularity with the soldiers by official doles as Minister of War."

One final word must be added, as it illustrates not only Harrison's friendship to Republican France but also his prophetic insight. Writing in April, 1867, he said:

> The condition of Europe at this moment, by common consent, is truly ominous. The dying throes of Turkey and the ambition of Russia threaten commotion in the East. Germany is forming herself into a military empire; France is vying with her in the rivalry of arms. No man can say from whence the greater danger to order may arise. . . . For an imbroglio like this there is but one sound solution. It demands a genuine alliance of England with France; an alliance of which the avowed aim should be to promote, by peaceful and moral influences, the progress of Europe towards complete resettlement. . . . The distinct purpose of such an alliance would be to throw the whole moral and material weight of England against the actual disturber of peace, whilst placing it on the side of orderly and permanent resettlement.

And again, in December, 1870, he said:

> In spite of all our suspicions and differences France and England have long worked together in the common interests of the world. . . . With France powerless, England becomes an island with a vast scattered body of dependencies across the sea. With Prussia, with Bismarck, with military autocracy . . . we can have no such sympathy, no such common policy. We can only watch it anxiously, hoping for the best. We have stood by to see our old and natural ally suffer its Austerlitz and its Ulm. Let us trust the future has in store no Jena for ourselves.

In 1910, he adds the pregnant words: "In the 'sixties France was no danger to Europe. She is now a bulwark of peace and order."

But Harrison's Republican sympathies were not confined to Europe. He was fired by indignation at what he regarded as England's wanton attack on Japan in 1863 simply to claim redress for the killing of an English merchant who had insulted a Japanese Prince. This was, to his mind, one of the results of

Palmerston's bullying foreign policy, which in the Trent affair nearly embroiled Great Britain in war with the United States. From this catastrophe "we were saved by the good sense of Queen Victoria, of Gladstone and of Bright". What he felt himself about the Civil War is sufficiently indicated by his praise of W. E. Forster, the Quaker Yorkshireman who was later to do such fine work for the cause of primary education in England: "He was one of the leading Liberals who kept England right in the great American Civil War in 1863. His Quaker spirit came out nobly in the battle against the prejudices of British aristocrats." It was Forster who organized the impromptu meeting in St. James's Hall, London, on the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Harrison was present and records that it was "one of the grandest memorial gatherings that ever occurred in my lifetime".

He made no personal visit to the United States until many years later. In 1901, Mr. Choate, whose acquaintance he had made the previous year at Cambridge, caused the Union League Club of Chicago to invite him to go over and deliver the annual address on Washington's Birthday. The result was a visit of some weeks, extending to Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and the principal universities, greatly enjoyed and amusingly described in a lively series of letters to the wife from whom he was so seldom parted. They throw incidentally a sidelight upon Harrison's domestic and affectionate side, of which, with characteristic English reticence, his *Autobiography* says very little directly. But how strong and tender was the bond between this husband and wife in spite of a considerable disparity of years—she was his cousin and in a sense his pupil—there are many still living who could testify. He himself describes the letters as those "written by a man separated by the Atlantic from a wife from whom, in forty years of marriage, he has never kept back a thought nor an incident of his life".

After a stormy but otherwise uneventful passage, he lands in New York on February 15, 1901:

> It is impossible! "unimaginable"! "*incroyable*"! I can only write like Jingle in monosyllables. A torrent of callers, interviewers, letters, invitations, and zealous friends wherever I went! Telegrams, telephones, telesemes (you never saw these) rain day and night. Every five minutes a boy rushes in with

cards, three or four visitors in the hall and seven reporters. I tell them to bring up the friends and send off the reporters! and they bring in the pressmen and rudely dismiss the friends! Everybody I run against asks me to dine. I have been five days in this hotel and never dined in it once. . . .

Like every other European visitor, he is enchanted by the Turner-like views from the high buildings: "The General has his office in a house *twenty-six* stories high—double Queen Anne's Mansions! He is at the top, from which is a lovely wonderful view of the whole bay, river, port and city." A few days later he is in the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago:

Well, here I am at last, one thousand miles far west from the Atlantic—a city of 2,000,000, (which was a village of one hundred when I was born!) installed in much magnificence by the Club. My "suite" consists of a corner and front set looking out over the Lake; it has eight large windows,—a drawing-room thirty feet long with sofas, easy-chairs, a piano, and escritoire,—two separate toilet rooms (hot and cold), a bath-room, all under one door. I am on the seventeenth floor and not near the top.

For all his seventy years he could enjoy like a boy the novelty of his surroundings, and he was amazed at the extent to which America carries material comfort to a fine art:

It is like a pantomime or a fairy tale. My royal suite . . . is a hundred feet up, but of course no one ever sets foot on stairs up or down. I have never seen stairs in any American hotel or office. What I want are a few things, viz:—a valet, a doctor to watch my throat and to help me through turtle, oysters, terrapin and champagne; a large ante-room for visitors to wait; a groom of the chambers, and two secretaries—with these I could get round.

But, joking apart, he was immensely impressed by America, and both touched and humbled by the reverence for culture he met with. Chicago, he says, is "so little a city of corn 'deals' and pig-curing, that I heard nothing there but philanthropy, education, social improvement and art studies". From Washington he writes: "I am quite overwhelmed and confused and feel a dreadful impostor. They all treat me as if I were an 'eminent person', and I feel like Don Quixote when he was being fooled at Court as a mighty champion. Ah! when the dream is over and I wake up to find myself an average magazine writer, if not a crank!" And again, before leaving New York for home, when the Authors' Club entertained him: "Why, they talked as if I

were Carlyle, Ruskin, Gladstone and John Burns in one. I said I was hardly counted as an 'Author' at home, but as a crank who lectured a small lot of fanatics in a dingy hole."

His considered judgment of American civilization, he phrased nine years later in these words:

> For at least two generations—say for the half century since the great Civil War—America has given more to Europe of new impulse in social life than Europe has given to America. Now the United States have a population which will soon enormously exceed any single European people. That population has far more universal energy and ambition than any Europeans. In material resources they match those of all Europe put together. In the general sense of democratic equality—that is in freedom from all social and caste prejudices —they far exceed any people of Europe, even that of France. In republican simplicity, in the instinct of devotion to the common weal, and, throughout the rural masses, in sexual purity, they far surpass Europeans. But these things—mastery in material resources, devotion to the public weal, republican equality, reverence for woman—are the crucial pivots on which the future of humanity will turn. It follows, then, that the van of human progress will ultimately point towards the West.

In dwelling upon Harrison as a political thinker, cosmopolitan in his outlook though intensely British in his patriotism, I have left myself little space to touch on the many other aspects of his life and work. Most important of these, perhaps, was his great championship in the 'sixties and 'seventies of the right of workingmen to combine in trade unions. At a time when "trade unionist" was regarded as a synonym for "dangerous revolutionary", Harrison went about amongst men on strike, toured through the industrial districts, fought the men's battles in the press, represented their views on the Royal Commission of 1867, and by his Minority Report did more than any other one man to bring about the legal recognition of the unions by the Acts of 1871 and 1876. "It is difficult," he says in 1910, "to imagine the bitterness of the hostility to trades unions common in 1867," when his friend and fellow-Positivist, Professor E. S. Beesly was almost deprived of his Professorship at University College for advocating the cause of the trade unionists at Exeter Hall. The attitude of the employers and of the capitalist press he deeply resented. "It was the sense of this systematic and interested misrepresentation which roused me and others to place the

matter before the public in its true light." (The occasion was a London builders' strike in 1861 to demand "a day of nine hours' work". In the end the men won a ten hours' day with a Saturday half-holiday.)

Harrison's adoption of the Positive creed based upon Auguste Comte's philosophy, is the other main motive of his career. The meetings which led to the foundation of the Positivist Society in 1867 were held in Harrison's legal chambers. Later, when Newton Hall was founded in 1881,—rather against his better judgment, for he thought that Positivism should be rather a movement of thought, a body of men, than a localized creed with a temple of its own,—he accepted the leadership and devoted himself to the Society for twenty-five years. He was no bigot. He was the friend of Dean Stanley, of Cardinal Manning and of other religious teachers. On one occasion he attended a meeting, convened by Stanley in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, where Cardinal Manning presided: ("The last time," said Manning, "a Catholic Archbishop sate in this seat, it was Cardinal Pole.") "We then adjourned into the Abbey itself, where a short prayer, adapted to cover almost every conceivable faith, was offered up, I think by Manning. No one who has not been in our ghostly Abbey by night and seen its sombre aisles and empty chapels just faintly lit with a chance burner here and there—who has not felt himself, almost alone and in gloom, with the dust of the mighty dead—can conceive the mysterious pathos of such a visit." But neither was Harrison an opportunist, nor a conformist. When a favorite disciple of his was married in the Abbey, according to the rites of the Anglican Church, he would neither consent to give her away nor to attend the ceremony. He died as he had lived, faithful to his creed, and to the Church of Humanity. In that faith and according to its simple ceremonial his body was given to the fire, and his ashes were laid to rest with those of the wife who had died six years earlier, in the ante-chapel of his old college at Oxford.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE FIVE DIMENSIONS

BY DUDLEY H. WIGGINS

WITH A NOTE BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Once in a while a reader comes across a "startlingly original" writing, like The Book of the Damned, *for example. Then, if the thinking be original, too (and it must almost always be, if the writing is), that reader may mark the day as a festival, for he will have feasted. What we call originality is not often achieved; the true thing is precisely a thing that cannot be learned and must be native; yet it may grow (if the growth be inside the person), and it may so grow that it will explode into expression as it does in this paper by Mr. Dudley Wiggins. Mr. Wiggins is an inventor of machines and of games: he has been much given to thinking in solitude, since he graduated from Yale some decades ago. What he writes is indeed an explosion; and as for the style of the writing, it is his way, native and inevitable. Therefore is this squib but a prefatory splutter before so resounding and novel a firework.*

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

AND they waited, these five grim bondmen, in the darkness and in the empty nothingness, just as they had been waiting since the beginning—only there was no beginning, for they had always waited in this shadowy voidness—no, not even shadowy, for a shadow implies some light and some substance with which to shield the light, forming shadows. But there was no light, only blackness, and no substance whatsoever that would shield the light, which was not. But they waited with the greatest patience, for they being perfect, was their patience perfect also.

So they waited, these silent bondmen, whose names are Length, Breadth, Thickness, Time, and Space,—though when grouped together they are called Dimensions;—at least the first three are, and sometimes Time. But at the last, which is Space, our wise men balk and reel, for they know not exactly how to group it;

so they group it by itself. So they waited. And then came that Something that did conjoin and subjunct, and then disrupt these neutralized forces all through this so-called empty space, in such a manner that substance came into being; and then It hurled one mighty mass of substance against another equally great, and behold! the light was born.

And then these forceful bondmen called Dimensions began their mighty labors to guide the new-born universe: not to rule, you must know; for that Something was to rule it, you should understand. Then Length and Breadth became the parents of a plane, which guides the stars in their journeys so they shall not collide with other stars or planets round about; and Thickness shaped their substance so that they be not too large nor yet too small; and Time it telleth them exactly when to make their curves, be they circles or ellipses, so that they may avoid an interference with other people's business, which was a thing of great importance then as now, you must comprehend. And Space, he seemed to be a kind of host, most concerned that every one should have a proper place in which to whirl about and have a certain orbit, which of course he could not do, you see, without the help of Time.

And now was mortal man created, or evolved, from those very elements of which the earth itself was made, and in a hollow rounded bone which he doth call his head was placed a substance most cleverly devised and compounded, which may in a manner guide his actions; but at that, man he hath no great distinction, for surely almost every living thing that hath bones at all hath a rounded one which hath a brain inside, and which is called his head. And sometimes when I look upon these creature things, these beasts and birds, and even bugs, and see how their difficulties and deficiencies they must adroitly overcome, and with what seeming wisdom they mold the natural things of earth to their purpose and convenience, I find myself most gravely wondering if man, with his mighty brain, should he one of these things be, would survive at all.

But in man there was something else, for that Something that had made the sun and moon and stars gave just a little spark of something to each and every man, and that something it was not

of earthly matter, and it is called his mind. And that Something called the mighty bondmen whom It had used with results so perfect in building up the universe, and bid them be in waiting when mortal man should need them; that is, when he willed to use his brain and mind. But It also bid them not to volunteer their service, for reasons of Its own, but to wait most patiently until they loudly should be called.

Now when I intimate that man with only his three-dimension brain hath no knowledge of Time and Space, I must make a certain explanation, for he really hath a certain knowledge of these two last Dimensions, and it is as the mathematic guide-books explain to us, Time and Space can be indicated by the proper use of the Dimensions Length, Breadth, and Thickness; as for instance, man by the use of his three-dimension brain hath gained most accurate knowledge of a certain Place or Space, and then at a certain well-calculated Time—that is, when the police are far away—he doth go to this Space at the aforesaid Time and souse himself, and then depart in a path consisting mostly of angles and of circles and of ellipses, and altogether it is of a most intricate mathematical design, though the details be most imperfect, to a Place called bed or thereabouts, at a Time long past the middle of the night. But this man he hath no knowledge of the real dimensions Time and Space at all, but is only acting on the prompting of his three-dimension brain, which merely guides him as to ways and means to obtain what he conceives he wants. But then, as to conceiving Time and Space as real Dimensions, 'tis sad but true that even our wise men shy away from that.

And so these mighty bondmen waited, waiting with that same patience with which they had always waited, until these mortal men should call.

But as to man, when times did come when he should use his mind, instead he did reel and stagger and fall back upon his brain. Now was this Something that had made the sun and moon and stars NOT wroth with mortal man at all, for it was a most natural circumstance; for remember mortal man in some shape or form had had a brain for many million years, and in a manner was familiar with its usage; but this mind-gift from this Something, it was new and strange, and he was at a loss to know

exactly how to use it, even as you and I, if some friend would present us with some contraption new and strange to us, should hesitate to use it, but would rather, for a while at least, use something else with which we already have had much experience.

So man continued through much existence making but little use of this most precious gift that that Something had meted out to him. And then came that thing that we call Trouble.

Now Trouble is a subject I am most afraid to talk about, because I will present it in a manner most catawampus to the accepted thought. This Trouble is such a thing that when it happens man is wont to curse and rave and use sacred words most profanely, and weep and moan and talk about hard luck, or talk most foolishly about the anger of that Something that made the universe. Now all this most disjointed thinking is the prompting of his three-dimension brain, for he would not think thus had he used his mind.

Now when man did first begin his contemplations and his meditations he did become most poignantly aware that there existed five major magnitudes among which he had his being and which did have much influence in everything he did.

His first meditation resolved itself into a realization, which thereupon he did formulate into a clear conception, thus—that a certain length doth exist between himself and a distant object, and therefore that length doth exist between any two distant points or objects. And then, as a result of further meditation and reflection, he did conceive that there existed flatness, on which he did walk and carry on his ordinary operations. And then he did purify this realization until the conception of perfect utter flatness came into being, which he did call a plane. And then he did realize after he had climbed the hills that rested on a flatness, and had dug below this flatness in the ground, that there was a thing called thickness, which term he used to denote the clear conception of "solidity".

Now as a second thought, and therefore after-thought, he did delve and search for some proper means to indicate by words or markings these clear and separate conceptions that he did have within his brain, for he did perceive that all things in their separate or uncombined state be most simple, and perforce one's

reflection upon such things must soon reach an end; but if he could by some sort of markings identify these conceptions at all times, he felt he could combine these separate entities into some sort of formula and then combine this formula with symbols representing others, and thus make a thing that though it be abstract, it in a manner might represent a concrete thing; as, for instance, it might represent the growing from a seed of some mighty tree, which seed, on combining with certain elements of the earth and then with some components of the atmosphere, did from a small and comparatively simple beginning produce a structure of most lofty proportions and complex design. And he did also note that things in their simple, uncombined state did represent not life nor yet death, but rather be suggestive of life yet to come into being. And he did see, though but vaguely, that these continuous and elaborative combinations represented progressive life, and that there did exist the possibility that unprogressive life may be a stage preceding death and dissolution into the separate entities of which the thing be composed. And finally, he did most correctly realize that his conceptions of length, breadth, and thickness be at the bottom, or be the very beginning in some manner, of all things that there are.

Then did the mighty bondmen, Length, Breadth, and Thickness, leap to his aid, and right gently did they seek to show the path his brain should follow to comprehend the exact relationship of one thing to another.

And Length did show him that if it be moved in a certain manner it would represent a plane, which would have width. And Breadth did show him that if the plane be moved perpendicularwise it would represent a thickness, which doth represent the conception of solidity. And Thickness did then discourse on cubes and spheres and cones. And the three together did even show him how by the projection and expansion of these three dimensions one could solve problems in the realms of time and space, such as the course and movements of the sun and other heavenly bodies. And they did solve the mysteries for him of ellipses and of sines and cosines and of loci and of logarithms and of ratios, and the proper symbols of all these things and of all their inter-relationships, until man's brain did almost

cease to function; and though he could most clearly see that there be much more to learn, he felt that to give further sober thought to these subjects must be well beyond his power. And then Length and Breadth and Thickness demonstrated to him how to draw correct proportions from these dimensions, that would fit any situation; and then they did show him that the realization of absurd proportions be the basis of humor, and that humor doth invigorate the brain; and that man was made for sober thought, and that humor be such an aid to sober thought that it be almost sober thought itself.

But in spite of all this knowledge that he had acquired, he felt there be something lacking; it be most unsatisfying. This knowledge it be so cold and mathematical that it seemed to lack some human element, the nature of which he could not formulate. And he did feel that morally he be in a plane; and a plane, of course, be something that hath no real existence except in one's conception and imagination, and it be not a thing of real use or benefit until it have a thickness and thus be a thing of substance. And he would have prayed to the gods of time and space to help him in his perplexity were it not that he felt he was already quite well versed in all matters pertaining to these things. So he did pray to some unknown God for light and a vision that be clear; and his answer be, the Holy Bible.

Now the Bible, though containing other things, be principally the book of the knowledge of Good and Evil. Now Good and Evil be terms most broad, for Good means primarily moral righteousness; secondarily wisdom; and thirdly practicality. And Evil, likewise, meaneth moral unrighteousness, then folly, and finally impracticality. But there be such perfect coördination between righteousness, wisdom, and practicality that they wellnigh amount to the selfsame thing, for nothing may be morally righteous that be either unwise or impractical. But there be no such coördination between moral evil and its lesser phases of folly and impracticality, for one may do foolish and impractical things merely because he be ignorant, and he may have the utmost of good intentions; therefore if a contemplated action doth not yield itself to coördination, one should at least be suspicious that it be evil, for it be most certain that a thing to

be truly good must be the conjunction of moral righteousness, wisdom, and practicality, and it be a way of conjunctivities that they only conjunct at certain times and places; therefore the knowledge of Good and Evil be the knowledge of real Time and Space.

Now there exists no inherent evil at all in man's brain, which doth function by the knowledge of the first three dimensions, for any thought or word or action whatsoever of any normal man be really neither morally good nor evil, but be a purely cold, impersonal mathematical proposition, in which there existeth neither crime nor virtue; and then I put abstractly Love, Hate, Killing, Stealing, Giving, Lies, and Truth, all in the self-same category; and I conceive that abstractly no one of these has the least advantage over any other. But when these abstract so-called crimes and virtues are projected into the fourth and fifth dimensions—meaning Time and Place—a so-called crime may become a virtue and a so-called virtue then become a crime. And I assert that at the proper time and place it be a most righteous thing to kill and lie and steal—as, for instance, when man in mortal combat during war for God and country should kill all he can, with of course a certain deference to the laws of war; and, for instance, if a friend should most accidentally injure you, you should of course cunningly contrive some lie to lead him to believe that he hath injured you not at all. And again, if you know a man hath a gun or other weapon which he is about to use to commit some evil deed, it is your duty to steal that gun or weapon if you can. And, on the other hand, if a man doth Love at a most improper time and place, any man or woman knoweth that it be a thing most unholy. And as to Generosity, or Giving, it certainly be bad taste, or vice, or even crime, to give to those who hold positions of authority, such as judges, legislators, and other public officers; and it is certain that it be a fearful thing that a judge should tender be when his heart it should be of flint. So man, merely for the convenience of his mind, doth group these aforesaid mathematical abstractities under the captions Crimes and Virtues.

Now under Crimes are grouped all men's actions which, through habit or predilection, and as a rule, he doth most often

put into specific action at a most improper time and place; as, for instance, killing, lying, and stealing are almost always brought to action at the wrong time and place, and therefore, as I said, are classed as Crimes. And, on the other hand, Love, Generosity, and Truth are classed among the Virtues merely because man doth most often practice these things, by desire and habit, at the right time and place. In fact, the Holy Bible be most explicit, for it saith: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven."

Now, man's brain, as I have implied before, be that with which he doth coördinate the first three dimensions, together with their expansions and projections, into ordinary time and space; and thus doth he form certain judgments. But knowledge of real Time and Space be the prerogative of the mind, for the knowledge of these two things be the knowledge of Good and Evil; for all the promptings of the brain be cold, impersonal, mathematical propositions, and one's mind is a battle-field on which the forces of Good and Evil do carry on their combat, an Armageddon, upon the result of which the soul be won or lost.

Now I wish to make it clear that the magnitudes of time and space be not regarded or classified as mathematical dimensions, for almost all that they signify mathematically may be represented by some elaboration or projection of the preceding three. But they be most certainly philosophical dimensions.

Now space be a thing, as Aristotle says, "that without which bodies could not exist, but itself (space) continuing to exist when bodies cease to exist"; space doth possess magnitude, or extension, though itself be not a body. "For in case it were a body, then two bodies would exist in the same place." But this description be most non-illuminative, for it be but the formulation of the obvious. Berkeley holds that space be a mental construction due to the gradual coördination of sensations, especially of sight and motion; which meaneth that if a man doth see a ball proceeding through the air, he doth thereupon coördinate his sensations of sight and motion and conclude that space doth exist—otherwise the ball it could not move; which explanation leaneth to the doctrine that space be merely emptiness or voidness, as Newton saith; which definition seems to me

most faulty, because, for instance, if a fish be swimming in an aquarium it be obvious that there be no empty space, though there most certainly be motion. And it be most certain that certain space doth exist regardless of his sensations of sight and motion, and any motion or any lack of motion be no necessary attribute of space; and while a blind man comprehendeth space by some motion of his arm or body, yet the definition be not distinctive, as all things whatsoever are comprehended by the coördination of one or all our senses.

Now man hath lately learned that there be no empty space, for that space that he did once regard as empty be filled with ether, which be a material thing, for it doth vibrate, it doth carry heat and light, and its vibratory waves have various amplitudes, including width as well as length. Therefore, the universe it be a material thing, one vast mass of substance; but of greatly varying densities. An empty space, it be a figment of one's imagination, which like infinity may merely be formulated but not attained in practice; which leaveth Newton somewhat high and dry, and we be compelled to go back to Aristotle, who did most safely formulate the obvious when he defined space as that without which bodies could not exist—which be synonymous with:—Space be that which giveth bodies opportunity to exist; and a certain place be a certain space where certain bodies be.

Now a worm doth most tortuously make his way through some hard and rocky ground, and at last he doth reach some watery ooze, and then he saith: "Now this be what I call space, this be opportunity; for in this I can squirm at will, and carry out all my preconceived designs." And a fish doth flip and flop in this ooze until he doth reach the water, and then he feeleth that he hath reached real space, for he can swim up or down or any other way that doth suit his notion. And a man may by some mischance be imbedded in earth or mud or immersed in water; but when he doth reach the air and standeth on the solid ground, he doth exclaim: "Now this be really space! In it I may run and jump, and build my house, and carry on almost any operation that my brain tells me be most practicable. This be opportunity!" But he be not in real space at all, for he be surrounded

by air and ether. So one may call space that place where one may carry out some preconceived design without insurmountable obstruction,—and thus make no mention of the material bodies which already do occupy that place or space; or, as has been said, it be opportunity.

Now time be a thing that, so far as one's body be concerned, be of only one kind, and that of course be present time, for he can with his body do nothing whatsoever with time that be past or with time that be yet to come; but with one's mind he may bring back the past and reflect upon it as though it be the present. And he may reach forward and bring the future to the present, and speculate upon what may happen later by reason of what may have happened in the past.

Now man's mind be that within which he doth conceive the right time and place to put into execution the conclusions and dictates of his brain; and, as I have said before, the right time and place for the execution of any design the brain may conceive be the time and place of the conjunction of the principles of Righteousness, Wisdom, and Practicality that do relate to that design.

But saith my listener: "Now before you leave this subject, I would like to ask this question: May a most well-intentioned Blunderbuss be called a righteous man? I cannot longer hold my peace, for I have a personal interest in the matter, as I be most suspicious that owing to the great exertion you do make to clarify to me the mysteries of the mind, you think that mine be a thing of no great extent; and it may be possible that you be right, for in your discourse you be seemingly correct in spots—though I think there be much of the dimension length between the aforesaid spots."

So I answer him quite frankly: A well-intentioned Blunderbuss be not a righteous man. A Blunderbuss be simply a Blunderbuss, and as for righteousness he be quite impersonal, like a chair or table; for the name Blunderbuss be quite descriptive in itself, and needs no qualifying words except such as do in a manner calibrate to what extent he doth carry on his blunderbussing; and it be the name of a gun now obsolete, which, though it did thunder most mightily, the mark it was rarely hit; and

it hath a certain streak of onomatopœia, for blunder doth rhyme with thunder, which be well recognized as sounding like the same, and a Blunderbuss doth thunder when he should hold his peace, and his thundering doth usually end in some kind of sickly muss. Now as to good intentions, there be a saying that doth imply that the road to hell be paved with good intentions,—though on analysis its force it doth peter out; for if the road to hell be paved with good intentions then it be quite obvious that the road from hell be also paved with the same material, though the slant be somewhat upward; and all I gather from this saying be that good intentions be so common and so cheap that they be used for paving roads, and that a well-paved highway doth exist to that most unsalubrious clime—a thing which be most common knowledge.

Now in order further to help your mind (for the improvement of your mind doth lie on mine as heavy as a brick), I will apply these principles that be involved in the five dimensions to some common thing that we be much addicted to, although they be involved in everything we do.

Now the thing, the most common thing, that people think they know all about is talk, for verily they have talked unceasingly, starting, thereabouts, when they were two years old; and if they are alive, and can use their tongues at all, they are talking yet. So I will, for demonstrative purposes, apply the five dimensions to a speech. Now a man, if a speech he hath to make, should of course, we both agree, consider first the very first dimension,—"length". His speech should not be too long, nor yet too short, but proportioned to the importance of the matter that he hath in his head. Next he should consider the second dimension, which is "width"—which meaneth "breadth". Now the breadth of one's remarks should be somewhat proportioned to their length, and also suggestive of the "solid" that should be coming next, for if your remarks thus far have only "length" and "breadth", which the mathematic guide-book saith constitute a plane, and a plane in its truest sense is flat,—so somewhat to relieve the beginning of your speech of "flatness" it has to be at least suggestive of the substance of what you mean to say. Now the man having conceived the proper

"length" and the proper "breadth" of this speech should next consider the third dimension, which is "thickness", which meaneth "substance"—that is, the real solid thing he hath to say. So if a man do make a speech, with due regard to its real dimensions of "length" and "breadth" and "substance", and the substance be of first-class quality,—which, of course, is not a dimension but an attribute—

But now I am interrupted in my discourse by an awful noise. —"What is this tedious thing you do now? You are spouting wisdom which, though true, was all enunciated long ago, in fact long before you were born, or thought of; and if you should die at once, your place in Reason and Philosophy would not, to put it mildly, be unfillable. Of course, if a man do consider all these things that you do mention he would make a perfect speech;—it is absurd the way you carry on!"

But is it absurd? Remember, I am only partly through my discourse. I spoke of five dimensions; and how in the name of common sense can a man talk about the fourth and fifth dimensions unless he first do make some passing mention of the other three, that people do or should know all about? And furthermore, I say that a man doth not make a perfect speech if he use only these three dimensions properly, because it would then be a perfect speech in a most restricted way, and perfection that is qualified is perfection not at all.

Now the fourth dimension it is Time. Now Time, mark you, is a real dimension when it concerneth speech, for there be many speeches which certainly be wellnigh perfect, only they were spoken at a most unseemly time; all of which you know.

And the fifth dimension is one of Space, which meaneth "place" for all human practicability; and the dimension Space, which meaneth "place", hath much to do with speech, for a speech may otherwise be perfect, except it be spoken in a most outlandish place for such a speech as that;—all of which you know.

Now, knowing all these things so well, it is quite evident that on occasion you can talk in five dimensions, and if one can talk in five dimensions it follows surely that he can think in five dimensions; but you don't most always talk in five dimensions,

for I have heard you, though I know not what goes on within your head—for quite often you do talk in only one dimension, that is length. That is, you just talk and talk and talk, saying nothing—nothing that any other man could make head nor tail of, though it might mean something to yourself;—which is a speech having but one dimension, "length".

Then again, when you do feel a little better, you do talk a certain "length" and also your talk hath a certain broadness; but lacking "substance",—meaning "thickness",—your speech is seeming flat, the substance, meaning "thickness", doubtless being in your head.

And again, feeling very much improved, you do talk with due respect to the three dimensions of "length" and "breadth" and "thickness", but you really do poorly, for you disregard both "time" and "space". For instance,—suppose you speak at proper "length" and "breadth" and "substance" on how to make a saw, and all men say it is a most wonderful discourse on how to make a saw; but suppose you make this speech most wonderful at the funeral of a friend, thus disregarding both dimensions of "time" and "space", then would the people say, "Surely this man hath lost his mind."

Then suppose sometime you conceive a most brilliant speech of a patriotic nature and you be determined to make it square with all the dimensions that I have spoken of, and you conceive it quite properly, for it surely is of proper "length" and "breadth" and "substance"; and being of a patriotic nature you deliver it on July the Fourth, which is the proper "time" for such a speech; and for the dimension "space", which meaneth "place", you select a cider barrel standing on its end, which in lieu of something better is really not so bad for "place";—and so your speech goes right well, and you do get most thunderous applause, which is really because your speech it squares so well with the five dimensions, including "place", of course. But now suppose an accident doth happen, the top of the cider barrel doth cave in, and you do continue speechifying up to your waist in cider,—the speech of course it loses force on account of a very slight change of place.

"Now," saith my listener, "the way you undertake to improve

my mind I find most painful, and it doth remind me of the dentist-man when he doth improve my teeth; and I believe I'd rather serve a term in jail, and thus get away from this mathematic stuff."

That would not solve your troubles, for a term in jail be a strictly mathematic proposition; for a jail hath length and breadth and thickness, and a certain capacity, small but ample for its purpose; and although there be an amplitude of time there be a scarcity of space.

"Well, at least I can go home and go to bed; and although a bed be a flatness having length and breadth, as I be a much-exhausted man mayhap I may sleep a dreamless sleep for a season, and thus be unconscious of all things that there are,—including the five dimensions."

So, as I have no listener, I be compelled to close my discourse.

DUDLEY H. WIGGINS.

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY: POET AND CRITIC

BY LLEWELLYN JONES

It may be substantially true, as Emerson said, that:

> One accent of the Holy Ghost
> This heedless world hath never lost, . . .

but the world has grown appreciably more heedless since Emerson wrote, with relatively fewer people in it who have time to do the necessary sifting for the authentic accents. For a few years I was almost afraid that the heedless world was going to lose the precious little collection of poetry which was published after the death of Adelaide Crapsey, especially as in one large city bookstore I saw copies of the first edition of her little book, *Verse*, put on a ten cent table. But now that the volume has been reissued it is to be hoped that its intrinsic worth will overcome the world's heedlessness, and that Adelaide Crapsey will take her place as one of the outstanding woman poets of the day—a place beside Emily Dickinson and Alice Meynell, surpassing the one in self-conscious technique, and linked to the other by the fact that she was critic as well as poet, but in the company of both not only because she wrote beautiful poetry but because it is the poetry not of mere imagery but of the adventure of the spirit: the more important part of Miss Crapsey's verse dealing with the greatest adventure of all: the meeting, foreknown and awaited, with inevitable death.

That Adelaide Crapsey should have been a spiritually courageous person is not surprising to those people who know her father, Dr. Algernon Crapsey, one of the illustrious heretics of his day, a man with burning convictions and a sufferer through his expression of them. His daughter Adelaide was born in 1878, and died of tuberculosis in 1914. After her graduation from Vassar she studied at the School of Archæology in Rome, and then took up teaching as a means of livelihood, and as a life

work entered upon an elaborate study of English metrics—of which I shall have more to say later.

She wrote much poetry in her earlier years, but the most part being occasional, she destroyed it, and the verse she left behind her was gathered together during the last year of her life—spent at Saranac Lake in a vain effort to fight tuberculosis. Much of it indeed was written during that period—the poetry of death written by one who did not, like the average poet, think of death but who saw it coming and who deliberately shaped her sheaf of poems as a memorial:

> Wouldst thou find my ashes? Look
> In the pages of my book;
> And, as these thy hand doth turn,
> Know here is my funeral urn.

Miss Crapsey was a pagan in the classical rather than in the popular sense of the word, and she would have her funeral urn a thing of beauty. And so around it we find a wreath of blossoms of poetry, a small flower of a new shape: Cinquains, she called them, and they may be described as little poems that do, under the law of English prosody, what the *hokkus* and similar forms do for Japan. Of course our "free verse" writers try to write actual *hokkus* and *tankas* in English, but the results are disappointing, as there is no magic for us in a mere arbitrary number of syllables. But Miss Crapsey did not merely count syllables, but devised her five line poems in an iambic series, adapted to decoration, as in *Blue Hyacinth*—

> In your
> Curled petals what ghosts
> Of blue headlands and seas,
> What perfumed immortal breath sighing
> Of Greece;

—but decoration with a far-reaching suggestiveness—and equally adapted to moods, as in *Night Winds:*

> The old
> Old winds that blew
> When chaos was, what do
> They tell the clattered trees that I
> Should weep?

or, like some of the smallest of William Blake's engravings, envisaging the largest spaces:

THE GRAND CANYON

By Zeus!
Shout word of this
To the eldest dead! Titans,
Gods, Heroes, come who have once more
A home!

But even in these cinquains the poet writes of her own death:

THE WARNING

Just now,
Out of the strange
Still dusk . . . as strange, as still . . .
A white moth flew. Why am I grown
So cold?

Not only the beauty of these cinquains but the novelty of their form, fitting in as it did with the fashion for experimentation, gained for them a relative popularity, and when Miss Crapsey is quoted in anthologies the cinquains are usually chosen. But that, perhaps, is not fair to her other work, which ranges from an almost tempestuous joy in life, as seen in the two first poems of her book, written in 1905 and celebrating—

Desire on first fulfillment's radiant edge,—

to a grappling with death which is prophetic in her poem of 1909 on John Keats:

Meet thou the event
And terrible happening of
Thine end: for thou art come
Upon the remote, cold place
Of ultimate dissolution and
With dumb, wide look
Thou, impotent, dost feel
Impotence creeping on
Thy potent soul. Yea, now, caught in
The aghast and voiceless pain
Of death, thyself doth watch
Thyself becoming naught.

Between the days of that prophecy and the days when Miss Crapsey wrote a similar poem about herself, the record is one of lyric joy, with a gleam here and there of a delicate humor. One sees the latter—with a sidelight on her poetic tastes, perhaps—in the lines addressed, in Fiesole, to Walter Savage Landor:

> Ah, Walter, where you lived I rue
> These days come all too late for me;
> What matter if her eyes are blue
> Whose rival is Persephone?

But we must pass over the lyrics—one or two of them suggesting Walter de la Mare—and come to that poem which is perhaps Miss Crapsey's most remarkable achievement. As she had written of the death of Keats in the cemetery of Caius Cestius, so in 1914 she addressed other dead, the dead who from the Saranac cemetery, in sight of her own room, taunted her with her human restlessness, and whom she, in turn, taunts with their stillness. The gesture is a magnificent one and probably unique in literature. A living woman, doomed, and writing a poem with this title:

TO THE DEAD IN THE GRAVEYARD UNDERNEATH MY WINDOW

[Written in a moment of exasperation]

> How can you lie so still? All day I watch,
> And never a blade of all the green sod moves
> To show where restlessly you turn and toss,
> Or fling a desperate arm or draw up knees
> Stiffened and aching from their long disuse;
> I watch all night, and not one ghost comes forth
> To take its freedom of the midnight hour.
> Oh, have you no rebellion in your bones?
> The very worms must scorn you where you lie,
> A pallid, mouldering, acquiescent folk,
> Meek habitants of unresented graves.
> Why are you there in your straight row on row,
> Where I must ever see you from my bed,
> That in your mere dumb presence iterate
> The text so weary in my ears, "Lie still
> And rest; be patient and lie still and rest."
> I'll not be patient! I will not lie still!

There is a brown road runs between the pines,
And further on the purple woodlands lie,
And still beyond blue mountains lift and loom;
And I would walk the road and I would be
Deep in the wooded shade and I would reach
The windly mountain tops that touch the clouds.
My eyes may follow but my feet are held.
Recumbent as you others, must I too
Submit? Be mimic of your movelessness
With pillow and counterpane for stone and sod?
And if the many sayings of the wise
Teach of submission, I will not submit,
But with a spirit all unreconciled
Flash an unquenched defiance to the stars.
Better it is to walk, to run, to dance,
Better it is to laugh and leap and sing,
To know the open skies of dawn and night,
To move untrammeled down the flaming noon,
And I will clamor it through weary days
Keeping the edge of deprivation sharp,
Nor with the pliant speaking of my lips
Of resignation, sister to defeat.
I'll not be patient. I will not lie still.

And in ironic quietude who is
The despot of our days and lord of dust
Needs but, scarce heeding, wait to drop
Grim casual comment on rebellion's end;
"*Yes, yes. . . . Wilful and petulant but now*
As dead and quiet as the others are."
And this each body and ghost of you hath heard
That in your graves do therefore lie so still.

From such finality as that it is perhaps well to turn to that part of Miss Crapsey's work which being prosaic is not final—which may be carried on by others. Her critical work consisted, as has been said, of an ambitious attempt to elucidate the subject of English metrics, and it was not quite completed at her death: but enough was done so that the path can be followed by others. Her book is entitled *A Study in English Metrics*, and it is perhaps unique among such studies in that it takes the great body of metrical knowledge, sifts from it the essentials, and builds from them. Miss Crapsey's own contribu-

tion is an analysis which shows that what we may call the prosodic complexion of English poetry—its variety and freedom—depends not only upon its metre but upon the type of vocabulary that is adapted to that metre. Her commentators have spoken as if her work was difficult of comprehension, but this is a false appearance, due to the tabulations with which its exposition is accompanied. To understand it we have merely to remember that English metre has laws of its own which are not the laws of the Latins and Greeks. In the past we have been told that English metre paralleled Greek metre with this difference; that whereas, for instance, the iambic movement in Greek was a succession of two-syllable feet in which each first syllable was short and each second syllable long, in English the corresponding metre was made when each first syllable was unaccented and each second syllable accented. And having learned this we were then taught that good poetry consisted in lines which did not obey that law but took various exceptions to it: weak stress, inverted stress, substitution, equivalence, and what not. The result was not only confusing, but when the free verse writers said that all the combinations of "feet" having been used up by preceding poets, free verse was the only way out, their case sounded very plausible.

Now the truth about English metre is that it is based on time, not time in the sense of each syllable having a definite quantity as Greek syllables had, but time in the musical sense of the word. English verse is made by any succession of syllables which can be recited to a beat; this beat being marked in the case of accentual metres by an accented syllable, and in the case of blank verse by a syllable which is "long" rather than accented,—for the two are not synonymous,—or even by the knowledge in the mind of the reader that the time-beat is on a certain syllable. Thus in the line:

I do remember an apothecary

we do not accent each even-numbered syllable: to do so would be to give a mechanical and falsifying rendering of the line; but we have to know that the metrical beat comes on those syllables, or else the line would be prose to us.

What Miss Crapsey has proved is that the difference between the music of one English poet and another is in large part due to their differing vocabularies, predominantly monosyllabic, moderately polysyllabic, and highly polysyllabic. The reason for this is that whenever a poet uses words of more than two syllables he is using words which have each not only an accented syllable which can mark the beat but also a syllable carrying secondary accent—which may also be used to mark the beat or which may set up a new variety of music within the line. And this new factor alters all our bases for comparing the metrical side of one poet's work with that of another. For instance *Mother Goose* used a vocabulary predominantly monosyllabic—many of her poems being wholly so. On the other hand a poet so admired for his technical dexterity as Swinburne is seen, through Miss Crapsey's tables, to work with a predominantly monosyllabic vocabulary; in *Chastelard*, indeed, the percentage of monosyllables almost approaching that of *Mother Goose*—the average occurrence of polysyllables in that poem being only 1.57. Now it is obvious that Swinburne's technical problems will be much simpler than those of such poets as Milton and Francis Thompson, who use an extremely polysyllabic vocabulary, running from seven to nine per cent of words of three syllables and over (and also a large proportion of dissyllables). Between these two extremes is the medium type of vocabulary, such as was used by Pope and Tennyson. We can best see how these differences of vocabulary affect verse structure by quoting Miss Crapsey direct. After certain technical considerations, she proceeds:

> Concisely given the issue is this: When the verse is in duple rhythm (rising) the occurrence of every word over two syllables in length except mid-stress trisyllables will, if the "normal" dissyllabic foot is to be kept, force the occurrence of a syllable carrying secondary word-accent in the verse-accent place: *e.g.:* "To whom | thus Mi|chael. | Death thou | hast seen." P. L. XI. 466.

And Miss Crapsey goes on to show how the occurrence or non-occurrence of secondary word accent affects other kinds of "feet".

As applied to actual poetic criticism her insight shows us how impossible it is to compare two poets who do not work in the

same vocabulary. Tennyson cannot be compared, as has been attempted, with Milton:

> Milton deals with the problems that I have indicated as inherent in a vocabulary of extreme structural complexity; his greater variety of word forms imposes upon him all the difficulties of their manipulation, problems of weighting, of the management of the delicate and treacherous secondary accent syllables, and with these, since it is verse in duple rhythm, the question of variant feet. These things, if present for Tennyson, are far less acutely present and with the change in the basic condition of the vocabulary, the whole weighting and balance of the line change.

And Miss Crapsey takes an even more salient example from some criticism of Professor Gilbert Murray. That scholar, writing of what English poetry may learn from the Greek, says that metrical rhythm is one thing. Swinburne, he says, can capture the sort of rhythm needed for professed imitations of the Greek, in such work as

> She is cold and her habit is lowly. . . .

After quoting the whole stanza, he says, "This has a strong clear rhythm, full of majesty and sweetness," and he goes on to compare unfavorably with it "the most admired lyrics in *Samson Agonistes*":

> God of our fathers, what is man?

and

> This, this is he: softly a while
> Let us not break in upon him. . . .
> Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,
> That heroic, that renowned
> Irresistible Samson, whom unarmed
> No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand? . . .

And of this poetry Professor Murray says: "But surely it is clear that the rhythm is exceedingly obscure and utterly unlyrical in quality?"

As I have spoken already of Miss Crapsey's rare humor, and as its occasional humor is perhaps the most human thing about prosodic discussion, I may quote her answer rather fully:

> Professor Murray is in all these matters of the elect, "a Roman of Rome, and very well thought of in heaven"; yet may I, even with a little deco-

rous impishness, suggest that his words concerning Milton have a familiar sound . . . "one of the poems upon which much praise has been bestowed . . . of which the diction is harsh . . . the numbers unpleasing" . . . and thus, remembering that the great Doctor himself on occasions erred, gather courage for disagreement?

Setting aside the question of Greek metres (about which I, all wofully, know nothing) and holding to the question of English metres, in English poetry after all undeviatingly the main concern, the issue raised by any such statement seems to be this: The lines quoted by Professor Murray from Swinburne are in triple rhythm and it is Swinburne's handling of this rhythm that, at any rate "as far as metre is concerned", is oftenest given the unqualified enthusiasm of which I have spoken. It leaps to the mind in instant question —am I then to suppose that Swinburne's technique in triple rhythm is held to be, in general, comparable to the Miltonic technique in duple rhythm? It is for me an effort to phrase or squarely envisage a notion so bewildering. Yet Professor Murray seems to make the comparison—and to the discomfiture of Milton. If imperturbability is for a moment wind-blown by gusty amazements, it will I hope be forgiven me. After all there is difficulty in remaining imperturbable when one whose scholarship imposes an all wistful deference is heard saying that he "can imagine" it possible that one may "even enjoy" the rhythm of the *Samson* choruses.

The beauty of Miss Crapsey's analysis is that it not only shows us the real subtlety of English forms, but also that by placing our poets in sequence, as regards vocabulary, Milton coming at the end of a sequence of writers in duple metre and Swinburne at the beginning of a sequence, it has a heuristic value, for in its light we may predict that, assuming the main stream of English poetry to flow on, and not spread out in a swamp of free verse, we can surely say that the coming development in prosody is a mastery in triple metres—or even in quadruple—of those technical problems of a polysyllabic vocabulary which Milton mastered, working in his duple rhythms.

At any rate Miss Crapsey has left behind her the broad outlines for a treatment of English prosody which promises real results, and it is especially heartening that this exact and scientific inquiry should have been made by one who was also a poet of indubitable inspiration.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN MUSIC IN PARIS AND IN VIENNA

BY DARIUS MILHAUD

[EDITORIAL NOTE:—Darius Milhaud is one of the most distinguished of contemporary French composers. He is the leader of that little band of Parisian radicals, the celebrated *Groupe des six*, who represent the newest tendencies in French music. The "Six" comprised originally five men and one woman: Germaine Taillifer, Darius Milhaud, Arthur Honegger, Francis Poulenc, Georges Auric, and Louis Durey. But Durey dropped out. And now, as if to compensate for his apostasy, the Group includes a kindred spirit in another art: Monsieur Jean Cocteau, the poet and essayist, who had much to do with their beginnings. They are all young, these much-discussed innovators—the oldest of the present group, Arthur Honegger, is only thirty, and the youngest, Georges Auric, is under twenty-five. Yet they have succeeded in attracting almost as much attention as Debussy did a generation ago when he set the musical world of Paris by the ears with his then revolutionary *Prélude à L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*. Monsieur Milhaud himself was born at Aix in Provence, France, September 4, 1892. He was educated at the College of Aix, at the same time studying violin and string-quartet-writing twice a week. After obtaining his bachelor's degree, he went to Paris, and at the Conservatoire attended the classes of Berthelier in violin, Xavier Leroux in harmony, Gedalge in counterpoint, and Widor in fugue and composition. In 1915 he obtained the Lepaulle composition prize with his sonata for two violins and piano. During the war, he was employed on missions from the French Government to the United States. He spent 1917 and 1918 in Brazil as attaché to the French Legation at Rio de Janeiro (with Paul Claudel). In 1919, on his return to Paris, he and his companions organized concerts and performances in Paris and elsewhere. In 1920–22 he visited England, Italy, Poland, Austria, and Holland. He has just concluded a concert-giving and lecture tour in the United States. The long list of his compositions includes operas, choral works, symphonies, chamber-music, piano pieces, and songs.]

JEAN COCTEAU, in his book, *Le Coq et l'Arlequin*, speaking of the evolution of modern music, writes:—"We cannot prevent a river from flowing." Music develops, continues, and transforms itself with such speed that some listeners and critics cry out that a revolution has come, and halt in the middle of the road.

Because they are lost is no reason why the music itself should be lost. But it is quite natural that those who experience a revolution and only are catching a glimpse of what is being done, cannot at once appreciate the essential and continuous line which binds all the different means of musical expression. Neither can they conceive the tremendous labor, the endless and painful effort which results in the complete blossoming of the new work, where easiness and spontaneity are but the fruit of long and steady thinking, aided by a thorough technique. Neither will the public or the critic admit: "I don't understand." Nor will they try to make the necessary effort for its comprehension. They will just say, "The author is crazy." Then, sometimes, when captivated by the novelty of the work, they will believe in its total overthrow; they will say that this musician has reinvented music, etc.

Nonsense!

The river to which Cocteau alludes, flows with sureness. Its source is known.

It may pursue its course through valleys whose contours are constantly changing, but its goal is always the same, and, as far as it goes, never loses its initial contact. I may assert that there is no modern manifestation of musical thought, free as it may be, which is not the outcome of a solid tradition and which does not also open a new and logical path to the future.

One cannot invent tradition. One can only accept and bear it, and work on it. It depends not only upon the taste, personal tendencies, or fancy of the musician, upon the influences or preferences in his life, but above all it depends upon his race. There, indeed, lie deep and terribly powerful influences which open to the musician the paths where he is bound to let his fancy wander. It has been said that Art has no fatherland. This only means one thing. For every sensitive nature, every human work will be alive and attractive, as long as it is fully realized, and this is true whatever be the composer's nationality. But each country, each race, possesses a rich past that weighs on the mind of an artist, and the deep and opposite tendencies of the different races may be found in every musician.

There has always been, I could almost say a physiological

difference, determining, in art, conflicts or rather parallel ways in which one is necessarily thrown, which is no more a matter of choice than to be fair or dark, or to have blue or black eyes. This difference has always been a historic fact between the Latins and the Teutons. We find it between the French Troubadours and the German Meistersingers; in the sixteenth century, between Costeley and Martin Luther, in the seventeenth, between Couperin and Buxtehude; in the eighteenth between Rameau and Gluck; in the nineteenth, between Berlioz and Brahms, Bizet and Wagner; between Debussy or Faure and Richard Strauss.

Following these two parallel paths, we reach, in our day Erik Satie on one side, and Arnold Schönberg on the other, or Poulenc and Auric, facing Anton Webern or Alban Berg.

We in Europe are actually in front of two absolutely opposed currents. We can study them in a useful way if we try to find out their respective sources, and rebuild their evolution, however complicated it may be. The two currents I am alluding to are the school of Paris and the school of Vienna. The musicians of France and those of Austria have been isolated by the Great War; six years without any possible contact, during which the new tendencies of music have taken root on both sides. When the barrier was removed, new powers stood opposed, each ignorant of the other, or, at best, of slight acquaintance with that for which the other stood.

But in both countries these powers were the result of an entirely different temperament and training, and to create, were obliged to make use of an appropriate technique. The *Groupe des six* in France, with Erik Satie, has endeavored to restore the national and essential tradition of their country, whereas the young Viennese have sought to reclaim Mozart and Schubert.

The characteristics of French music are to be found in a certain fluency, something sober and clear, with some measure of romanticism, and a strong sense of proportion and design in the construction of a work, in a desire to express one's self with clearness, simplicity and conciseness. And if Couperin, Rameau, Berlioz, Chabrier, Bizet and Debussy and Satie are indeed the true masters to whom we have turned for tradition, it does not

at all mean that French music has not had to suffer assaults and influences which have often blotted out its characteristics. These influences have not prevented the producing of great artists. Still, it is our duty to reprove the foreign influence as long as we really have hope and faith in the new path, which we have decided to pursue towards the future.

So Bizet and Chabrier have done, defending piously our dear inheritance against the influences that had veiled it. First of all that of César Franck, the greatest of all Flemish musicians, whose school determined a great wave of pessimism; the longing for seriousness, above all things, really created the musicians who founded the Schola Cantorum. They were naturally predisposed to receive favorably the tremendous influence that very nearly upset our national line of music. I mean Richard Wagner.

I am not to censure Wagner. He is and will always remain a formidable musician, and his enormous work was exactly appropriate. It is quite natural that before such a mighty power, many hesitated and fell. But, on the other hand, certain temperaments could not accept that form of thought. And in the face of this great clamor (where the noise of steel resounds in a foggy landscape) where the most abstract ideas express themselves in a philosophical dialectic, we have seen a Latin heart arise, bright and pure, with the breeze of the Mediterranean and the soft and perfect shape of our southern highlands, and all our hearts turned to him: Georges Bizet. I will not endeavor to speak here of the total shaking up *Carmen* brought to Nietzsche, heretofore a passionate disciple of the Wagnerian art, but who still kept in the depth of his soul some thirst for a clearer thought; and Bizet fully realized it.

After the influences of Franck and Wagner, to which Bizet, Gounod and Chabrier alone remained impervious, there arose another danger, the tremendous growth of Russian music at the end of the nineteenth century. How could one resist the tempting voice of a Moussorgski? How not be touched by such a sensitive heart and not fascinated by the new technique of a new harmony? No doubt, nothing could have been strong enough to resist it, if the deeply human genius of our Debussy had not come, assimilating without danger this foreign food. Indeed, it was

thanks to it that Debussy was drawn away from Wagner and that he was able to realize his work, entirely built upon sensibility, tenderness and love.

The discoveries of Moussorgski had been rather ill-served by an insufficient and awkward technique. But, in my opinion, this awkwardness is part of his charm and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "revisions" are frequently veritable mutilations.

On the contrary, Debussy came with such a perfect art, such beauty in form, such care and such a sense of right proportions, that he realized what Moussorgski had only been able to outline.

But the Russian trap was set some years after when the Debussy school became fascinated by the orchestral technique of Rimsky-Korsakoff. The adorable subtlety of Debussy's writing (perfect in his case, because he possessed a wonderful sense of criticism and a sensitive nature) became the source of the movement called "Impressionism" which, combined with Rimsky's influence, led French music into a blind alley, where useless complications, the search for rare and delicate sonority instead of pure melody, caused a reaction which, too, was Russian in the *Sacre du Printemps*, by Igor Stravinsky.

Then, out of the shadow where he had followed, with the greatest care, the complex and contradictory lines which crossed over our French music, came Erik Satie, whom Jean Cocteau compares to the "Sleeping Beauty." In his work lived, intact and renewed because of its plainness and its purity, the spirit of French music free from all foreign weight.

Erik Satie's art is a real Renaissance. During the last thirty years, it has been constantly an art of divination, of presentiment. For a long while he was a forerunner of the new movement, but after that, he retired, leaving to others the task of realizing with all their powers the effort he thought was the best. At that time, Satie listened, studied, guessed the dangers, pointed to the invisible reefs. He went on trying something different, over and over again, each year younger, as it seemed, than the year before. He kept close to the young musicians, loved to follow them, to understand them, and to leave them to their own strength, and then to turn to a new generation.

Thus, in 1887 (in the midst of the Wagnerian epoch) Satie composed for the piano his *Sarabandes*, his *Gymnopédies*, his *Gnossiennes*. The harmony and writing announce quite distinctly Debussy. They are deeply opposed to the Wagnerian principles of composition.

Then, Satie viewed the Debussy evolution. He looked upon the Impressionist school which his own works had anticipated ten years before. He guessed at once the danger of such music; he felt sure that after Debussy it was bound to become spineless, with only useless complications, mere exceptional combinations, mere plays upon sound, full of literary meaning and intention. He studied counterpoint and fugue—a wonderful training for ease in writing, giving concision and soberness. He then wrote some pieces with humoristic names, intended to be satirical and against the Impressionist "poetry above all!"

After the blow of the *Sacre du Printemps*, Satie fully realized himself; he brought back music to simplicity and opened the path for the French musicians of the School "*d'Après Guerre*." He then gave us *Parade*, where the souvenir of music halls creates a new and attractive art; then *Socrate*, one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of contemporary music. It is realized with such sober means, and the melodic line is so purely designed that the feeling itself seems to be enclosed; it conveys the whole charm to the mind with the sureness and authority which only perfect works possess. Never any lyricism of a doubtful taste; nothing melodramatic in the recitative. Everything here is acute; the beauty of style comes from its plainness and from its absolute nakedness. An art in which all details have become useless is of the most rare sort. It was bound to cause a surprise and a shock to a public that was just beginning to guess the diddles and musical entanglements of the Impressionist school. Satie was in conflict with it because of its complication; he was bound to join the younger ones, with their instructive thirst for reaction against Impressionism and for a return to soberness of expression in the building of a work as well as in simplicity of the harmonic line.

In 1919 Satie thought of grouping the works of these young artists in a few concerts. Amongst these musicians were most different and almost opposed temperaments. But one day after

a concert, a journalist chose six of them and wrote an article. The *Groupe des six* was constituted. One must not think, as many do, that according to the name, we are alike in æsthetics; our activity and our friendship united us. But time has shown (how speedily!) the absolute divergence of our tendencies. And so much the better! How could one imagine a musical group with laws and statutes like a club? Only diversity, fancy, imagination, can give life to art. But between us stood also differences in training, in taste, in race.

Honneger, who was my comrade at the Conservatoire for ten years, remains, in spite of his purely French education, strongly attached to Wagner, Strauss and Schönberg. The source of his personality dwells in German romanticism. He possesses a strong technique and his deeply pondered works really deserve their great success.

G. Tailleferre is a delightful musician. She writes slowly but with sureness. She produces little but each work is remarkably *mise au point*. Her music has the great merit of being without pretension; it is most attractive because it is sincere. It is really the music of a young girl in the most lovely sense of the word. It is so fresh that one could almost say that it is scented. Her tendencies have left her rather in sympathy with the Impressionists from whom she inherited the love of subtle chords and perfection in details.

Our comrade Durey was obliged by the state of his health to retire to the country, and he is no more with us. He was not yet quite master of his technique when he had to face the public.

With Auric and Poulenc we encounter the younger and more lively elements of our group.

Following Erik Satie they have tried to speak once more the old language of French folk-lore, and particularly that of Paris. The sadness of fairs, the "flon-flons" of music halls, find an echo in Auric with a certain incisive bitterness, and something brutal; it is always full of rhythmic life.

Francis Poulenc is music itself. I can think of no other so undeviating, so direct, more simply expressive and going to its aim with more sureness. He has renewed in chamber music the brevity of Scarlatti's sonatas. The elements are here reduced

to their minimum. He has just finished a sonata for clarinet and bassoon, a perfect wonder of gaiety, precision, charm and grace; and another one for trumpet, trombone, and horn, which is a real masterpiece. It is of a well-balanced and classical form and its novelty lies in the ease with which he plays with very plain musical elements. He has written a chorus for the Harvard Glee Club, in the style of the drinking songs of the eighteenth century. But it is an eighteenth century full of joy and happiness, looked upon by the eyes of a French lad of 1923 who loves Paris, Montmartre and good wine. He is actually finishing a *Ballet* for Serge de Diaghileff, called: *Les Biches*. The costumes and scenery will be by Marie Laurencin. It will be a "suite" of dances without any literary scheme. Its music is full of delicate charm; the elegance in melody and in modulation seem to bring us back to Gounod.

For the line of French musicians of which I am a member, or a disciple (I mean Rameau, Berlioz, Bizet, Chabrier, Satie), who really represent, I believe, the purer heart of our national modern tradition, melody is the element that binds together these names.

Diatonism and Chromaticism are the two poles of musical expression. One can say that the Latins are diatonic and the Teutons chromatic. Here are to be found two different points; they are entirely opposed, and their consequences are verified by history.

There has been very much writing about Polytonality and Atonality. Polytonality consists in writing different diatonic melodic lines, in several tonalities at the same time. Atonality consists in writing melodic lines that do not belong to any distinct tonality. It of course uses the keys of the chromatic scale.

The faith in simple triads, which is essentially Latin, was bound to give way to a new sort of technique in which several triads were employed simultaneously, which means, of course, several diatonic melodies superimposed.

The faith in the chromatic scale, the tendency to consider each harmony as a passage from one to another (which is essentially Teutonic) was bound to free its believers from all notion of tonality and to lead them to divide whole tones into thirds and fourths, an inevitable consequence of such a state of mind.

I have myself specially studied Polytonality; for just as scholastic training in harmony, counterpoint and fugue is necessary to every musician, I believe that according to the new methods of technique, a full technical training should follow. It seems to me quite reasonable that there should be added to the different treatises in the study of music, some chapters about Polytonality and Atonality; about the different ways of superimposing several tonalities; about writing new chords, their inversions, progressions, etc.

It would be useful to show examples not only of polytonal harmony or atonal, but also of polytonal and atonal counterpoint.

In a parallel line with this evolution we witness another one, quite as important, at Vienna.

It consists in atonal music, and Arnold Schönberg is its most redoubtable champion.

As far as form is concerned, the principal characteristics of this school are a return to an extreme brevity.

After Beethoven (and even with him), the symphony had begun to assume gigantic proportions. There were always long and useless developments, which made the work conventional and annoying. It took the extreme tact and delicacy of Mendelssohn to realize the marvelous proportions of Mozart's and Haydn's symphonies. But with Schumann, Brahms, and finally with Mahler, the symphony became endless and was developed without any reason whatsoever.

In his first works, Schönberg had not yet freed himself from these principles; that is to say in the period of his two string quartets and of the "*Gurrelieder.*"

Then suddenly, he gave us short and extremely sober works, made *en raccourci.* He passes over Beethoven, and revives Mozart's form, still simplified. These works, though short, are very substantial in musical material. They are piano pieces, only two or three lines each, quite different from each other—and then the *Pierrot Lunaire,* which I am happy to have revealed to the Parisian public last year. Here, everything is reduced to its minimum: twenty-one short poems. The voice half sings and

half declaims; the orchestra is reduced to five instruments. With such small means, Schönberg has obtained an almost incredible variety. Each piece has its proper sonority, and the variety of expression is also prodigious. It shifts from the languid romanticism of moonlight to the weird grimaces of a ghost, from a kind of morbid sentimentality to the depths of tragedy or to a hideous clamor: and all this with five instruments! We are far from the heavy Wagnerian orchestra!

As for the harmonic line, one of the consequences of Wagner's chromaticism has been the thirst for perfect freedom of tonality. Schönberg has realized this wonder, which had become unavoidable. His melodic line only uses the chromatic scale, and his harmony is generally written with unanalyzable chords. If sometimes we find a chord related to diatonic harmony, we may be sure that it is never resolved in the scholastic sense.

Around Schönberg are grouped several young musicians who study with him. Their starting point is atonal music. These composers are:

Egon Wellesz, author of several works for chamber music and orchestra, who seeks to rejoin Schubert's tradition.

Alban Berg, author of a string quartet and charming pieces for clarinet.

Anton Webern, whose music is reduced to its absolute essentials by its brevity. It has the emotional importance of the throb of a heart, of a pulsation, of a sigh. His small pieces for quartet and those for violin and piano are small dramas concentrated into a few bars of a form so short that nothing remains except an invertebrate but expressive and vigorous design.

It would be useful for the acquirement of the atonal technique, as well as for the polytonal one, to study all their resources in a methodical way. How many subjects in school works are to be dealt with, from the successions of dominant seventh chords (the starting point of chromaticism), up to the handling of all the twelve keys together!

Polytonality (the logical consequence of diatonism), and Atonality (the logical consequence of chromaticism) are not new systems opposed to the fundamental principles of music, as it has too often been said. On the contrary, they are merely

their logical and inevitable result. They only make richer the different planes—that is, material sounds, harmony and melody —which are the means of expressing our thought, and require a very thorough technique.

What gives life to a work, what makes it true, will never be its characteristics, polytonal or atonal, but, rather, *its essential melody*. Thence springs its real power, because it comes straight from the heart of the musician. There is no training so complete or so thorough that it can suffice without that melodic source. It is the primary element, the authentic organic one, that comes from the pure sentiment itself and that is conducive to rhythmical and harmonic design. Without melody, all composing will fall, or end in vain rhetoric, quite conventional and empty. It is the entire secret of music, which I found out one day when I was studying at the Conservatoire with my master André Gedalge. I was showing him some vast symphonic plan or other, and he said to me:

"Just write for me eight measures that can be played without any accompaniment."

Melody is thus our aim and greatest ambition.

It alone will allow us to work by our imagination and yet keep close to the tradition which we feel to be ours.

DARIUS MILHAUD.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

STARK YOUNG[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

In the course of one of those amusing public arguments about the Function of the Critic which occasionally break out in English newspapers, a shrewd and anonymous disputant remarked quite simply the other day, as if he were stating the merest platitude, that so far as critics are any good at all, they are artists themselves. It is delightful to imagine the probable effect of that staggering declaration upon the kind of mind that believes it to be the critic's supreme use and virtue to act as a kind of æsthetic vermin-killer, or to hold examinations of poets, painters, composers, dramatists, and actors that come up before him, and give them just the right number of carefully graded marks, with a prize to the one who has done most "to advance the cause of wholesome American literature—or plays, or operas" [what, you wonder, would a "wholesome" opera be like?], or to "promote good citizenship." He must, they tell us, be "just," and "fair," and "judicial," and "balanced." He must be "constructive," say these enviably assured creatures. Where is the critic who has not been tearfully besought by some poet or composer or playwright to tell him *how* to rewrite his poem or recompose his symphony or rebuild his play? And how often has the disheartened critic taken the trouble to reply that one need not know how to prepare a ragout in order to be able to say that the dish is a failure. How many times must it be said that the critic has no more concern with the artist than the diner-out has with the cook. Another shrewd Englishman observed that the critic—an artist and nothing else, if any one is to take him seriously—differs from other artists only in that he often takes as his subject some preëxisting work or works of art,

[1] *The Flower in Drama:* by Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

instead of taking a landscape or a battle or a distinguished profiteer. The fine critic attempts and achieves the original expression of some personal delight, wonder, or imaginative stir occasioned in him by the work of art before him, so that the most famous and valuable of criticisms, like Pater's descant upon the *Mona Lisa*, are really independent works of art as valuable as their subjects, and would retain their value long after those subjects had disappeared.

One need only bear in mind this simple truth about the critic and his true place on the cosmic map to understand why it is that he and the artist (the "creative" artist, as he fatuously distinguishes himself) are opponents whose differences can never be composed. They are opponents because they are rivals. They stand in no complemental relationship to each other. To view the critic as either the "interpreter," the sublimated press-agent, of the artist, or as his judge or assessor, is to misunderstand his true status. Fine criticism has the same use for the artist that the queen-bee has for the male who will fertilize her. The artist, like the male bee, is a necessary instrument; but he remains an instrument, and nothing more. Once upon a time a distinguished British composer, Sir Edward Elgar, wrote a piece of music for small orchestra called *Dream Children*, suggested by the essay of Lamb. The music died years ago; a feeble thing, it passed out of the concert repertory almost as soon as it was introduced there. But it remained long enough to call forth from a sensitive and gifted critic, the late Vernon Blackburn, a few paragraphs of prose which have survived by many years the music that suggested them—prose of such beauty and subtlety and tenderness that, reading it, you will perhaps wonder which, in this instance, was the artist and which the accessory. Sir Edward Elgar is, to be sure, somewhat less than a great composer. But that is not the case with Richard Wagner. In the finale of *Götterdämmerung*, Wagner achieved tremendous music —music of insurpassable splendor and nobility. Yet John Runciman, in a few sentences that he wrote of this scene in *Götterdämmerung*, created something surprisingly memorable, surprisingly detached and independent,—a good deal less than tremendous, to be sure, yet steeped in the essential beauty and feeling of the music:

It is [he wrote] a funeral chant, mournful, sombre, and triumphant. The seed has been sown, the crop has grown and ripened and been harvested, and now the thing is over. A chill wind pipes over the empty stubble-land where late the yellow corn stood and the laborers labored. There is nothing more: ripeness is all that life offers or means.

The frivolous might remark that the finale of *Götterdämmerung* has nothing whatever to do with stubble-land or corn or departed farm-hands. It hasn't, true enough. Yet by some magic of transmutation, the critic, using an utterly different and much less potent medium than the artist in this instance—using other symbols, and moving on his own plane of feeling and experience, has nevertheless given us a thing persuasive through its own beauty and intensity, yet steeped in the essential emotion of its subject. As the British commentator whom we have already quoted did not fail to point out, the critic as artist will often have the appearance "of assessing, interpreting, or restating what the original artist has expressed already, just as Turner has an air of stating to you the topographical facts of a landscape. But, in essence, he will never do only that. . . . Naturally, it revolts the artist to find some contumacious fellow picking out of his own darling work just as much as he needs for his own little attempt at beauty or brilliance—in fact, doing just what Turner did with a landscape whenever he did not want the parish church or the Hall for his own selfish purpose. He just left them out. And the critic must either do the same or else be null and void."

It is easy, of course, to sympathize with the agonized query of the poet or the painter or the dramatist: "But where, then, do I come in?" Well, so far as the fine critic is concerned, you come in—if the bald truth must be told—only as a handy implement. For you, of course, the critic has no value except as a more or less sublimated publicity agent. When he dons the garb of the pundit and the wig of the judge and assumes to tell you how to compose or write verses or act, you are justified in bidding him go to the devil. He may know more about orchestration or metre or voice-placing than you do (often he does); but he is wasting his time when he seeks to impose his knowledge. Simpson the critic may know perfectly well that when Richard

Strauss at the end of his *Also Sprach Zarathustra* asks the flutes in their highest register to play a chord *pianissimo*, he is asking an impossible thing, for the simple reason that high notes on the flute cannot be made to sound very soft. But what would be gained by devoting several lines of type in a review of *Zarathustra* to pointing out this fact? James Huneker was guilty of no such waste motion when he wrote, years ago, his unforgettable description of the tone-poem of Strauss. Instead, he produced a chapter of fantastically gorgeous prose, ostensibly a critical survey, which today has far more imaginative vitality than many pages in the score of Strauss.

So it is with the new book of that sly poet, that remarkable artist in prose, who presents himself to us in the masquerade of a critic, Stark Young—that "delightful young man from Texas" to whom Henry James wrote his memorable letter of advice a decade ago. Mr. Young, we are fully aware, is a philosopher of the arts. It is true, as his publisher says of him, that he has an extraordinary skill and finesse in "revealing fundamental principles of art and applying them to its contemporary manifestations." It is true that he is a wise and subtle æsthetician, a sensitive and weariless student of the methods and materials of the artist, an explorer of the secret path between the creator and his work. He can discuss Acting in such a way that the President of the Academy of Dramatic Arts gives copies of the essay, he tells us, to all his students, "as a criterion and guide." And Stark Young has, as Eugene O'Neill declares, "a real love for the theatre."

All these things are manifest. Take that particular essay called *Acting:* The actor's gift, says Mr. Young, begins first of all with his body.

> In all countries and in all acting, the measure of an actor's gift comes back to his body, comes back to the absorbing and revealing magnetism of his presence there which is the focus of our mood. A man's acting comes back to his body in the same sense exactly that all life, sensibility of perception and impression, and accuracy of general intelligence, come back to the body, to physical senses, to the earth. One of the first tests of an actor's talent is in the identity of his body and his mind. Not the actor's voice, not his brain, are the parts of him by which he becomes a medium for his art; it is his whole make-up, body, brain, and voice; it is the man you see before you on the

stage. In fine acting the words and the body are at supreme moments inseparably one, and they can be said to be interchangeable in meaning and significance. It is not that the emotion is transferred from speech into a mimicry of gesture and facial play, not that—though the mere gift of miming need not be despised. It is that the idea that moves within becomes one with the outward form. The highest use of the body, of gesture, is not to reproduce, but to represent, with an added radiance, what is within—not, that is, to be an image but a symbol; the living content of the moment charges with its power the body that it animates, and makes it a symbol of its meaning. The idea that gathers up all its elements—the social, the ethical, the animal—into one thing in terms of the body, takes on magnificent power. The body, moreover, speaks to the eye, which is the door for so much of our experience. Gesture in some instances has a power beyond that of words, however splendid their golden eloquence may be. Gestures may give a concrete and arresting statement, a definite and convincing visual phenomenon that states the point as no words could ever do. The music of beautiful words spreads over and beyond the words themselves and their usual meaning into a beautiful immortality, into something less definite. And the flow of ideas, the shifting emphasis of the actor's body, may weave an abstraction of design that has in it also some of the wider truth of music.

How much that says, with how delicate and shrewd a perception, how lucid an exposition! Stark Young is as sensitive, as salient, as benignly surgical, in all that he writes in this sheaf of papers on the theatre—whether it is acting that he discusses, or the Voice in the Theatre, or the Prompt-Book, or Translations, or Ben-Ami, or Charlie Chaplin, or Eleanore Duse. But always the artist speaks through the critic: time and again the approach and the achievement are those of the essential artist, for they are "the original expression of some personal delight, wonder, or imaginative stir": so that you get such things as this in his letter to a great actress:

. . . They have seen your photograph; and the face, Madame, that they see there . . . has something more moving than the immediately poetic or outwardly beautiful can be; what this face has is a kind of realism of tragic beauty. It has in it the thing that is most terrible and that we worship in life, that last and exquisite thing in life: a supreme response to it. . . . Madame, whenever I read Dante, the picture of you keeps coming before my eyes. . . . That poetry has the permeation, the tender exactitude, that is your art. And like that poetry, it might have happened yesterday, it might not happen until tomorrow, the thing I remember as your acting. . . . In your art, feeling becomes plastic, as if you were the

sculptor of your own soul. One seems to see in your presence radiance, spirit, something like music and falling wind, a strange identity with trees and air and light. . . . You, of all artists in the theatre, know that, seen most deeply, life becomes a dream; there is so much of our own reality added to it that nowhere out of ourselves can it exist. And your kind of realism easily becomes mystical; it renders everything, and because it is so exact, so patient, and so infinite, can give back their mystery to things and make them like a dream again.

That happens to have been written about Duse: yet it lives apart from and independent of its subject. It is penetrating and beautiful as criticism, as valuation; but it has its own viability, its own significance, its own loveliness—it passes through and beyond its specific subject and becomes itself mysteriously seminal and creative.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

CONGRESS concluded an unsatisfactory career with a group of peculiarly unsatisfactory performances, of a kind unhappily too common in recent years. One was the burking of the Shipping bill by means of filibustering. The Administration earnestly desired action upon the measure, the President having specially addressed Congress in its behalf. A decisive majority of the House of Representatives favored its enactment. Popular sentiment was also strongly in its favor, particularly in those States which pay the bulk of the national revenue and which therefore would have paid most of the expense which the act would have entailed. There was good reason to believe that a majority of the Senate would vote for it, if an opportunity were given. But a small minority of Senators, chiefly from States contributing little to the national revenues, prevented a vote being taken upon it, by talking against time on all manner of irrelevant topics. Thus they not only thwarted the policy of the Government and the will of the people, but also wasted many days of valuable time in which they should have been doing the urgent work for which they were employed. The result was that much important legislation, demanded by the national welfare, failed of enactment because of lack of time before the end of the session. Another obnoxious performance was insistence upon the appropriation for "river and harbor improvements" of a sum more than twice as large as that requested by the Administration and provided for in the Budget; the surplus thus forced upon the War Department being about fifty per cent larger than the sum called for in the defeated Shipping bill. That surplus appropriation was, of course, what has come to be known as "pork"; and it was insisted upon by Congress not for works needed for the welfare of the nation but simply to enable Senators and Representatives to curry popular favor by making a show

of securing grants of public money to be expended in their States and Districts—practically promoting their own political interests at the cost of the national treasury. One should not yield to pessimistic despair at such performances, but it is fitting to wonder how long they will be permitted to continue.

Théophile Delcassé died in the fulness of a great and good career. Even in years he surpassed the proverbial threescore and ten, though he was not to be thought of as approximating the infirmities of age. In events he completed such a cycle as not many statesmen in any land or time have known. One of the most foreseeing of men, he discerned the German menace in advance of his contemporaries, and took the lead in creating the only conceivable barrier against it. Few men in human history have rendered comparable services to peace, to civilization and to the best interests of mankind. He had the genius to utilize the dangerous Fashoda incident for the restoration of good feeling between France and Great Britain and the substitution of an *entente cordiale* for the notorious "policy of pin-pricks". Thus the way was opened for the creation of the Triple Entente, and for the separation of Italy from the Triple Alliance; achievements which made possible the arraying of a powerful alliance against the aggressions of the Central Powers. He paid, it is true, the common penalty of prophets, in being dismissed from the Government of the nation which he had so greatly served, at the demand of a potential enemy; in dramatic circumstances which were graphically described in a recent number of this REVIEW by M. Stephane Lauzanne. But no less significant were the circumstances of his vindication, in being recalled to the very place from which he had been dismissed the moment that there broke upon the nation the storm of which he had given warning and against which he had, in spite of his dismissal, made saving preparation. Nor did that vindication altogether lack the consummate touch of completeness which was supplied by knowledge of it on the part of the one-time colleague and chief who had forced him out of office. Maurice Rouvier did not live to see M. Delcassé shape French diplomacy in the World War; but he did see him restored to Ministerial office and to Am-

bassadorship at the very court at which he was most needed to assure the maintenance of the policy which he had founded years before and which was to prove the salvation of France and of the world.

The last few years have seen some thrones vacated for the great good of man. But one has now been bereft of an occupant whose long career had gone far to make the trade of Kingship noble. Khama was not, I believe, enrolled in the *Almanach de Gotha*, nor was he addressed as "Dearly Beloved Cousin" by any wearer of a European crown. Yet it would not be easy to name many contemporary sovereigns who were more sincerely, more intelligently or more efficiently devoted to the welfare of their people, or who could show a clearer title to "divine right" than this great ruler of the Bechuana. He got his Bible from Livingstone and his rifle from Gordon-Cumming, and he made expert use of both for more than fifty years for the good of his nation. The one was made the source and the basis of their spiritual enlightenment and humane civilization. The other was the means of their material protection whenever the preferable means of diplomacy failed. Khama contended, successively and successfully, with Moselekatse and the Amazulus, Paul Kruger and the Boers, Lobengula and the Matabeles, and Cecil Rhodes and the British South Africa Company; and against them all he maintained the integrity of "Khama's Country"—the only name his kingdom bore. Physically, intellectually and morally "every inch a King", the record of his reign reproaches all race prejudice and entitles him to be remembered impartially as a Christian warrior, statesman and philanthropist beside whom a Hohenzollern or a Hapsburg in his pride cuts but a sorry figure.

There may be an excessive note of pessimism in the report of the Carnegie Foundation on the status and prospects of public instruction in the United States, but there is undoubtedly much provocation to serious thought, and indeed pertinent warning against conditions and tendencies which threaten greatly to impair our vaunted common school system. The enormous increase in the cost of the schools is an obvious fact to the many

communities which pay twice as much for their schools as for all other public objects and purposes put together. It is a fine thing to have free education for all; but when it costs more for each pupil in a public school than the tuition fee of a pupil in a high class private school, somebody has to foot big bills, and it is pertinent to ask if the community is getting full value for its money. In so far as the increase in cost is due to the raising of teachers' salaries, right thinking people will not greatly demur. It has been a disgrace for teachers of university culture and long experience to be paid more meanly for instructing and training the minds of children than laundresses were for washing those children's clothes. On the other hand it is also a disgrace for children to be graduated from school, even from high school, without the ability to write an English sentence correctly or to solve a simple problem in arithmetic. There is grave reason to fear that the introduction of fads and superficialities, and even of nominally valuable vocational training, into the schools is not only too greatly increasing their cost but is also—a much more serious matter—preventing a thorough grounding in those fundamentals of education without which all else is vanity of vanities. Let us grant that all children are entitled to free instruction. So is every person entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness". But while the State must guarantee these latter to every citizen, it is not required to guarantee him wealth and luxury; these he must secure through his own efforts. So the State is not required to give all pupils culture in the fine arts or training in the learned professions; this they must obtain for themselves. It would be a shocking thing for the State to provide privilege and luxury for the few and deny the common rights of man to the many. So it seems reasonable to insist that it shall not busy itself and spend the public money in giving special high culture to a minority of pupils until it has given to all the best possible instruction in the universally indispensable branches of learning.

The international status of Canada, which was recently discussed in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW by Professor W. P. M. Kennedy and Mr. John S. Ewart, is again brought to atten-

tion by the attempt which has been made—not, I believe, by Canada itself—to have the Dominion received into the Pan-American Union and thus participate in the Pan-American Congress. There is no doubt that a cordial sympathy exists between Canada and the American Republics; and there is on these continents no Government more stable and more efficient—if indeed more democratic—than that of the Dominion. Yet the Pan-American Union is after all a union of independent American republics, having no governmental connection with and no allegiance to any non-American or non-republican Power. That description is scarcely to be applied to Canada. It is true that Canada now claims equality with Great Britain itself in the determination of its foreign policies. When in the Turkish crisis at Chanak the British Government inquired of the Canadian Government if it could rely upon it for aid, if needed, in defending the Straits, the reply was that that was a question which the Canadian Parliament alone could answer; and since then, in that Parliament, that principle has been formally and explicitly reaffirmed. Nevertheless the very fact that the British Government was and is at any time free to make such an inquiry implies a relationship between it and the Government at Ottawa essentially different from that which it sustains toward any other government upon these continents, and marks a clear distinction between Canada and the American Republics.

The explorations in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor have been fruitful beyond all expectation, and have disclosed the fact that there existed in Egypt before the time commonly ascribed to the Israelitish Exodus a height and opulence of artistic civilization seldom rivalled in later ages. These interesting achievements have apparently stimulated similar research on our own continent, and there is now a prospect of something like a thorough exploration and study of the splendid and stupendous remains of Maya civilization, which may well be found comparable in interest with the antiquities of Africa and Asia. Indeed, it is by no means improbable that a close relationship may be found between the ancient art and architecture of Yucatan and those of Egypt and India. They are similar in colossal construction,

in wealth of ornamentation, and often in the very style of the sculptured and painted decorations. It will be recalled that the first really intimate and appreciative explorer of Uxmal and Chichen-Itza, the late Augustus Le Plongeon, insisted that such relationship existed, and set it forth in his translation of an ancient Maya legend, *Queen Moo and the Egyptian Sphinx.*

The decision of the Supreme Court as to the meaning of the words "free white persons" in the naturalization law bears an unhappy resemblance to the last chapter of *Rasselas*—"the conclusion, in which nothing is concluded." It is of course entitled to all possible respect, and will serve to assure a uniform interpretation of the law, under which Dr. Kitasato or Sir Rabindranath Tagore would be held unfit for American citizenship. But surely to interpret the words "free white persons" as synonymous with "Caucasian" only "so far as the latter is popularly understood" is to open the door to endless confusion and dispute. Huxley, no mean authority, divided the Caucasic or White race into the Xanthochroi and the Melanochroi. Of these the former, "light whites," with blue or gray eyes and yellow or brown hair, are found chiefly in Northern Europe but also in Northern Africa and India; while the latter, "dark whites," with brown or black eyes and dark brown or black hair, comprise the Celts, Spaniards, Greeks, Italians, Arabs, and most of the Hindoos. As for the Mongolic or Yellow race, it comprises not only the Chinese and Japanese but also the Finns and Hungarians. Our naturalization law, then, seems to draw a very crooked ethnological line. It does not discriminate between the Caucasic and the Mongolic races, since it excludes Indians of the former, and admits Finns and Hungarians of the latter. Nor does it discriminate between the light and dark branches of the Caucasic race, since it excludes some and accepts some of each of those branches. In brief, the whole supremely important matter is relegated to the variable determinations of prejudice and politics.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

HUNTINGTOWER. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Mr. Buchan claims for his hero, Dickson McCunn, descent from Sir Walter's Nicol Jarvie. This genealogical whimsy is pleasant and one is disposed to accept it. The middle-aged, settled, conscientious, but romantic McCunn, who carries himself bravely through adventures much too savagely romantic for his taste, has indeed a spiritual kinship with the stout Bailie. But there is a difference. Nicol Jarvie is real, not because Scott took any particular pains to make him so, but because Scott in portraying such a type couldn't to save his soul get very far away from truth and nature. He would have been perfectly safe in making the Bailie dance a jig or stand on his head: the good Jarvie would still have been the Bailie. But Dickson McCunn, who is a carefully studied embodiment of commonplace, matter-of-fact, thoroughly real characteristics is by contrast a mere phantasm.

The contrast is fundamental; it begins with motives. The Bailie, it will be remembered left his warm fireside and engaged in a hair-brained adventure for a perfectly understandable reason, and when he was cornered, he fought —to good purpose and with a red-hot poker. The red-hot poker is what puts his reality beyond doubt. A red-hot poker is the weapon of a sensible, plucky man, outraged by the predicament in which he finds himself. Romance, and the poker, were forced upon the Bailie, and therefore we believe in them both. But Dickson McCunn sets out upon his adventures from a purely fictitious motive; he puts himself into an insanely dangerous predicament because the thing attracts him; and he assaults a friend and ally with a two-by-four, mistaking him for his arch enemy. One does not seriously believe in Mr. McCunn's motive; one doesn't believe in his youthful impetuosity and want of judgment; one does not believe in the two-by-four. Between Bailie Jarvie, sensibly defending himself with a red-hot poker, and Mr. McCunn madly swinging a two-by-four at the head of a stranger whom he had only the shallowest of reasons for supposing to be the villain of the play in which he himself was bravely trying to figure—between these two lies the whole continent of reality.

Walter Scott and his contemporaries and predecessors thought, rightly enough, that all young men desire to grow up, to become tall men of their hands, to do great deeds, and to win for themselves fame and fortune. He believed that "old men have grey beards, their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and they have a plentiful

lack of wit, together with most weak hams." Not a few modern writers appear to be most potently convinced that most young men are eccentric, prematurely old, a little wild in fancy, if not simply stodgy and self-centered, and generally weazened in mind; but that old men frequently cherish a secret desire to be poetical and romantic, to play the lover, to brandish lath swords and to ride hobby horses. There has been a serious upsetting of the great tradition. Proficiency in enhancing half-truths grows apace, and sophistry passes for originality in the realm of fiction.

What a world of pains our moderns take to set forth their brain-spun versions of reality with accuracy and finish! What gestures, what miraculous passes are made around the heads of these freakish, commonplace people who represent real human nature in an ordinary type of modern novel. Even Mr. Buchan, who is not extremely decadent, cannot let his McCunn alone. He slaps him on the back, calls him a good fellow, picks him up when he falls down, laughs at him, rearranges his clothes, and sets him on his way. He does not really leave him to his own devices for a moment; and he generally patronizes him and lets others patronize him. He does all this artfully and by implication, it is true; but still he does it. Scott, be it noted, really respected Nicol Jarvie. If he had not done so, the Bailie would not now seem to us somewhat more real than most of the characters in sober history.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Buchan has written an entertaining yarn, having something of the magic that S. R. Crockett (and others) used to wield, but the secret of which has been lost. The tale has not much originality, either of fable or of tone. The plot, which is about a persecuted Russian princess and a gang of ingeniously wicked Bolsheviki, might have been invented by E. Phillips Oppenheim; the adventurous, fighting parts might have been done by Crockett; Barrie might conceivably have amused himself with the "Gorbals Diehards" (those gamin boy scouts), and McCunn is treated somewhat as Arnold Bennett might treat him if that conscientious, amused realist allowed himself to be a trifle silly. But the story is told with gusto, and it is really amusing all the way through. It is thus to be preferred to all novels of the pseudo-serious type, and ought indeed to be welcomed as that rare thing, good entertainment.

THE INVISIBLE GODS. By Edith Franklin Wyatt. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Certain weaknesses of conception or of plan in Miss Wyatt's story, certain peculiarities in the execution, serve only to emphasize the fact that *The Invisible Gods* is, after all, a work of breadth and distinction. It is not that deadly thing, a novel technically perfect, nor that still deadlier thing a novel designed to please everybody. Its deficiencies are only its merits viewed from another angle.

To begin with, *The Invisible Gods* is clearly not the story of anything or

any one in particular. The title of the book is not really descriptive; it would fit any poignant tale of human destinies. The theme cannot be successfully conceived as American life, or as the conflict between the ideals of the older generation and those of the new, or as the influence of heredity, or even as the thesis, "Life is just one thing after another."

But the novel is all the better for its obvious lack of that kind of "unity" which is supposed to be useful in recommending a book to the public, both because critics approve of it and because people like to believe that the books they buy are "worth while."

Frankly, *The Invisible Gods* suffers from the discursiveness common to stories about a family or a group of people. The claim, frequently made for such narrations, that they are in some especial way "typical" or "representative", is usually unjustified; and *The Invisible Gods* has scarcely more significance of this sort than has Louisa Alcott's *Little Women*. But the story has unity of a rarer sort—the unity of a firm and consistent attitude, a fine apprehension of the realities and nobilities of life. Coherent, simple, and swift, the narrative is full of the keenest perceptions of fact, the most thrilling realizations of character. The beautiful sense of justice of an elderly judge, the careless generosity of an unsocial and roving geologist, the devotion to duty of a busy, public-minded physician—these qualities, presented without sentiment, are like clear streams of water in a thirsty land. One discovers them with joy and with conviction amid the realities of a story indubitably real in its complexities, its misunderstandings, its irreconcilable facts.

A more fundamental criticism would be that the novel is excessively feminine. It is, to be sure, distinctively a woman's novel; it does not belong to that class of stories in which both masculine and feminine characters are handled with the same touch and with the same appearance of authority. Miss Wyatt appears to get at her male characters largely through sympathy. There is much clairvoyance; but there is no such sure and complete understanding as the author evinces in her portraiture of women, and there is, along with the sympathy, a considerable play of fancy. Masculine readers will occasionally sense that half divination which in life occasionally perplexes or irritates a man whose mother or sister understands him too well, and yet not well enough.

One result of this limitation is that the persons in the story appear to be divisible into two classes: the real people and the bookish people. The women are invariably real; the men seem to be "created" or idealized. Paul Orme, the utterly selfish, frankly materialistic, childishly eccentric artist, appears to be a book character; so does the imaginative, irresponsible Hancock Marshfield, always too much a boy to be trusted, too much of a man to be treated as a minor, an American "Sentimental Tommy", born in Chicago. Even Jo Marshfield, the disciple of Pasteur, is a woman's hero. Miss Wyatt understands these men, their professional interests, their artistic impulses, their helplessness to be other than they are; but she does not get

inside them. To the masculine reader, they are by turns amusing, perplexing, annoying, or admirable.

Again, the story, not having fortunately a conventional plot, is much occupied with the little incompatibilities of temperament, the intimate disappointments, the partial understandings or misunderstandings, of a group of persons who in their various ways love one another. Its drama is mostly of this sort. The adjustment which the story people achieve is an adjustment among themselves. The theme is by no means unimportant—it is impossible to prove that it is not the most important of themes, this diffusive though intimate love which makes so much of our happiness or unhappiness. But the drama is feminine. One sees in this story nothing of a man's absorption in the world as distinct from his absorption in the people who make *his* world or in the motives women attribute to the men they adore. Jo's discouragement over his work is, in tone, a woman's discouragement, and Uncle Enos, the rover, "as independent as a bear on a mountain top", seems to be something of an enigma even to the author.

But all this does not really matter. It does not matter that the story is not a story of some definite subject or person, since the author through a multitude of ideas and a variety of persons gives us an authentic and critical account of human conduct motivated by love. It does not matter that some of the characters strike one as bookish. On the contrary, since our real life is filled with beings who are partly real to us and partly mere images of fancy, it appears an excellent thing that a *dramatis personæ* should be thus made up. Every novel, one is tempted to say, should contain some merely bookish characters, like Jane Eyre's Mr. Rochester. But for these, where would be our satire, our humor, our ideals, our zest? It is a positive advantage that the drama of the story is purely feminine, because, by the same token, it is genuine and intense. One cannot have everything at once. If all knew the same things about human character—and that the final truth—every novel would be as dull as a doctor's thesis on psychology. It is stimulating to meet in books really vital persons that one does not quite accept for true.

What really matters is that Miss Wyatt has written a novel of extraordinary breadth, delicacy, and strength. The story makes one think of the work of Charlotte Brontë. A Charlotte Brontë, modernized and well versed in the subtleties of twentieth-century life, might have written it. Its intensity in the midst of an extraordinary variety of subject matter, handled with considerable mastery, is its leading characteristic.

THE TREE OF THE GARDEN. By Edward C. Booth. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A certain disproportion in Mr. Booth's novel is accounted for by the presence in it of two quite separable elements—a love story and a literary convention.

Since Thomas Hardy began to write of Wessex, the novel of English rural life has become a portentous thing. In the country, especially in the English countryside, man seems close to nature. The literary mind easily envisions him as a creature of the soil. When one thinks of the immeasurable antiquity of the land, the life of man seems a brief span; compared with the revolutions of the seasons, the slow processes of nature, the mysteries of growth and reproduction, the conscious purposes of mankind seem insignificant. Human nature appears to derive all its dignity from its instincts; these at least are old, permanent, and purely natural. We have thus a variety of naturalism differing from the cult of romantic scenery. Instead of being invited to "mix up our souls with the landscape", we are solicited to mingle our sentiments with clods, with dung, with the breath of kine, with the sweat of laboring hinds.

All this is impressive to those who are susceptible to such impressions. It is, if you like, a philosophy, a view of life.

One suspects, however, that, in most instances it is simply a convention, a literary method. In Mr. Booth's hands, the method is somewhat overpowering. The thoroughness with which the author applies his extensive knowledge of agricultural life, the uniformity and the studied appropriateness with which he employs the thick Yorkshire dialect—these do not offend the reader (Mr. Booth is too good an artist to give offence), but they do make one feel "as though of hemlock he had drunk or emptied some dull opiate to the drains."

It is all, in its way, tremendously well done. If to secure unity through setting, and to produce an effect of dense and steaming "atmosphere" through an accumulation of details, be great novel-writing, then *The Tree of the Garden* is, in the respects just noted, a great novel.

To a reader who is interested rather in the varieties, the amazing resiliencies, of human nature, it is, however, even a little amusing to see how Mr. Booth wrestles with his argument. His real purpose is to tell an extraordinary love story—one might almost say a unique love story,—and he cannot tell it without a disproportionate amount of circumstantiality about pigs, cattle, the table manners of peasants, milking, blacksmithing, gossiping, courting, the whole setting in short. He is so consistent that even his metaphors savor of the farm. "Master Openshaw missed his mother with the poignancy and brevity of youth, but its soil is not deep enough, nor dunged with a sufficiency of experience, to bring forth lasting crops of sorrow."

Conscientiously adhering to another convention of the story type he has chosen, Mr. Booth has made most of the persons in his novel curiously willless. Master Openshaw is a pampered child, a mother's boy, sent to the country for his health. Mrs. Openshaw is a fool, motivated by maternal sentiments. The rustic characters are sodden and changeless. Master Openshaw, who has been carefully protected from any knowledge of sex, becomes involved with old Hardrip's lass (of whom more is presently to be said). The girl, made bold by an innocent passion, invites him to walk with her by night. Openshaw, who, at the time of this experience, is a lad of six-

teen, is filled with vague apprehensions. "He said evasively: 'I fancy it's going to rain.'" Later, "he was cowardly enough to pray for rain." Simplicity in dealing with elemental feelings is well enough, but a simpleton is a simpleton, nor should a good artist give needless occasion for the inopportune mirth of the sophisticated.

It is a pity that Mr. Booth could not have seen his way to vignette the story of Thursday Hardrip, instead of framing it, or indeed burying it, in an agriculturally naturalistic novel. Thursday is not a Tess of the D'Urbervilles, a figure around whom a drama of human destiny can well be woven. Her simple story can suggest no new idea of social ethics, nor even plead successfully for a more sympathetic understanding of the young. Her lover is a fool; her lover's mother is a fool; her father is a drunken oaf, the neighbors are clods. She alone has any real significance. A love child, despised, neglected, without moral defences or mental safeguards, utterly humble, Thursday is nothing but a woman altogether in love. Never was any woman in love more truly; in Thursday physical passion and selfless devotion are one thing. Nor is her simplicity cloying; rather is she full of unexpected charms.

Thursday Hardrip, as has been said, does not belong to the same class of literary figures with Tess of the D'Urbervilles. If one were required to classify her, one would be obliged to say that she is an example of the "beautiful soul" of the Romanticists—the soul so innocent that it cannot know evil or incur guilt. Despite differences of environment, she is more akin to Trilby than to Tess. But the point is that it is unnecessary to classify her. She is a real person; Mr. Booth knows his Thursday Hardrip. Perhaps no modern writer has done so well as he with a perfectly simple incarnation of womanhood—a type extremely opposite to that whose infinite variety time cannot wither nor custom stale. Thursday's charm would wither with age, her lover would weary of her. She has no "character". Such a personality few writers could have imagined with any vitality. Even Wordsworth, who loved simplicity, must needs have his women ladies, though they were Nature's ladies; but Thursday is not even Nature's lady. Moreover, she neither challenges our philosophy nor clamors for our sympathy. Simply we feel that her story concentrates something of the grace, the beauty, and the sadness that we see everywhere in nature. Nature! A mother who should have called Thursday away from nature with the simple words, "Come in now and wash your face", might have thwarted this tragedy. Yet the tragedy, swift, simple, and passionate is not on this account the less to be appreciated.

THE BLACK PANTHER. By John Hall Wheelock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Wheelock in a certain unquietness of soul and an occasional jerkiness of thought appears to be quite modern and quite minor. Nevertheless one is disposed to regard him as a true poet. His thought is far more consistent,

less vague, less freakish, less purely personal, than that of most of those versifiers whose strange ecstasies or far-sought impressions or metrical experiments appear in print from day to day. More than most, he gives one the effect of measured strength of persistent effort toward a goal, of a true sense of intellectual form, and of a consistent and genuine emotional tone.

Thought and not mere vagary is his mistress, and though the thought never reaches a satisfying completeness, tending to resolve itself at last into a mood, there is always in evidence a sincere effort to grasp, to understand, to find a resting place for the spirit.

The poem, *The Black Panther*, is not indeed purely romantic:

> There is a panther caged within my breast;
> But what his name, there is no breast shall know
> Save mine, nor what it is that drives him so,
> Backward and forward, in relentless quest—
> That silent rage, baffled but unsuppressed,
> The soft pad of those stealthy feet that go
> Over my body's prison to and fro,
> Trying the walls forever without rest.
>
> All day I feed him with my living heart;
> But when the night puts forth her dreams and stars,
> The inexorable frenzy reawakes:
> His wrath is hurled upon the trembling bars,
> The eternal passion stretches me apart,
> And I lie silent—but my body shakes.

This is romantic, indeed; all the realization is a realization of undefined mystery; all the emphasis is upon the strangeness of the heart. And with the characteristic statement "My body shakes", the poem ends: it has not arrived. Yet there is here a restraint and an explicitness that make the effect almost classical. Here we have a romance grown truly reflective and almost possessed of insight.

Again, in Mr. Wheelock's "Sea Horizons" there is a perfection of form, a consistency of tone, that tends to impressiveness. The stanzas are interlocked in meaning, yet each makes its distinctive contribution to the progressive development of a coherent thought; each is a fresh and independent realization, a new and more or less inspired utterance, like the successive verses of the Psalms. The stateliness, the spaciousness, the cumulative feeling of this poem are not achieved by any mere romantic rebellion or need for self-expression. These qualities imply a certain degree of steadiness, wholeness, and restraint. They suggest a definite goal, a limit, a capacity for the classical emotion of resignation.

Mr. Wheelock seems modern and romantic, a poet of his time; but he is no mere creature of the time-spirit, no imitator or emotional opportunist. Rather, he appears to be a true poet working with and through the spirit of his age—reflective, critical, yet by the very nature of his poetic impressibility more romantic than either critical or reflective.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EMINENT DOMAIN WITH INDEMNIFICATION

SIR:

The February number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW dealing with *Affairs of the World* makes indeed an interesting suggestion of "World Wide 'Eminent Domain' ". Does the able writer imply thereby an extension of the mandatory system with its confiscations contrary to the law and usages of nations from the Peace of Westphalia to the Treaty of Versailles; or does he mean eminent domain in the sense in which that term is used in American Constitutional law, by due process of law and with just and equitable indemnification? If that question were more fully developed, we would have the key to the central chaos of Europe. Already the "open door" doctrine, construed by some to insure the participation of American private interests in properties taken by confiscation in mandated regions, begins to shrink from the very real issue, when "the supreme law of the land", constrains the diplomatic (executive) authorities of the Federal Government.

Such a claim would seem to be premised on a subsisting national interest, whose definition must precede the guaranty, if any be possible, of these very special private interests. To the extent of that public interest of the United States restitutions should ensue, the discretion of Congress being limited by the law of nations as understood in this Country; "in the light of the purpose of the Government to act within the limitations of international law", to use the words of an opinion in which, if my recollection serves me correctly, the Secretary of State himself concurred when an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. "By the law of nations we certainly are bound." Constitutional authorities must, in the absence of positive statute, be interpreted by the common law, and the eminent domain of this nation, wherever it may be exercised, where national interest implies jurisdictional power, implies equitable indemnification.

Followed to its logical conclusion by American diplomacy, this principle would have averted the present crisis in the Near East and elsewhere. An equitable trust of all mandated properties with a reasonable reversionary interest to former owners or indemnification thereof by gradual amortization under international law, would have permitted a real open door in economic development thereof, security for reparation payments, and a means of liquidating interallied debts, and yet have consisted with the spirit and letter of the acknowledged laws of nature and of nations.

We went to war, so I understood, to defend our rights by the law of nations; and if precedent and decision in the law and practice of this country be re-

garded, the obligation and duty of America is to demand the right to exercise her eminent domain in accordance with international law wherever there is a mandate. I think the demand would be promptly allowed.

JOSEPH WHITLA STINSON.

New York.

"IMMORTALITY AND THE NEW PHYSICS"

SIR:

With a keen feeling of an anticipation disappointed I completed the reading of Mr. Charles Kassel's paper on *Immortality and the New Physics* in a recent issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

It is not my belief that the mental attitude of the human race can be rigidly separated into the two categories commonly understood as spiritualistic and materialistic, yet each type should be provided some modicum of satisfaction from Mr. Kassel's dissertation, if it is to accomplish more than a demonstration of his excellent literary expression. As I read Mr. Kassel's paper I find meat for neither type as far as his thesis is concerned, despite his excellent review of certain phases of modern physical thought.

The spiritualistic type of mind may find a consolation in the knowledge that there exist aspects of matter and force that we have only cursorily glimpsed to date, and that the aggressive surveys of the borderland of knowledge by our research physicists assure us of fertile fields across the chasms we must somehow bridge. But does Mr. Kassel's marshalling of the facts of science provide the token "that a supersensual world of organized life is possible"? One can scarcely discern where new evidence of the faith of the spiritualist is adduced.

It is easy to appreciate fully Mr. Kassel's evident desire to reconcile the differences that have separated the ideas and ideals of those of us who must always seek the further truth that exists behind, between and under the apparent truth, and those who accept in fullest faith as final the truth they clearly see, and fill in the gaps and crevices with an opinion and tradition they absorb with the same faith. To make the acceptors of tradition understand that the truths they believe will persist, if they are truths, despite the inquiry of others, is a God-sent mission that has been seeking its missionary, while all of humanity will benefit if the questioners of things as they are can be persuaded to keep their doubts in their own circle until the confirmation is forthcoming.

Criticism of Mr. Kassel lies principally in that the title of his article does not belong to his discussion, and it would be desirable to have further discussion from him to indicate what evidence he can find that suggests even the most spiritual phases of life as existent in "the supersensual universe, or series of universes, interacting with the material fabric we know".

EDWARD N. WENTWORTH.

Chicago, Illinois.

POETRY AND "MORAL BEINGS"

SIR:

Mr. Gilman reviews Prof. Sherman's book, entitled *Americans*, in your issue of March, and quotes this question of the writer, concerning the *Spoon River Anthology:* "Does it fill one with a sentiment of one's importance as a moral being and of the greatness of one's destiny?" Mr. Gilman says, "It does not;" and adds, "But does *Macbeth* 'fill one with a sentiment of one's importance as a moral being,' etc?"

I have nothing, just now, to say about the *Spoon River Anthology*, but as to *Macbeth*—yes. Unlike Mr. Gilman, when I read *Macbeth*, when I see it acted, when I follow its rhythms of thought and sound, I seem to be drawn, by its haunting echoes of phrase and of idea, through vast spaces of action, of cause and effect, which only a moral being could tread, yet among forces which a moral being can control—at least, to some extent.

Mr. Gilman's tone often seems to me to imply a half-conscious contempt for the function of the "moral being" when that "being" has to do with poetry. But what is it to be a "moral being" but to be one who has control over "the conduct of life"?

LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE WYMAN.

Newtonville, Mass.

BOOKS ON THE CAUSES OF WAR

SIR:

I have read with much interest Major Miles's article about *The Problem of the Pacifist.* I must confess I am amazed at the statement that the writer had not been able to discover any books published by pacifists dealing with the causes of war. There are numbers of such books. In my opinion the best are (1) *Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy, an Unheeded Warning*, by Edward Morel. This book is a criticism of French and English policy in Morocco. (2) *How Diplomats Make War*, by Francis Nielson. The writer was a Member of Parliament from 1910 to 1914. (3) *The War of Steel and Gold*, by Henry Brailsford. (4) *Why War?* by Frederick Howe. *Why Men Fight*, by Bertrand Russell, and *The Great Illusion*, by Norman Angell, are also useful, but the former is a philosophical treatise about the motives which lead men to fight and the latter is an attempt to prove that war does not pay.

LUCY P. EASTMAN.

New York.

[Major Miles was writing about the studies and publications of the great peace societies, and his citation of the titles of the works issued by one of them fully sustains his criticism. The same may indeed be said of the books mentioned by our correspondent. Not one of them can be truly called a "thorough and scientific investigation and study of the causes of war". Our correspondent's own description of them makes that plain. What has "a criticism of French and English policy in Morocco" to do with the fundamental causes of war?—THE EDITORS.]

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

MAY, 1923

TEN YEARS OF AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM

BY SHAILER MATHEWS

Dean of the Divinity School, University of Chicago

THE outstanding characteristic of Protestantism during the last decade is its new efficiency, due to a better adaptation to our modern world. There probably never was a period of the same length in which Protestant churches made more advance both in their inner spirit and their administration.

Statistics of voluntary organizations are never absolutely accurate, but the factor of error is greatly reduced in comparisons, and it is gratifying to know that in the last few years there has been a very considerable improvement in the statistical reports of the different denominations, which are at the disposal of those who wish to examine them. In general, it can be said that if it were possible here to chart variations, it would appear that membership, number of students for the ministry, Sunday Schools, benevolences, contributions for missions, education and home expenses rose until the United States entered the war. The line would then dip from 1917 to 1920. Since then it has risen, except that the total contributions in 1922 were not as large as in 1920, when several denominations were engaged in special "drives" of huge proportions, like the Centenary Fund of the Methodists and the New World Movement or $100,000,000 campaign of the Baptists of the North, and the similar $75,000,000 campaign of the Baptists of the South.

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The total membership (as distinct from constituency) of Protestant churches in 1921 was 26,745,543. The estimated constituency of Protestant churches was 75,099,489. The total money raised was $399,083,340. In ten years the total sum raised and expended by the Protestant churches for the welfare of humanity would amount to nearly $3,000,000,000. General statements regarding enormous aggregations of religious people are naturally subject to allowances, but beyond any question there never has been such a vast fund devoted to the various causes of the church during any ten years.

Protestantism is a term which roughly describes hundreds of religious organizations with approximately 75,000,000 constituency, not associated with the Roman or the Greek Catholic churches, which latter by the same method of reckoning are estimated to have a constituency of something more than 18,000,000. Protestants possess in common many characteristics which arise from their acceptance of the Bible as the final authority in faith and practice. With the exception of those which have to do with the organization and function of the church, their basal doctrines are those of Roman Catholicism. So far is it from being true that Christianity is altogether lacking in doctrinal unity. Ecclesiastically speaking, however, each of these religious bodies has self-determination. Something other than theological differences account for their existence. There is more variation within than between many denominations. The explanation of this fact is history. The various denominations of the United States are each the outgrowth of some particular situation. Some of them, like the Reformed churches, the Lutheran, the American Protestant Episcopal, preserve the State churches of Europe. Others, like the Congregationalists, Quakers, Evangelicals, Mennonites, and Huguenots, originated in bodies of Separatists who fled from State churches to find religious freedom in America. Still others, like the Baptists, Methodists, Disciples, represent religious movements which grew up as a phase of democracy. To this latter class belong a large proportion of the small religious bodies which help make up the hundred and fifty-seven Protestant bodies catalogued in the United States.

Many Protestant organizations in the United States are also ethnic groups within denominational limits. This is true not only of the Lutheran movement, where there are German, Swedish, Danish and Norwegian bodies, but also among the Baptist, Congregationalist and other denominations there are conferences of German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian and other churches. In addition there are large bodies of negro churches, independent of the white. These too have national organizations with a membership running into the millions.

The last ten years have seen a new appreciation of the waste in competition among these representatives of inherited religious separation. Religious liberty came through the differentiation of religious groups, but now that the occasion for such individualism has passed, efficiency demands the opposite process. Few subjects have been more discussed than Christian unity, and actual coöperation between the various groups has very considerably developed. Most noteworthy in such advance is the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, organized in 1908 but gaining new vigor in 1912. This Council is a body officially representing, though without any overhead authority, thirty denominational bodies. The only important bodies absent from its ranks are the Southern Baptists, the Episcopalians and the Lutherans. But the Episcopalians have twice barely failed to vote to join the body and are associated with its Social Service Commission, while the Lutheran Church in America, composed of three synods, maintains a certain limited association with the Council. The purpose of the Federal Council is to further coöperation among its constituent bodies. It does not aim at organic church unity, and it is not concerned with theological formulas. During these last ten years it has won a place of no small importance as the mouthpiece of the attitudes and opinions of its constituent bodies on social, international and similar questions. Especially in great philanthropic campaigns during the war and subsequently has the Federal Council shown its significance. Its various commissions, which operate between the quadrennial meetings of the Council, have been especially active in furthering municipal and State Federations and in cultivating interest in the rural church, evangelism, and social idealism. Its

influence both as a source and an expression of a public opinion within Protestantism regarding national duties has been growing.

Another integrating movement, although from an entirely different angle, is that carried forward by the Episcopal Church looking towards a World Conference on Faith and Order. This plan, while essentially American in origin and administration, looks towards the "reunion" of all the churches of Christendom. It is less immediately concerned with the tasks of the church and more concerned with the church structure itself. Although failing to win the coöperation of the Roman Catholic Church, it has enlisted the sympathy of the Eastern churches, while in America its proposals have been regarded with the respect due its origin and leadership. Whatever may be the other results of the Conference, which it is hoped will be held soon, there will undoubtedly arise a better understanding among bodies of Christians.

Practical expressions of this new sense of a common Protestantism are also to be seen in the church federations of various cities and States, and among the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions of the leading denominations, particularly of the Northern denominations. In America the Council of Home Missions has achieved notable comity in the establishment of churches in new sections of both the United States and Canada. On the foreign fields there has been a statesmanlike allocation of different countries and districts to the various missions, as well as a cooperation in the maintenance of schools, colleges and theological seminaries in non-Christian lands. It has been felt that any other policy would mean financial wastefulness, undesirable competition, and neglect of regions more in need of Christianity than of particular denominations. It is true that certain bodies, notably the Episcopal Church and the Southern Baptists, have not felt justified in giving full assent to such coöperation, but the movement to a unified impact of organized Protestant Christianity upon the world situation has grown markedly since the Edinburgh Conference in 1910 and the Panama Conference in 1916. The most recent illustration of the new spirit and method in Foreign Missions is the remarkable survey of the educational situation in China made by a commission appointed by the Missions Boards of various denominations, which included several of the

educational leaders of the United States, and of which the Chairman was Ernest D. Burton, now Acting President of the University of Chicago.

As one of the results of the war, there was organized the most ambitious plan for the unification of the practical work of the churches yet formulated, the Interchurch World Movement in North America. Inspired by the success attending various combined "drives" during the war, the founders of the Interchurch World Movement undertook to combine certain activities, especially the financial, of the various denominations. Huge offices were established in New York City, men by the hundreds were set to work making surveys, planning work, raising money, all over the United States. An entire building was devoted to the preparation of lantern slides and other illustrative material. Committees were sent to investigate various economic conditions, especially the United States Steel Company, and in fact there was hardly a field of religious interest in which the Interchurch World Movement did not undertake to bring unity out of multiplicity and efficiency out of competition. On the basis of its plan to help the various church bodies raise enormous sums of money, it set up expenses in a prodigal fashion. Millions were spent on its various plans. But although its business affairs were under the general supervision of some of the greatest financiers of America, the scheme ran upon financial rocks and disappeared, with the exception of one or two committees which were enabled to continue as investigating agencies.

It is not surprising that the Interchurch World Movement should be regarded as a fiasco. But such judgment is unfair. If its finances had been more conservatively ordered, if its operations had been less flamboyant and its personnel had been more carefully selected, and if it had not undertaken to do everything at once, it might have marked a very decided advance in American Protestant life. Even as it is, it served to disclose inner unities at least among the larger denominational bodies, and also to make plain that the genius of American Protestantism points toward denominational federation rather than organic union.

In response to this new opposition to denominational rivalry

born of long past historical conditions, there has been a movement toward merging various bodies of the same name. Chief among them has been the reunion of the Free Baptists and Baptists, the long discussed merger of the Southern and Northern Methodist churches, and the union of the Cumberland Presbyterians with the Presbyterians of the North. Unique among such denominational *rapprochement* is the action of the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists of Canada in considering the formation of an Organic Union.

Paradoxical as it may seem, along with this development of denominational coöperation has appeared a new sense of denominational significance. This is not accidental. Whatever may be the relative duplication of religious work itself, denominationalism is the way in which the free religious life in America has developed. Whether or not it might have developed in some other way is out of the question. Denominations are here. The religious life of the American people naturally seeks expression in them.

The inner development of these denominations which runs parallel with this integrating process is toward a common mode of action. The more atomistic denominations, like the Baptists, Congregationalists and Disciples, have tended toward a more centralized organization, while those denominations already possessed of a centralized authority have tended toward the extension of privileges toward laymen and women.

Congregational polity makes each church independent, subject to no superior control. All such polity finds it difficult to get any coöperative machinery which shall be efficient without possessing authority. What has happened in the case of the three great congregationally organized bodies, the Baptists, the Congregationalists and the Disciples of Christ, is much the same. The independent churches directly or indirectly are now sending representatives to a national body, a Convention or Congress. These bodies have no authority, but do possess considerable power as the expression of these many thousands of little democracies. To give such a central organization power would be a violation of the fundamental character of the denominations themselves. The Presbyterians, of course, have a General

Assembly, synods and presbyteries, while other church bodies have bishops; but Baptists, Disciples and Congregationalists in their different types of national organization can organize policies but do not permit actual control of the independent churches.

From the point of view of the political theorist or of the efficiency expert, such an organization looks hopeless. But in its actual operation it has proved efficient. Contributions have very markedly developed, unity of policy has arisen and a new sense of solidarity has appeared. The student of church history, however, will look with interest at the future development made, for it will be remarkable if these new institutions possessed of power without authority do not unconsciously drift into exercising authority. An unsuccessful attempt has already been made (1922) to get the national convention of the Northern Baptists committed to a recommendation of a Confession to the independent churches. The thorough religious democrat will therefore look with some apprehension at the latest governmental danger which lies in any body possessed of real power. But precedents may be violated and ecclesiastical autocracy checked by the growing spirit of coöperation already noticed. For in this new phase denominationalism seems an agent of coöperation rather than of sectarianism. The likelihood of a more intense denominational solidification seems less than that of a regrouping of elements of denominationalism in conservatives devoted to a confessional orthodoxy, and progressives attempting to infiltrate society with the spirit and teaching of Jesus.

During the last ten years a new emphasis has been laid upon religious education. It is sometimes said that the day of revivals is past, but such a statement is not borne out by facts. There probably never was a time when revivalism was more thoroughly organized, and it should be added, more lucrative. But alongside of this sort of religious activity there has developed a great interest in evoking the religious life during the period of childhood and youth. This has led to the adoption of graded curricula for the Sunday School, better study material and better training for ministers and Sunday School teachers for teaching religion. This progress has quickened during the last decade. Denomi-

nations have always been careful to educate their youth, and the International Sunday School Association and similar organizations have been of importance in church life.

Twenty years ago a number of leading educators felt that the methods of religious education were inefficient. Under the inspiration of W. R. Harper, there was founded in 1903 the Religious Education Association, which has from that day on represented the genuinely scientific interest in its field. It has definitely refused to produce textbooks and curriculum material, but it has conducted surveys and discussions which have had great influence in the development of religious education, both in schools and in churches.

Within the last ten years interest in this field has very rapidly developed and expanded. Religious education, which used to be limited almost entirely to the study of the Bible, is now extended to the study of all phases of life. The material now being produced for use in religious education is based on scientifically educational principles and is less interested in giving information than in giving control and direction to impulses and habits, especially of children and youth. Various church bodies are now producing new types of teaching material and the whole field of religious education is being studied. Ten years ago the International Sunday School Association ceased to prepare lesson material and this task was assigned to a committee appointed jointly by the International Sunday School Association, a Sunday School Council representing various evangelical Sunday School Boards, and the Boards of Religious Education. Within the last year the International Sunday School Association and the Sunday School Council have united in the International Sunday School Council of Religious Education. This new body, composed of representatives of denominational bodies and the International Sunday School Association, has ambitious plans for placing the educational agencies of the churches upon a psychological and social basis, as regards material, methods and organization.

Theological seminaries, always in popular opinion examples of extreme academic training, have during these later years made decided changes for the better. The emphasis on Hebrew and Greek has been lessened or abandoned to give room for instruction

in more practical subjects. Such institutions as the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, Union Theological Seminary, Hartford Theological Foundation, the Theological School of Boston University, Garrett Biblical Institute, Oberlin School of Theology, Chicago Theological Seminary, and Yale Divinity School, have developed important departments conducting research as well as training in the field of religious education. In the case of other institutions not immediately connected with universities, like Auburn, Drew, the Pacific School of Religion, Iliff, Rochester, Newton, there is training in the subject. Within the Southern denominations beginnings of similar training have been made in Vanderbilt, Candler, Southern Methodist University, Fort Worth and Louisville (Baptist). In fact, with the exception of the more conservative institutions, all seminaries are emphasizing religious education as a special discipline. Denominational colleges have established chairs of religious education, and at many State universities the denominations are establishing Bible Chairs and Houses for their students. In several State universities there are the beginnings of Schools of Religion organized by the officers of these new institutions.

A list of courses offered in the theological seminaries of the modern type is surprising. Practical (one might say clinical) training is being made a part of the curriculum under special instructors. Recreation and play, observation of economic and religious and social institutions, study of the curriculum, investigation of the psychological reactions of children, the application of case methods to church study, the social survey, constitute essential elements of this new training for the ministry. Scholastic attainments are not belittled (for the leaders in the new field are also among the leaders in scholarship), but the ministry is now being recruited from men who are trained to interpret and meet the pressing needs of life rather than centre attention exclusively upon what are popularly known as "theological" subjects. And it may be added that the denominations are recognizing the new ministry by increase of salaries and pensions for their clergy as well as the erection of churches and parish houses, well equipped for educational and community activities. As one phase of this educational interest there is developing a

new vocation, that of director of religious education. Already hundreds of technically trained men and women have entered this attractive field. Two thousand textbooks as well as other literature have been published to meet the new needs.

Largely because of this fresh approach to the understanding of the Christian religion, the new generation of ministers is more concerned with the needs of society and the individual as conditioned by his social environment than in the presentation of formal doctrine. Such a condition is the natural result of the historical approach to Christian teaching. The importance of Confessions for the Protestants of the seventeenth century is undeniable, but modern life is less concerned with elaborate theological systems than it is with the practical application of the teaching of Jesus to individual and social life. One has only to read the declarations of the representative bodies of Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians (Northern) and the Northern Baptists to see how far this new sense of mission has permeated Protestantism in America.

While thus it may be said that religious education has been for a decade in the process of being revolutionized, it must also be noted that this new interest is by no means uniform. Each denomination has its conservative wing, largely composed of the elder generation and those untouched by modern thought. Aggressively opposed to the new tendencies are conservative Bible Institutes, unwilling to adopt any other than the inherited theological point of view. These institutions are in all denominations, and champion the religious thinking of church members ignorant of and therefore out of sympathy with modern thought. They are attended by large numbers of men and women, most of them with only imperfect education, who are given instruction in a literalistic interpretation of the Bible, which is held to be verbally inspired, and who are inspired with a hostility to evolution. The effect of such education is widely to be seen in those who undertake to combat the progress which marks the more highly educated and more effective religious leadership.

Closely allied with this division of opinion as to religious education, both professional and lay, is that regarding the social

significance of Christianity. From the point of view of the conservative wing of Protestantism the church has no share in social reconstruction, but should limit itself to ministration to the individual, saving him from a future punishment in Hell. It is expected that such a "saved" person will observe the Ten Commandments, but he is not to be concerned in saving the world, which is believed to be lost.

This attitude of mind involves something more than the traditional attitude of the church towards orthodoxy. There have always been groups of church members who have reproduced the expectation of the primitive church that Christ is to return physically in the skies, descend to the earth, and after having established peace for a thousand years, engage in a final conflict and set up an eternal, holy kingdom, after having massacred His enemies and having raised the bodies of the dead from their graves and judged all the human race. For the last few years, as after almost any period of war, there have been many persons known as Premillenarians, who insisted upon this view. They count among themselves Christians of saintly disposition, as well as those who are essentially propagandists. They do not believe that it is their business to do more than ameliorate the evils in the world, and openly announce that their hope includes the miraculous purification of the earth by fire as a precondition to the establishment of a new kingdom of the Saints, by Christ. Such a hope is less disturbing to vested privilege than to attempt the application of the teaching of Jesus to a social order.

But despite all opposition there is a rising tide of interest in social matters among Protestant churches. A merely cursory examination of publishers' lists will show that for twenty-five years literature upon the social aspects of Christianity has steadily increased in volume. This literature represents all shades of economic belief, but is at one in the conviction that religion must be concerned with social forces as well as with the individual. Especially has this conviction found expression during the past decade. Practically every large denomination has now its Commission on Social Service. As a rule these have adopted what is known as the "Social Creed" prepared by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The various pronouncements

made by these religious bodies all indicate profound sympathy with the masses, and sometimes, as in the case of the Canadian Methodists, include a rather advanced economic philosophy.

This social interest has found expression in a number of investigations conducted by different religious bodies, as for example, that of the strike against the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, conducted by the Federal Council and the Social Service Commission of the Congregationalists, and the investigation of the steel strike by a committee appointed by the Interchurch World Movement. While there is a fair question as to the wisdom of such action, even among those sympathetic with the social application of Christianity, in the latter case the report was subjected to over-severe criticism by the representatives of the interests involved. The Young Women's Christian Association, which in 1920 committed itself to social reform, has also been subjected to severe criticism. In some cases criticism of social activity of religious bodies has been accompanied by an attempt to discredit the institutions involved and to lessen their financial support. While this attack has to some extent been successful, it has not succeeded in crippling the work of the institutions and has served to raise up new friends for them.

It is noteworthy that this social interest of the churches has not led to the formation of political parties or to the adoption of any Socialistic programme. Persons who believe in labor unions, collective bargaining, shorter labor hours, and some sort of self-determination on the part of employees have, it is true, been branded as Bolshevists, but such charges are sophomoric. So far from the clergy being touched with Communism, there are not even many professed Socialists among them. As a rule the churches have sought to avoid identifying moral and religious interest in social affairs with any particular social programme. Of course, such a policy does not meet with the approval of those who have programmes for which they wish the support of organized Christians. Nothing is more common than to have radicals, both serious and amateur, allege that the church is the creature of capitalism and that Protestant ministers are cowardly servants of their masters. I wish such critics knew the ministers as well as I. They might possibly find some basis for their charges in

certain ultra-conservative religious bodies, but they would find an increasing number of ministers who are fair and earnest preachers of a social gospel. From the point of view of social and economic evolution, it seems the more practical policy for the church to produce men of intelligent goodwill, eager to further economic justice and social transformation, rather than to champion revolution. The effect of this policy is already apparent in the new attitude of the younger Christian business and professional men. In the church as everywhere a new generation is introducing new social ideals.

Even among those church leaders who are not sympathetic with social reconstruction there is interest in reforms. Particularly is this true of Prohibition. With certain exceptions among the ethnic churches, the Protestant bodies have been almost uniformly in favor of Prohibition. Ministers' Meetings have practically unanimously supported the efforts to abolish the trade in liquor, and the Anti-Saloon League has appealed frankly to the churches for support. It has sometimes happened that this interest in Prohibition has led religious bodies into questionable political associations, but there can be no question as to the large share of the churches in bringing about the existing legislation regarding liquor. Protestant denominations, both in their local and their national bodies, have condemned other vices. They have disapproved of gambling and have been opposed to horse racing because of its prostitution to gambling devices.

Although during the war the churches were of great significance in the shaping up of public opinion and in developing the spirit of coöperation among the people in general, they have pretty generally expressed themselves in favor of peace. Through the agency of the Federal Council the churches were able to give moral support to Secretary Hughes in the summoning of the Conference on Limitation of Armament. At the present time there is a widespread interest among the churches in the study of international relations and the possibility of preventing war. In 1915 the Federal Council and the Church Peace Union sent a sort of embassy to the Christians of Japan in the interest of a better mutual understanding between the nations. At the present time there is a well organized effort to bring the religious forces of

all the world together in a series of conferences for peace. One such conference has already been held and another is now being planned, by the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, an organization subsidiary to the Church Peace Union, a body composed of representatives of Jews and Roman Catholics as well as Protestants.

If the importance of a social force can be estimated by contemporaries, there can be little doubt that during the past decade the social influence of the church has been increasingly felt.

While politicians may sneer at ministers, they do not sneer at the action of the Ministers' Meetings. In more than one State the clergy have been definitely influential in bringing about reforms in various departments of a city government. If this influence increases as rapidly in the next ten years as in the last, Protestant ministers are likely to have a very considerable influence in establishing public opinion and exposing governmental inefficiency, especially in police administration.

In the advances within Protestantism, the various denominations are not wholly at one with themselves. Progress has given rise to a party of reaction, to which these changes seem apostasy. The desire for denominational coöperation, the new education, the interest in the "social gospel", the appropriation of the point of view and results of modern culture, have brought about a larger sympathy among the progressive elements in the various denominations than exists between them and the conservatives within each denomination.

This divergence was developing prior to 1914, but has rapidly organized itself since the war. In fact, it is in no small degree a product of war-psychology. War is the opposite of the Christian ideals of sacrifice and social-mindedness. It necessitates the development of hatred, and opposes the Christian demand for love. Fully aware of this logical antagonism between their ideals and their immediate tasks, the churches all but uniformly made the choice between the two evils: war for the maintenance of democratic institutions and ideals, and peace which would likely mean the curtailment of democracy and threaten more dangers to the nation. The pulpit became the mouthpiece of

idealistic militarism, and churches participated in the nation-wide activities of the government, aiding in the development of national spirit, which made victory inevitable.

But the spiritual effect of such a diversion of interest was felt in the churches as well as in the nation at large. After having inculcated national enthusiasm for strife, it was difficult for the churches to turn to immediate peace. For a year or two after the war the churches were filled with discordant voices. Church members are after all human beings and carry over into the church life some, at least, of the attitudes and habits which have been engendered in other fields. The aftermath of the war was seen in the rise of theological controversy which still threatens to split certain denominations.

This theological controversy was led usually by men who had given themselves over to the premillenarian type of religion and had preached it during the war. But while their spirit may have been derived from the hope which they made central, namely, the violent conquest of Christ over his enemies, their theology is that of the confessionalism of the seventeenth century, when in the conflict between Roman Catholicism, Lutheranism, Calvinism and Arminianism, it was the legitimate expression of a new social mind. They stand for what are called Fundamentals: an inerrant Scripture, the Virgin Birth of Christ, the substitutionary atonement, the physical resurrection, ascension and return of Christ. None of these, it will be observed, is in the field of morals.

This reactionary movement has become organized and financed in various types of organization, both national and local. The fact that the leaders in this so-called Fundamentalist movement are in the main elderly men, or those who have not had a thorough education along modern lines, suggests very properly that the issue raised is something more than theological. Strictly speaking, the so-called Modernist movement is not theological. It is seeking to lift Christianity out from the dogmatic into the moral and religious atmosphere of Christ's teaching. There are forces in our modern world which are altogether different from those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is now no serious need of theological discrimination between groups of Protestants.

The creative forces of our modern world are those which are endeavoring to build up a morality in a society where old controls have practically disappeared. Women are no longer the property of men; monarchies have been destroyed or changed into democracies; industrial workers have been transformed from slaves into wage earners; social authority rests more on vast wealth than on feudal fiefs, and lies back of political power; individuals, becoming more personal, have become more impatient of inherited authority, more eager to establish new freedom in a new social order. And they know God is more than a Sovereign. In some way religion must find its expression through the experience of democracy.

Ecclesiastical or theological imperialism, whether it be in organization or dogma, must either oppose or adjust itself to this new social mind. Industrial and social questions and conflicts cannot be settled by the doctrines upon which the Fundamentalists insist. However true they may be, they no longer function along constructive lines. It is therefore no accident that the Fundamentalist in his effort to rehabilitate the theology of a pre-democratic, pre-industrial, pre-scientific society should be as much of a Tory in social affairs as he is in theology. In both alike he fears fundamental changes planned in the name of divine love.

Widely considered, therefore, the threatened schism in Protestantism is a struggle between two social minds. Theological differences are only aspects of deeper differences. The Modernist, though not denying the worth of the inherited formulas and insisting on the permanent values they expressed in the thought forms of their own day, wishes to treat religion from the point of view of moral and religious life in its widest aspects. The Fundamentalist wishes to consider religion from the point of view of theology, and plans to prevent by law or other means the teaching of what he believes is opposed to the Bible. What is important to one is all but negligible to the other. They do not really belong to the same epoch. Fundamentalism is seventeenth century confessionalism *redivivus*. Modernism is a non-theological scientific application of the teaching and life of Jesus to twentieth century affairs. As the Renaissance led to the Reformation, so science is leading to Modernism. It is the extent and vigor of the new

religious thinking and action born of historical and literary criticism, the study of sociology, economics, psychology and perhaps most of all, of geology and biology, that has aroused the apprehension of those church members who have not shared in the new world-view. As in the sixteenth century Christendom divided into those who held to the existing church with its cultus and dogmas and those who abandoned ecclesiastical regularity for the sake of a new statement of Christian theology and new organization, so today what amounts to a new Reformation is in progress. And today, true to the methods of the past, the forces of reaction are besieging legislatures (e.g. those of Kentucky, Florida, Texas, Oklahoma, Iowa, Minnesota) to pass laws punishing the teaching of evolution in institutions supported by public funds, and are endeavoring to drive from teaching positions and pulpits those who venture to hold evolutionary views or theologies inconsistent with their beliefs about the Bible. The religion of authority is again endeavoring to control the religion of the spirit.

Prophecy is always risky, but in the light of similar situations in the past it is not impossible that the movements may tend toward a new grouping of Protestant life. In such case, the older type of confessional Christianity will not disappear immediately, but it will be increasingly ineffective because of its maladjustment to the actual situation in which humanity is. The Modernist movement can hardly fail to proceed. But what will be the outcome of the new Reformation? Will the denominational structure be broken up? Will there be two organized parties in Protestantism, Modernist churches on the one side and the survivals of Confessional churches on the other? Will the Christian interests, no longer seeking theological uniformity, express themselves increasingly in non-ecclesiastical organizations?

These are questions raised by the tendencies of the last ten years in Protestantism. The next ten years will show what their answer will be. My judgment is that it will contain elements suggested by each question.

SHAILER MATHEWS.

WHEN GERMANY OCCUPIED FRANCE

BY STEPHANE LAUZANNE

"I SUGGEST that a comparison be made by an impartial court between Germany's occupation of France in 1871 and the French occupation of Germany in 1923," an old acquaintance of the American public, Count Johann Von Bernstorff, recently declared. An excellent suggestion, indeed. Comparisons are always instructive—although dangerous at times. At any event, let us sit as an impartial court, and compare the two epochs.

In 1871 Prussia, having defeated France, imposed a war indemnity of $1,000,000,000, despite the fact that the entire war had been fought on French territory and that Prussia, so to say, had not even suffered so much as a broken window. To be sure that France paid to the very last cent, Prussia stipulated in the peace treaty that the German Army should occupy nineteen French Departments, in all about the size of Pennsylvania, as a guarantee. In so far as France paid off this indemnity, the German troops would evacuate strips of territory in gradual retrogression. And in fact the last German soldier left French soil in September, 1873, when the last French million had been paid.

In 1919 France and her Allies, having defeated Germany, did not impose a war indemnity; but merely asked reparation for the terrible destruction of life and property. These reparations were set at $33,000,000,000, of which France and Belgium were to receive about $18,000,000,000. Unfortunately, they committed an enormous blunder in not exacting guarantees. The Treaty of Versailles stipulates but one: the left bank of the Rhine. It has some value as a guarantee of security, but it has absolutely none as a productive guarantee, as the Allies on the Rhine could not receive a single pfennig in taxes, nor were they permitted to take so much as a stick of wood without payment. In consequence of this, Germany paid nothing, or next to nothing.

That is why France and Belgium have decided to take productive guarantees. They have decided to render productive the Rhineland, already in their hands; and to take further productive guarantees in the Ruhr, the principal mining and industrial centre of their debtor.

Between the two occupations—that of some fifty years ago, and that of to-day—there is therefore at least one resemblance: both have been effected to obtain productive guarantees. To be sure to get the billion dollars that it had arbitrarily required France to pay, Germany in 1871 took a strong grip on nineteen French Departments. To be sure to get something on the eighteen billion dollars owed by Germany for damage done, France and Belgium have caused her to mortgage the Rhineland and the Ruhr. "We shall not hold this mortgage a single day longer than it is absolutely necessary," have declared both Premier Poincaré and Premier Theunis. By this they mean that they will evacuate the Rhineland and the Ruhr as soon as they are paid, just as the Germans evacuated the east of France as soon as they had been paid.

Here we have the only analogy between the two occupations. Aside from that, all is different. The people in the occupied territory were not possessed of the same state of mind in 1871 as those of 1923, when the tables have turned; nor have the occupying forces ever thought of employing in 1923 the beastly methods that the occupying forces employed in 1871.

President Thiers, who was in 1871 at the head of the French Government, and who was possessed of a large soul in a little body, had but one idea—the execution of every clause in the peace treaty as soon as possible, in order to be rid as quickly as was humanly possible of German occupation. He wrote a characteristic letter on May 4, 1871, after the conclusion of the peace preliminaries and before the Treaty of Frankfort had been signed. This letter was addressed to General Von Fabrice, Commander-in-Chief of the German troops of occupation. It was as follows:—

When, with deep pain, I was obliged to sign the peace preliminaries, I resolutely decided to accept the inevitable, as I saw that, despite all, France had more to gain from immediate peace than from the continuation of a war

that had a deplorable inception, and which was carried on in an equally deplorable manner. Having come to this conclusion, so cruel for me, I did not desire to re-plunge my country into the war because of an inconsequence.

I thought of but two things—to make a definite peace with Germany; and to end our civil war. I cannot imagine therefore that my intentions can be misunderstood.

My confidence in the fecundity of my country has always been great; and it is this confidence that has caused me to contract engagements that are terribly cruel. Then again, I had thought, and I still think, that every day that France delays the renaissance of her commercial and industrial activity, she will suffer a hundred times more than any good that may accrue to her from an attenuation of the peace terms by further agitation.

It was thus that President Thiers addressed himself to the German Commander-in-Chief. It is very doubtful whether Count Von Bernstorff could produce before any court a similar missive addressed in 1919 by President Ebert either to Marshal Foch or to General Degoutte. It is still more doubtful that President Ebert has issued instructions to his *Regierungspresidenten* of the Rhineland and the Ruhr, similar to those issued by President Thiers to the prefects of the French Departments occupied by Germany, which were as follows:

VERSAILLES, February 11, 1872—noon.

I have already issued, and I again reiterate the formal order whereby all conflict with the German Army and its leaders must be carefully avoided. This order is of highest importance, as it concerns to the greatest degree the safety of the State and the alleviation of the suffering inflicted by the occupation.

Two points in particular must be given every consideration — the billeting of the German troops; and the celebration of religious ceremonies on Sundays and holidays by the Germans.

With regard to billeting, housing facilities must be arranged for as soon as possible, and care must be taken to be on good terms with the local heads of the German army, so that they may have no pretext whatsoever for complaint.

With regard to religious ceremonies, assure the Germans of all facilities, so that they may follow out the precepts of their faith. Should you be unable to decide the French priests to lend their churches for a few hours, find premises for religious worship elsewhere—preferably the Town Hall.

Break any resistance that may be offered by the mayors, who must not insist in refusing your requests, which are in the higher interests of the State. Speak in the name of the Government and enforce obedience.

Serious motives cause me to order these dispositions.

(Signed) A. THIERS.

Not only did President Thiers desire to avoid all unpleasant incidents; but he even wanted the French officials to show every courtesy towards the German occupying forces. Incidents that occurred during the celebration in honor of the birthday of the old Kaiser Wilhelm, March 22, 1872, are typical.

Eight days before the birthday celebration, an order was issued by Berlin advising General Von Manteuffel, commanding the Army of Occupation, to cause his troops to celebrate the day as solemnly as if they had been in Germany. Joy was to be shown everywhere in military reviews, parades, military music, artillery salvos, and special dinners for officers and men. Count de Saint-Vallier, who was then French High Commissioner with the German Army of Occupation, advised President Thiers of this order, and asked, "Is it necessary, in order to be perfectly correct, that our prefects and sub-prefects visit the German commanders and leave their cards?" To this, President Thiers replied:

> We are now at peace with Prussia. We therefore owe the German Government the usual politeness extended by one friendly Government to another—as the Germans claim to be now that peace has been made. . . . We must not ask our military leaders to observe these calls, as their souvenirs of the unhappy war are still too recent and too painful to ask them to forget so soon. But, I think that our prefects and sub-prefects ought to pay the usual visit demanded by etiquette, without too much show. I think that a personal visit would be much better than simply the leaving of a card.

Such was the spirit that prevailed in French official circles during the German occupation of France from 1871 to 1873. Is there anything approaching this in official circles of the Rhineland and the Ruhr during the present occupation? Has President Ebert ever issued instructions as dignified as those issued by President Thiers? And, what would the Germans say if on the next birthday of Premier Poincaré the French troops were to parade and French artillery fired salvos in Duesseldorf and in Essen? Would the German officials pay their respects to General Degoutte and to High Commissioner Tirard? But, let us see now the spirit that prevailed in German military circles during the occupation of France. It was a spirit of domination and conquest. It was a spirit of brutal authority. The con-

querors did not permit a single demonstration on the part of their victims. Not a single act, not a single word, not a single gesture of insubordination, was permitted to pass without severe punishment.

The first incident took place in July, 1871, at the Palace of Versailles. General Von Manteuffel, Commander of the German Army of Occupation, came to see President Thiers; but made a mistake of one day in the appointment, coming just twenty-four hours sooner than he had been expected. He arrived in the midst of a lunch offered to the French Generals and Deputies. President Thiers saw that he was obliged to ask him to lunch; but there were two prominent French soldiers present, Marshal MacMahon and General Ducrot. The Marshal refused to shake hands with General Von Manteuffel; and General Ducrot refused to sit at the table with a Prussian. President Thiers took General Ducrot to one side, and said: "It is absolutely necessary in the interests of the Republic to show one's self to be polite with a personage who by his official standing is entitled to all our respects. However, if you cannot support his presence, I permit you to leave." And General Ducrot retired. The incident, however, did not escape the attention of General Von Manteuffel, who, immediately after the lunch, called on the French Minister of War, and asked for immediate apologies; which both Marshal MacMahon and General Ducrot were obliged to present.

Another incident, that occurred several weeks later, was more serious. A fight had taken place between German soldiers and French civilians in the suburbs of Paris and two German soldiers were wounded — one mortally. The French civilians who were guilty of this murder were arrested and judged at Melun. The attitude of the French magistrates and of the Prosecuting Attorney was irreproachable. The latter demanded the application of the severest penalties; but the jury, carried away by the oratory of Lachaud, who was one of the most eloquent French lawyers, gave a verdict of acquittal. Prince Bismarck was furious when he learned of the verdict. On December 7, 1871, he addressed a note to his Paris representative, Count Von Arnim, of which General Von Manteuffel himself said, "I

am really surprised at its brutal violence and outrageous perfidy." Bismarck wrote to his Ambassador:

> Were it possible for us to adopt the judicial doctrines of the Melun Court, the law of reprisal would cause us to leave unpunished all murders of Frenchmen residing in German territory. But the moral culture and the honorable sentiment of the German people, exclude anything of the kind. . . . In the future, with regard for German feelings, we shall not hold ourselves back but shall be obliged, in similar cases, to demand the extradition of the culprits; and should this extradition be refused, to arrest other Frenchmen and take them as hostages to Germany. We may even be obliged, in cases of extreme necessity, to take even more severe measures. . . .

Never before had such a brutal threat been recorded in diplomatic archives. If, in 1921, after the acquittals of the Leipzig court, one of the Allied Governments had sent a similar note to Berlin, what would Germany have said?

This continued for thirty months, from March, 1871, to September, 1873. An imprudent phrase gave immediate rise to reprisals. A small Parisian sheet, *Le Soir*, having, for instance, remarked that "the inhabitants of Nancy turned from the Germans in disgust, when they encountered them in the street, as from so much detritus", the entire German staff frothed at the mouth with rage. And, the following day, when the Mayor of Nancy called on General Von Treschkow, the German Commander, to ask him a promised favor, the latter replied in red rage, banging his fist on the table, "The detritus of the streets can accord nothing to those who thus qualify it."

Another example of the treatment accorded by the Germans is that of a monument put up near the Marne in memory of forty-nine French soldiers, who had been made prisoners by the Prussians during the war, and who were killed when they tried to escape. The inhabitants rather imprudently engraved the following inscription on this monument: "Here the Prussians massacred forty-nine French soldiers, who had been disarmed and were without defence, being prisoners of war, August 25, 1870." The German Headquarters Staff immediately demanded that the mayor of the town who had permitted this inscription be court-martialed; and General Von Manteuffel spoke of sending a squadron of Uhlans forcibly to remove the inscription.

This same General, who, despite all, showed himself to be human enough and generous enough during the occupation, having learned that, contrary to the orders of President Thiers, a theatre had been put at the disposition of the German troops for their religious services, wrote to the President at once, "I beg your Excellency to give immediate orders that theatres shall no longer be offered to us for our religious services. This causes my blood to boil, just as it does that of my soldiers."

And Count de Saint-Vallier, the French High Commissioner, himself wrote to President Thiers: "You know how touchy the Germans are and how much they stand on ceremony. In my daily business with them I must show a great deal of reserve and circumspection. I am also forced to ask much from the staff of my mission. I consequently beg that you send me only secretaries who will not offend the Germans and who will be *persona grata* to them." A mountain of similar documents may be piled up and produced before the impartial court demanded by Count Von Bernstorff. They would clearly show the marked difference between the occupation of 1871 and that of 1923. On one side stands brutality; on the other leniency and self-restraint.

But the most impressive document before the court would indeed be the Treaty of Frankfort itself. It stipulated that the French must pay before March 4, 1874, an indemnity of $1,000,000,000. Now, the last cent of this indemnity was paid on September 5, 1873—six months before the time set!

The old Kaiser, Wilhelm I, was amazed, when he heard that he would get his money before it was due. He called himself on the French Embassy in Berlin and, seizing the hand of the French Ambassador, Count de Gontaut-Biron, he exclaimed: "I can't find words to express my astonishment and admiration! It is simply wonderful!" Of course, it must indeed have seemed wonderful to a German monarch. France had lost at the terrible game of war, and she was willing to pay. A Prussian cannot understand this: if he loses, he never pays.

It was so fifty years ago—it is so to-day. But France and Belgium will see to it that, at least once in the history of the world, Germany, having lost, *will* pay.

STEPHANE LAUZANNE.

"WHAT DO WE CARE FOR 'ABROAD'?"

BY OSCAR KING DAVIS

FOREIGN trade is the international exchange of goods—the buying of imports as well as the selling of exports. American foreign trade consists not only of selling to the people of other countries some of the things that we produce and they need or want, but also of taking from them some of the things that they produce and we desire or must have. Desire is often as great an incentive to purchase as need. We purchase from other countries many things similar to those that we produce. Also we sell to other countries many things similar to those that they produce. Variety of product in the same line stimulates competition, prevents exorbitant prices, widens the range of selection for the individual purchaser, and often improves the market and increases total sales.

Foreign traders say that this trade affects the welfare of every man, woman, and child in the United States. But most Americans pay little attention to it. Many think it is of no great importance to the nation because it is relatively small compared to our vast domestic commerce. Not many years ago the President himself—not Mr. Harding, however—took that view. Some persons who call themselves economists believe—or affect to believe—that we should be better off without foreign trade. Occasionally some man arises to voice the pious wish that we might have none of it, and that there might be a greater Chinese Wall around this country that would absolutely keep out all things foreign. That wish has even found expression among the statesmen in Congress. It was a Senator who propounded the famous question: "What do we care for 'Abroad'?"

There are a great many things in our everyday life so obvious that they are often overlooked or ignored. The way in which foreign trade touches us all is one of them. Take a simple illustration, familiar in some respects, unfamiliar, probably, in others. What concern has "Babe" Ruth with foreign trade?

All of us in the United States and many persons in other countries know "Babe" Ruth as a baseball player. But this is probably the first time he has been celebrated in public as concerned with our overseas commerce. Yet his professional existence depends absolutely on foreign trade. The Hon. Kenesaw Mountain Landis is the High Commissioner of baseball, and as such he is reported to have a salary of $50,000 a year. Without foreign trade his salary would disappear, and there would have to be an inconceivable reorganization of the business of baseball in order to preserve any semblance of the game. Several millions of dollars are invested in baseball in the United States, and all this investment is dependent for its continued safety as well as for profit upon foreign trade. There is very much more in this business than the mere playing of games for public amusement at a price. In the game itself there is a large organization, employing in all the professional and semi-professional leagues and associations some hundreds or thousands of young men. Behind the actual public exhibitions there is a widely ramified service of supply. Equipment for the game includes uniforms, clothing, shoes, masks, guards, gloves, pads, bats, and balls, construction of stadia or other grandstands, transportation and hotel service.

All this depends on the maintenance of our foreign trade, without which it would cease.

Behind the professional game are the thousands and millions of amateur players, in every city and hamlet, and on almost every farm throughout the country. These, too, have their service of supply, dependent, like the other, on foreign trade. All baseballs are made in part of rubber. Some of them contain cork. Neither rubber nor cork is or can be produced in the United States. Rubber is a positively essential element in the manufacture also of footballs, tennis balls, and all the range of balls for games. And then there is golf, the game itself imported, not to mention the rubber in the balls with which it is played. Without foreign trade we should have no rubber, and the vast organization of sports in this country, built upon it, would disappear.

Nor would those who make their living in one way or another out of these sports be the only ones unhappily affected by stop-

ping the importation of rubber. Its employment in articles of sport is only one of a great number of its uses, many of which intimately affect the lives of all of us. Crude rubber to the value of more than three hundred million dollars a year is imported into this country from the tropics. The manufacture of it here into the hundreds of articles of daily and hourly use by millions of our people employs the labor of many thousands of men and women, all of whom earn their living through foreign trade.

But this is only one side of the shield. All this rubber that we use must be paid for, and payment is made in products of our industry or agriculture which the peoples of the countries where the rubber is produced want more than they want their rubber, just as we want this rubber more than we want our own products. These products of ours which go abroad to pay for rubber require in their production the labor of many more thousands of men and women. So in this one article there is a vast ramification of direct and indirect interest, which in itself touches pretty much every community and every individual in the country.

The fact is that in this country we use a great many more things which come from other countries than most of us realize. We overlook the obvious. The use of many articles and materials of foreign origin has become so much a matter of everyday habit with us that we accept them automatically, and in many cases have no thought that in doing so we are taking part in foreign trade. Consider, for a minute or two, the use of preserved fruits and vegetables—canned goods. The consumption of these foods in the United States is very great. There are, roughly, in this country some twenty-two million families. It is probably a fair estimate to say that in each family, on an average of once a day, use is made of some "put up" food product,—meats, fruits, or vegetables that have been packed for later use in tin or glass containers. One concern alone sells over 30,000,000 cases of soups a year, with four dozen tins in a case. This use of preserved food products has had an incalculable effect in the diversification of our modern life. It has facilitated our industrial development, through lessening the importance of proximity to sources of food supply, and has improved our general condition of living by giving us, during several months of the year, palatable

and appetizing vegetables and fruits which otherwise we should have to use in their dried or desiccated state, or do without.

All this is made possible by foreign trade. Canned goods are put up in glass jars or in tins. If in glass jars there is either a metal cap, in which tin is an element, or a glass top held down by wires made of steel coated with a mixture of zinc and tin. In either case a rubber ring is absolutely essential in sealing the jars. But tin, like rubber, comes from foreign countries, most of it now from the Straits Settlements, the Malay Peninsula, China and Bolivia. Without tin and rubber some other method of canning fruits and vegetables might be found, but it would surely be much more troublesome and inconvenient, and probably more expensive. Fruits are sometimes put up in bottles, which are corked and sealed usually with wax, sometimes under a soft tin and lead top. The corks come from Spain or Portugal.

We all wear shoes, or boots. Most good shoes are made out of materials gathered from all over the globe. The average American takes it for granted that because the shoes he wears are made in this country they are made out of American materials. Also he is inclined to think that good leather is about all there is in a good shoe. But in point of fact it is only one, the chief of course, of a large number of materials. Moreover, we make so many boots and shoes in this country, most of which we wear ourselves, and some we export, that our shoemakers require more leather than can be produced from the hides of cattle and horses raised here. Our leather makers are searching the world, all the time, for hides and skins to keep our industries busy.

The best sole leather is made from the heavy hides of the big steers grown in the southwestern part of the United States and in Australia and the Argentine Republic. Only about forty per cent of the sole leather used by American shoemakers is made from home-grown hides. Consequently the chances are three out of five that the soles of any man's shoes were made from foreign hides. These hides come to the United States to be tanned. In that process bichromate of potash, probably from Germany, and quebracho, from Paraguay or Brazil, are used. Thus the soles of our shoes are likely to be the product of four or five countries and three continents. Heels for men's and boys'

shoes are made usually of leather, fastened together with nails made of a special kind of steel produced in Pittsburgh, in which manganese, from Brazil, is an essential part.

The upper of a good shoe is sewed to the sole through the welt. The welt is first cemented to the sole with a mixture of asphalt, probably from Venezuela, and rubber, from Brazil or the Straits. Then the upper is sewed to the welt with linen thread, made from flax grown in Russia or the Argentine and spun in Ireland or Scotland. The fancy stitching in the upper is of silk from China or Japan, and so is the label bearing the maker's name. The soft tops of high shoes are made usually of goat skins, produced probably in India or China, possibly in South America. The tongue in high grade shoes is likely to be Australian kangaroo skin.

The little metal eyelets and hooks for the laces are made of a composition of nickel from Canada, tin from Malaya or Bolivia, and zinc from Missouri or Mexico. They are covered with a special polish in which several tropical products, like sandarac from Africa, divi-divi from Borneo, tragacanth from Persia, and gum arabic from Egypt, are used.

The shoes here described have nothing uncommon about them. They are made and worn by the million in this country, and millions more are exported to help toward paying for the foreign materials essential to their manufacture. There are in them materials from every continent on the globe. When you wear them the whole world is contributing to your comfort.

Illustrations might be multiplied almost without number, and all of them taken from the commonest facts of our everyday life. It would not make the point any more clear. We are taking all these products of every nook and corner of the world and using them to increase the comfort and convenience of our life. No doubt we could do without some, perhaps many, of them, but we will not. And since we insist not only in refusing to surrender any of the comforts that we have developed for ourselves, but also in seeking for more, we demand that our traders and manufacturers shall go on searching around the world for the means and materials to improve our enjoyment of life.

We mean to take, in increasing quantities, from all the world,

such of its products as we find useful or convenient. That is our import trade. We must pay for them, and there is only one way of doing so. That is with our own products. That is our export trade.

That brings us to a very curious feature of American mass psychology. Most of us mean only exports when we speak of foreign trade. Most of us also have a queer, intangible, and almost indefinable fear of imports. We think of imports, commonly, not in terms of the baseball and other things that we enjoy yet could not have without imports, but only in terms of those highly competitive articles which do or may interfere with the American manufacturer's enjoyment of the domestic market. We do not, as a rule, stop to consider that competitive imports are only a small minority of our total imports. We do not remember that more than half of what we buy abroad comes from the tropics and is not or cannot be produced here at home. We overlook the fact that more than half of the remainder—of non-tropical origin—is raw material, the importation of which means employment for our labor and our capital, activity and prosperity. It is really curious that so many of us should so persistently ignore these very plain and important facts. But there is another plain fact, the failure to understand which is stranger still. The imports which we take from other countries constitute their power to take the products of our industry that we are so eager to sell. The export manager is happy when an order comes from a new foreign customer. But before that order is approved for manufacture the credit man wants to know what the new customer has with which to buy.

The illustrations given, and scores more that might be given, show one way in which our import trade touches the life and adds to the comfort of every one of us. When it is realized how it also pays for our exports, the production of which keeps our industry busy and our people employed, it is not so hard to understand why the foreign traders say that this trade affects the welfare of every man, woman and child in the United States.

Oscar King Davis.

PAYING FOR WORKMEN'S MISFORTUNES

BY GORTON JAMES

SOCIETY has many bills to pay. One of the important points of contrast between one nation and another is its method of distributing among its members the responsibility for paying them. In the United States, for instance, we believe that each individual or group which runs a charge account with society should pay his or its own bill. That produces, we believe, a healthier body politic, containing a greater proportion of self-supporting and self-respecting individuals. The bills against society which are to be discussed in this article are those arising from the misfortunes of our manual workers—the cost of human calamities.

One of these bills which must be paid somehow, by someone, is that for supporting persons who are out of employment. A year and two years ago people in this country, aghast at the unemployment reports, discussed this question at great length without coming to any definite conclusion as to how the bill could be paid by collective effort without throwing over our cherished rule that each person must pay his own way. Above all we abhor paternalism. Yet some action is imperative.

Unemployment is cited first among the workers' misfortunes because it has been strikingly forced on our attention of late, but it is only one of the big bills for meeting human calamities which society is constantly paying out of its gross receipts before net profits are distributed. Persons who have been hurt or who are sick, together with their dependents, are taken care of because, under the unwritten laws of human nature, society cannot let them suffer. Families deprived of their breadwinner by premature death—old people who have become too feeble to earn their own living—all must be supported.

Here is the point to dwell upon. The nature or even the existence of the life-preserving force may be questioned if you will, but the fundamental fact remains that somehow the costs of the mis-

chances of life are paid by someone else if the victim is unable to finance them himself.

In the first place it is at once apparent that among the millions of families whose breadwinners are out of work, have been hurt, are sick, have grown superannuated or have been killed, there are many who have saved enough money to carry them through the period of trouble. There is a vast horde of persons, however, whose savings are insufficient to keep them alive until the income they normally depend upon can be started again. Studies of charity cases have shown that only a small percentage of this group is without funds because of thriftlessness—more than 60 per cent of them are in this condition because of circumstances over which they have had no control. Encouragement of thrift therefore is not the solution.

The same risks that face the workers today faced them in the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth century. But then their relative importance was far different. Sickness and death from epidemics and plagues were the workers' first fears. The disability of old age was not a great problem, for in those days there always seemed to be some occupation open for an old person. It was not until the Industrial Revolution brought in machinery and factory organization that the risks of accidents and unemployment began to overshadow in importance the risks of sickness and premature death.

Before the Industrial Revolution the masters, as a group, accepted without question the costs of the calamities of their employees. But with the introduction of the factory system, the preaching of Adam Smith's doctrine of non-interference, and the conception of democracy as a political ideal, employers of the new régime threw off the load with the easy excuse that men wished to be their own masters and responsible for their own risks. In reality, private charity then had to pick up the burden, and it has not proved a satisfactory arrangement.

The interesting thing about the problem is that, though the fact is not always realized, we in the United States have developed methods of our own which are quite different, both in their mode of operation and their effectiveness, from those which have been established in other countries. We build our social machinery

on the theory of democracy. We look to individuals rather than to the government to accomplish our purposes wherever possible.

European nations began to realize their responsibilities toward the workers in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and there followed considerable social legislation intended to mitigate the evils of accidents, old age, sickness, and unemployment.

Germany took the lead in social legislation by passing her first sickness insurance law in 1883, and accident insurance law in 1884, and an old age pension law in 1889. Each of these laws distributed the costs in different proportions among the various groups of society. But, in the main, the German theory was to give the government the chief responsibility. The shares in which the cost was distributed varied under the different laws, but in general the assessments were levied; (1) on the people as a whole in proportion to their wealth through taxes; (2) on the employers in proportion to the size of their payroll; and (3) on the employees themselves, each being required to pay a small amount so that he would not feel he was getting something for nothing. In effect, the employers, under the German system, pay a large part of the total cost of the various forms of insurance when both direct payments and indirect taxation are considered. Note, however, that the government apportions the cost and distributes the benefits. The employers in the German system are little more than passive contributors to a socialistic mechanism.

Following the lead of Germany, England passed similar social legislation but did not throw the financial burden on the employers so much as on the wealth of the country. For example, old age pensions are paid out of taxes and sickness insurance is subsidized by the government, which arranges for medical service and decides what portions of the fund shall go to the doctor and to the druggist. The English method of meeting these risks has tended to remove the expense of employees' misfortunes from the cost of manufactured goods and to assess it against profits after they have been distributed. The result has been to enable Great Britain to transact business at a lower point in the scale of cost and to give her a theoretical competitive advantage over those countries which add this expense to the cost of production.

In all the foreign countries, to a greater or less degree, the workers look to their governments for protection and for aid in times of trouble. In contrast to these systems which are thus fundamentally socialistic, we in the United States have placed the burden, wherever it has been definitely placed at all, theoretically on the shoulders of individuals. But we have built up large private organizations principally for the purpose of carrying the cost of supporting dependents when their breadwinners have ceased providing for them. And then we have always looked to the employers to help their employees individually in time of misfortune. Our charity workers nearly always appeal first to the breadwinner's last employer in seeking aid for destitute families.

Through legislative enactment specifying that benefits shall be provided for government employees in certain cases of misfortune, the people of this country give a pretty clear indication of what burdens they think private employers should carry. Private employers, it is true, on the ground that they are not wholly responsible, are not always willing to assume all the burden that people would pile on them, and in many cases they are quite justified in the stand they take. In the case of industrial accidents, for instance, how could it be fair to charge the employer for the cost of an accident caused wholly by the negligence of his employees? Obviously the employer is not responsible. But someone must pay the bill, and, most often, neither the employee who has been injured, nor his family, is able to pay it. Charitable organizations should not be expected to help in the case of work accidents, for they carry big burdens of their own already without this addition. Who shall pay? Our answer to this question is where our methods differ from almost all European practices.

Our States decreed, beginning in 1910 and following one after another until all but five out of the forty-eight have concurred, that, whether they are responsible or not the employers should pay the bills for industrial accidents. Most of the States have given the employers several choices of methods of paying, but all the laws specify when and how much shall be paid for each kind of accident. The methods are usually that of insuring the risk in

a mutual association, a private insurance company, or a State fund, although some States permit certain companies to pay their own accident compensation direct if they are strong enough financially to undertake the liability alone.

The results of thus throwing the burden on the employers, instead of apportioning the cost on the basis of responsibility and setting up a governmental agency to administer it, have been surprising in the extreme and have taught the world a new lesson in social organization. The number of accidents and their gross cost to society has been reduced beyond the wildest dreams of the original authors of accident compensation laws. And at the same time employers have saved money instead of adding a new item to their costs of doing business as was expected. How was that result brought about? In the first place, the expensive legal machinery which had grown up around the old methods of taking accident cases to court was eliminated by specifying what should be paid in practically every kind and degree of industrial accident. A simple procedure was provided for cases of dispute. That saving was more or less evident beforehand, but the big item that had not been foreseen was the indirect result of placing the whole cost of accidents squarely on the shoulders of the employers. True, they could pass on the cost in the prices of their goods, but also they could save money by reducing the number of accidents.

The humanitarian motive to prevent accidents was thus reinforced by a direct financial motive. It was very effective. Manufacturers making safety devices and guards who could not sell their wares before 1910 found themselves the proprietors of thriving businesses after the compensation laws were passed. It paid the employer to prevent his employees from being careless. Before the enactment of those laws it was "none of his business" if the workers did not want to be careful, but now it was money in his pocket if he could educate his force to careful habits. Workmen's compensation laws must be recognized as a very successful method of dealing with the great national expense of industrial accidents. They distribute the burden among a group which could pass it along to the consuming public, but they also encourage and reward serious efforts to reduce the burden.

Society gained the sum of the individual savings all along the line.

The expense of accidents, however, is the only one of the workers' risks which has been the subject of legislation generally in the United States. Germany and England have gone much further and have dealt with old age, sickness, and invalidity by insurance methods. Again their plan has been to establish governmental agencies to assume the responsibility and to direct the operation of the plans. The only American legislation with respect to superannuation has been the establishment of many different schemes for collecting funds and paying pensions to government employees, especially policemen, firemen, and school teachers, by States or municipalities and to civil service employees by the Federal Government. These laws deal only with cases where the government is the employer, and nowhere in the country have private employers been told what they must do for their old employees. These various pension systems may perhaps be accepted as an expression of the public attitude toward the responsibility of the employer for his employees in their old age; testimony that the people believe that the employer has an obligation, be it moral or merely one of expediency, to look after the persons who have grown feeble in his service.

Moreover, the employers apparently have sensed the feeling on the part of the public and without legislation they frequently assume the responsibility in a great variety of ways for the old age of their employees. No very successful methods have been worked out yet, however, for dealing with this problem. It is hoped that some way can be evolved soon which will distribute the burden more fairly. Nevertheless the hesitation of the people of this country in attacking this problem is merely another healthy manifestation of the American abhorrence of socialistic methods depending upon the assumption of the responsibility by the Government instead of by individuals—methods which are the outgrowth of the old paternalistic philosophy of government and not as far advanced in the scale of social organization, we believe, as our philosophy of democracy.

When a method is proposed which is American in its operation we shall see its widespread adoption, but until then we must not

look for anything but a continuance of the "hit or miss", informal expedients for taking care of the superannuation problem.

Sickness is another large item of social expense for which no system satisfactory to Americans has been evolved. Most employers of large groups of workers have found that they save money by providing medical services, nurses, dispensaries, and competent doctors to look out for the health of the employees and to work for prevention of sickness within the group.

Group health insurance, through which a few employers have insured their employees in recent years, is expensive, and malingering is difficult to detect, so this form of insurance has not been accepted widely as the best means for distributing the cost of sickness. Sickness remains today as one of the principal causes of destitution found by our charitable organizations.

Premature death of the breadwinner as a financial calamity to the family has long been dealt with by life insurance. Hundreds of thousands of individual policies are sold annually by large insurance companies to our working population for premiums of ten to twenty-five cents a week. The cost of administration, selling and collecting premiums, lapsed policies and clerical work averages over 50 per cent of the premiums according to sworn testimony in an insurance investigation made only a few years ago. Where the desire to be insured against death and to provide decent burial is so strong as to induce millions of the people of this country to pay over a dollar for each fifty cents' worth of insurance they get, it is only a matter of common sense for employers to help their employees replace these policies by similar protection at rates between eight and ten cents annually per dollar of insurance. This can now be done under the group life insurance policies, which have come so widely into popularity during the past few years. Again the American method has been to look to individual action rather than to the Government to evolve methods for meeting the cost of premature death among the inhabitants of this country.

Unemployment creates an enormous, annual, national bill. In ordinarily prosperous times over a million people who are dependent for their livelihood on what they earn are out of work in the United States. The individuals making up the million

are constantly changing, some being out of a job perhaps only a day or so, but as these persons find new jobs, others are losing theirs. Thus the number actually out of work remains over the million mark even during days of prosperity, while a business depression increases the number five fold, possibly ten fold. In other words, on account of unemployment the country must at all times support in idleness a million of its producers together with those others who are dependent on them, averaging between two and three persons to each producer. England and Germany have established great governmental agencies for collecting funds and paying them out in doles to the unemployed to support the breadwinners and their families. The workers who are out of employment look to their government to find new jobs for them and to support them until satisfactory jobs are located. The expense is distributed but nothing else is accomplished. Now while there is great good in any equitable distribution of the cost (if such a task is possible of attainment by human beings working with artificial human means) it must be recognized that the most important factor for permanent relief lies within the power of the employer alone.

Judge Elbert H. Gary, speaking on unemployment has said:

> Idleness does not result from the fact that there are more persons desiring work than the resources of the country can accommodate, but it arises from interruptions to business, so that large numbers who have been working are discontinued in consequence of decreases of production. If the volume of trade were steady and not subject to serious changes, the capacity of the working-people would adjust itself to the necessity and demands of capital and enterprise.

And W. H. Beveridge in *Unemployment, a Problem of Industry*, says:

> Unemployment is a question not of the scale of industry but of its organization, not of the volume of the demand for labor but of its changes and fluctuations.

The part that the employer must play in the movement for the solution of unemployment is to try to regularize his business. Anyone can name a list of a dozen concerns of the modern type, in a wide variety of industries, which have so arranged their business that they never turn their employees away because of

lack of work. With good management a great deal can be done towards regularizing production. But only a few have tried it yet.

Is it not reasonable, then, to suggest, that if employers were required to insure their workers against unemployment as they do against accidents, with the same financial incentive to save expenses, more of them would be found who could iron out the fluctuations in their business? Moreover, if these individuals working alone can reduce variations in their business, is it not to be expected that still greater results could be attained by business men working in concert towards the same end? Might we not look for a reduction of unemployment comparable with the reduction of accidents after the enactment of workmen's compensation laws? Can we not take a page from our experience with workmen's compensation and devise laws which will throw on the employers at once the responsibility and the opportunity to reduce the cost? And then can we not feel justified in relying on the employers in the first place to distribute equitably those costs which must be borne, through the prices they charge for their goods, and secondly to take all steps possible towards reducing unemployment in their own shop in particular and throughout the country in general? This is the American way of looking to the individual instead of creating a socialistic governmental agency to administer the problem.

GORTON JAMES.

RADICALISM OR LIBERALISM?

BY SELDEN PEABODY DELANY

James Russell Lowell was once asked by Guizot, the brilliant French historian, how long he thought the American Republic was likely to endure. Lowell replied: "So long as the ideas of its founders continue to be dominant." He went on to explain that by their ideas he meant also the traditions of their race in government and morals.

What were the distinctive ideas of the founders of this republic, the traditions of their race in government and morals? We can best answer that question by a study of origins. Four separate strains were clearly discernible among the Colonists: the Puritan, the Continental Protestant, the Anglican, and the Roman Catholic. There was also a free-thinking element represented by such men as Thomas Paine, but this was a negligible factor in the founding and early development of the Republic. Puritans, Protestants, Anglicans and Roman Catholics were at that time, however, in substantial accord in their ideals of government and morals. They brought with them to America the fundamental principles of the civilized tradition of Christendom. They believed firmly in the necessity of religion, the right of private property, the indissolubility of marriage. They taught their children to respect the authority of their parents. They were vehemently opposed to race suicide. They maintained a fervent love for their country, which to them was synonymous with the love of freedom. Their steadfast devotion to law and order was never considered inconsistent with a jealous regard for popular rights and an ineradicable belief in democracy. They looked upon popular education as almost a panacea for every social and political ill. In the administration of the law they endeavored always to safeguard the rights of the individual.

Most of these principles are in our day being called into

question by an intelligent, aggressive and growing section of the American population. One could hardly call them Reds, and they would spurn the designation of Bolshevists; yet they are Radicals and rather enjoy being called by that name. Radicalism, if it means anything, must have something to do with roots. Our present day American Radicals are perfectly frank in expressing their intention to tear up by the roots most of the principles of government, economics, morals and manners which we have inherited from the European tradition. They would like nothing better than to undermine the foundations of the existing social order. In their opinion, whatever is, is wrong. They hail with delight every proposed reform so long as it promises to initiate something new; in their minds, the new is always better than the old. They hate with a bitter and vindictive hatred the prevailing system of society under which we are living. They are not at all certain or unanimous as to what they would like to see substituted for it, but they are certain that they would like to see it pulled down. They welcome, therefore, any enthusiastic and violent attack, from whatever source, upon our traditional institutions: the Constitution, the family, marriage, parenthood, property, religion, law, the police, the Army and Navy, our form of government, the press, conventional standards in art and music, sexual restraint, modesty in dress, and so on indefinitely.

I

Let us examine some of the features in our present situation in America which are particularly conducive to the spread of Radical ideas of society and government, and which are alleged by some to make the United States promising soil for revolutionary movements.

Every American is by nature a Radical and a revolutionist. From our earliest childhood we breathe in an atmosphere of Radicalism. Were it not for the widespread use of nursing bottles, we might almost be said to drink it in with our mother's milk. It is no mere accident of history, but an accountable effect of far-reaching significance, that America was discovered

toward the end of the fifteenth century. Because of that fact, America is an offshoot of the Europe of the Renaissance. This was the first great movement of revolt against the authority of the Catholic Church. It was accompanied by the resurgence of pagan ideas and the establishment of modern nationalities upon the ruins of the Holy Roman Empire. The Renaissance was followed by the Protestant Reformation, which profoundly altered the religious notions of all sorts of people, even of those who remained within the Roman Church. All of these currents of thought had much to do in determining the character of the men and women who colonized America.

This, however, is but a small part of our national inheritance. A more recent influence was the War of the Revolution, which is removed from us by only a century and a half. The spirit of the Revolution is still in our blood. The tyranny of kings—although there are scarcely any kings left in the world—still seems to many Americans an imminent peril. Among the axioms of our political philosophy are the convictions that taxation without representation is unjust, and that government derives its power and authority from the consent of the governed. Furthermore, as a result of the Civil War, it has become a truism in our social philosophy, in the South as well as in the North, that slavery is an iniquitous and inhuman institution. Therefore, any movement in whatever part of the world whose alleged aim is to break the shackles of slavery, at once elicits our whole-hearted sympathy and support.

Moreover, owing to the vast extent of our country, and the consequent delay in populating its empty spaces, the pioneer spirit has largely controlled the formation of habits and character in the majority of our people. The distinguishing characteristic of the pioneer spirit is the habit of self-reliance. The pioneer strikes out boldly into the lonely wilderness to seek his fortune and build a home. He is thereby compelled to solve his problems and conquer his peculiar difficulties by reliance on his own independent judgment and resources. In spite of his courage and self-reliance, however, he acquires other qualities which render him none too valuable as neighbor and coöperating member of the community. His isolation and

seclusion have tended to make him narrow-minded and provincial in his outlook on life. It was this quality of mind in the inhabitants of Gopher Prairie which so effectually insulated them against the cultural efforts of Carol Kennicut. Unfortunately this unwillingness to be civilized is not confined to the people of Gopher Prairie. *Main Street* has been so universally read because it embodies so veracious an account of the American character.

These, then, are some of the factors which have made the American people what they are today: liberty-loving, self-reliant, independent, unconventional, radical in thought, impatient of restrictions on belief and conduct, despising tradition and enamored of novelties. We Americans are instinctively inclined to revolt against authority, whether imposed upon us in the sphere of religion or politics or social life. We prefer to be our own guides and blaze out our own trail through the forests of philosophic doubt. We have scant reverence for ancient traditions, for we accept it as an axiom that the new is better than the old. Furthermore, we dislike to submit our private judgment to what seem like the cramping restrictions of dogma or creed.

As typical of this state of mind, I may mention a boy in the Middle West who, during his adolescence thirty years ago, was thrilled at reading the words of Sherman Hoar, son of the Massachusetts Judge, "I began where my father left off." Forthwith, this boy became a Democrat in his political sympathies for no other reason than that his father had been a Republican. He also drifted from his conservative Presbyterian moorings and under the influence of a young clergyman who had recently come to town, took up with advanced liberal views in theology. At preparatory school he wrote an "oration" for commencement entitled *Independence of Thought* which was deeply tinged with ideas borrowed from Emerson's essay on *Self-Reliance*, which had set vibrating a sympathetic chord in his young soul. Unfortunately, however, this "oration" was never delivered to the world, as the principal of the academy debarred him from graduating, along with ten other rebels in the class, because they had reprimanded the faculty

for expelling one of their classmates for an alleged act of insubordination.

The hospitality of the American people to Radical ideas explains the popularity and increasing circulation of certain newspapers and periodicals which have become organs of Radical propaganda. We have perhaps associated Radicalism chiefly with foreign-language newspapers and such magazines as circulate chiefly among the less educated classes. Now, however, we find it conspicuously championed in journals and magazines that ostensibly appeal to the intellectuals. One of these weekly periodicals with a long and honored career devoted to the defense of conservative institutions and ideals has since the war become a Radical journal of the most pronounced sort under the editorship of a pacifist who manifests an intense hatred of the established order. Its circulation is understood to be considerably greater than it was under its former more conservative management. One of the three leading illustrated monthlies, which has always appealed to the more intelligent class of readers and stood for the aims and aspirations of our traditional civilization, has lately come under Radical editorial direction and has published articles by propagandists who are in the pay of the Soviet government of Russia. One of our most widely read New York newspapers has recently taken upon its staff several of the more prominent younger Radicals and is now among the most influential organs of this extreme form of propaganda. Most of the book-reviewing in the United States is now in the hands of Radicals.

Recent philosophic tendencies have been headed in the same direction. Many college-bred Americans have found their reasoning increasingly colored by pragmatism. These pragmatist philosophers teach us that we should be distrustful of abstract principles; in fact, that the fewer principles of any kind we have the better. Instead of burdening ourselves with principles we should try out various schemes of thought and action and see which works best. Whatever works is necessarily true and right. To be sure, there has very recently been a recrudescence of realism and almost a tendency to return to the scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages, but that philo-

sophical trend has not yet affected the lower levels of popular thought.

M. Bergson also has profoundly influenced the mental attitude of many of our intellectuals. His aim has been to substitute instinct for intellect. He says in *Creative Evolution* (p. 165): "The intellect is characterized by a natural inability to comprehend life. . . . Keep your intellect for the humdrum things of everyday life, and use your intuition to evolve new creations." He further says (p. 268), "Instinct pierces the darkness of the night which the intellect leaves." The teachings of the French Syndicalist philosopher, M. Sorel, are closely parallel to those of M. Bergson. Both are common enemies of intelligence, placing their reliance upon some unforeseeable impetus like the *élan vital.* M. Sorel insists that man has genius only in the measure that he does not reflect. He says, for example, "It is the great value of the general strike that it overthrows society absolutely and leads to an unknown future entirely different from the past. We should allow the inherent democratic impulse in society to have free play, unhindered by the shackles of law, religion or morality, in order that a new and better civilization may develop."

On top of all this came the war. Many serious-minded and idealistic Americans were deeply grieved and shocked at seeing our boasted civilization culminating in such a cataclysm. All the immeasurable progress in scientific knowledge and technical skill, all the advance in political life and government that have been gained by the democratic movement, all the material development and commercial and industrial conquests that have resulted from the invention of machinery, the steam engine, electricity and the gasoline engine, have led only to this stupid climax of destruction and disaster! Could any conceivable kind of a social order have led to a worse culmination? Could a bloody revolution followed by the dictatorship of the proletariat produce any more futile results than have come from a century of bourgeois civilization?

It is such considerations as these that explain the complete right-about-face of some of our most eminent intellectuals, especially the editors of such periodicals and newspapers as

have been already mentioned. The same reaction to the most extreme forms of Radicalism is to be found in not a few Quakers, who were formerly simply bourgeois pacifists. The war has impregnated these individuals with an almost uncontrollable hatred of our present social order. They ascribe the war entirely to the commercial rivalries of our capitalistic civilization. In consequence, they are quite ready to espouse the cause of Bolshevism or of any other revolutionary movement that can undermine and destroy the fabric of our industrial, social and political life.

Many well-dressed, clever people such as one meets in clubs and drawing-rooms and at afternoon teas and dinner parties are apparently in a frenzy of hatred. They are bitterly opposed to the Government, they despise the Church, they believe all big business is immoral and that it is the controlling principle in our political life—what they call the "invisible government" at Washington. They accuse the press of being the tool of our commercial exploiters; they favor the working classes in every strike; they are glad to encourage any devices for birth-control, because they do not believe in producing more men for future wars. They oppose all military preparedness, and sneer secretly and sometimes openly at soldiers in uniform. They subscribe only to Radical papers and read only Radical books.

The extraordinary thing, however, about these Radical critics is that they offer no constructive programme. They have no concrete suggestions as to what they would like to see substituted for the present wasteful and iniquitous system. They have before their eyes the triumph of extreme radical ideas in the autocratic *régime* in Russia. Those who are in control of that unhappy land have long been contending for the acceptance of a Radical political and social system which goes far beyond the fondest dreams of our American Radicals, and they have now attained their aim. They call it euphemistically the dictatorship of the proletariat. American Radicals, while they ardently urge commercial and political relations with the Soviet Government of Russia, do not point with pride to this system as a justification for their position; on the

contrary, they seem to be rudely critical of it and wish to be disassociated from any responsibility for the Russian situation. They merely wish to tear down. They have no substitute to offer for the present social and industrial order which they so utterly despise.

II

Radicalism must not be confused with Liberalism. Liberalism is a temper of mind which may be found in all schools of thought. It connotes primarily the love of freedom, the spirit of tolerance, and the ability to appreciate the elements of truth in another man's position. Mr. Harold Stearns, in his *Liberalism in America*, quotes an interesting definition of Liberalism by Mr. Max Eastman:

> To be Liberal is to be able to enter with one's imagination into any point of view that is proposed. This is a dangerous gift, but it is not fatal if one has the courage to suffer a personal defeat. A true Liberal is one who when he repudiates an idea does so as one who *knows what it is* to believe it. And when he accepts an idea, he *knows what it is* to reject it. He knows by a sympathetic intellectual experience—he is to that extent gifted with imagination and curiosity.

This is an excellent definition. The term "liberal" should be used to describe an attitude of mind rather than a body of opinions. There are two contrasted classes of mind, and the minds of most of us belong to one or the other class. They are the liberal mind and the closed mind. Whether we belong to the liberal-minded class or the class whose minds are closed may be due to congenital causes. Psychologists could tell us about that. Those of us whose sympathies are with the liberal-minded would be quite ready to admit that there is something to be said for keeping the mind closed, particularly when it believes it has laid hold of absolute truth. In that case it may be an excellent idea to avoid the draughts of erroneous doctrine and dangerous sophistries, by keeping the doors and windows of the mind shut. Liberals, however, are perfectly willing to take their chances with draughts.

Liberalism is emphatically not to be set over against authority, whether religious, moral, intellectual or political. Even Ultra-

montanism is consistent with Liberalism. Lord Acton and Baron von Hügel are good examples of Liberals who accept whole-heartedly and ungrudgingly the authoritative dogmas of the Catholic religion. The new Pope, Pius XI, is another illustration of the feasibility of combining Liberalism with dogmatism. The Liberal is courteous and charitable to all serious minded seekers after truth and justice, and only too glad to give them an opportunity to state their case. He strives to enter appreciatively into their intellectual position and welcomes such of their ideas as he honestly can accept. But that does not mean that he accepts views that are opposed to his own tested convictions; that he agrees, for example, with the person who insists that two and two equal five. Liberalism is a virtue that has to do with persons, not with ideas.

There can be no danger to the Republic from Liberalism. In fact, the more Liberalism we have in our social and political groups the better we shall understand one another and the more solid and enduring will be our national development. But Radicalism is quite another matter, for Radicalism seeks to uproot all living, growing things.

Liberalism is the only practical alternative to Radicalism. There is no possible hope for Conservatism in America today. A Conservative movement or party would attract only the most reactionary elements in our political and religious life, and such elements constitute only a negligible segment of popular opinion. The real issue before the American people today is whether a sane and constructive Liberalism or a wild and destructive Radicalism shall control our future development as a nation.

III

The fundamental error of the Radicals consists in attributing all of our ills, national and international, to what they call our capitalistic social and political system. They are strangely oblivious of the fact that the root evil lies in human nature. The fundamental cause of all our difficulties is plain, old-fashioned *sin*—the fact that so many men and women are living apart from God and refusing to live in obedience to His will.

So long as that condition goes on, we shall continue to suffer from the same ills under whatever system of government or social order we may be living. The triumph of Bolshevism in Russia has not done away with human sin, with selfishness, dishonesty, and trickery, with exploitation of the unprivileged classes by those in power, with greed for gain, with cruelty and lust. Mr. H. G. Wells never spoke more truly than when he said in one of his books[1] that man is a creature of very nimble dishonesty. That is the root of all the world's trouble.

What is the remedy? The remedy is by no means simple, but the fundamental need, if we are to cure our present ills, is that the human race should get back to God. The remedy lies in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and its dynamic is the power of God. The bulk of the American people, whether Catholic or Protestant, still profess to believe in the Christian religion. Even those who have lapsed from public worship and sit loosely to creeds still accept the moral principles of the Gospel as the standard of their conduct and aspiration. The supreme need of the hour is the deepening of the spiritual life of all our people.

The remedy, however, is not quite so simple as this. What we need is not simply the Christian religion, but the Christian religion qualified and safeguarded by a liberal attitude of mind. We must be prepared to look all the facts in the face, whether social, industrial, political or moral. We must be practical politicians. Religion must be carried into the market place and the factory and on to the farm. It must penetrate even to our legislatures and into the halls of Congress. It must permeate our daily press, our periodical literature, our novels, our science and philosophy. It must once again be made the basic fact in our education. A religion that is divorced from daily life can never save us. We need a political movement that is based upon Christian ideals. Perhaps the most hopeful sign on the horizon today is the rapid and extraordinary rise of the White International. Beginning in Italy with the Popular Party and spreading to Germany in the Centre Party, it is beginning to exercise an influence everywhere in Europe. It is one of the most promising antidotes to the spread of the

[1] *An Englishman Looks at His World.*

Red International. The White International is fundamentally a peasant movement, because peasants are as a rule settled, conservative and religious, as against the restless and radical and irreligious industrial workers of the cities.

Has not the day arrived when we must have a political party in America based on definitely Christian principles? Neither an exclusively Catholic nor Protestant party could command the united support of the farmers and the industrial workers of the cities. But is it entirely outside the realm of practical politics that we should have a liberal Christian party which could appeal equally to Catholics and Protestants? The two dominant parties which at present hold the field, the Republican and the Democratic, are as much alike as two peas in a pod. They have long since forgotten the distinctive principles which brought them into existence. Practically the only difference between them today is that one party is in power and wants to stay in, and the other is out and wants to get in. One can hardly become enthusiastic over such principles. The time has surely come when we must advocate the combination of Republicans and Democrats into one Liberal party which shall uphold the fundamental traditions of our race in government and morals against revolutionary Radicalism of every form.

The thing has been done in Germany and Italy, and may easily become a world-wide movement. The Center Party in Germany is expanding its principles so as to make an appeal to all who believe in maintaining the Republic and conducting national and international affairs according to the ethics of the Gospel. Heretofore it has been looked upon as the Clerical or Roman Catholic party, but since the Revolution there has been a growing tendency to coöperate with the Socialist representatives so long as no Catholic principles were sacrificed or compromised. This combination has undoubtedly saved the country from Bolshevism on the one hand and from a monarchist reaction on the other. We quote the following authorized proclamation of the new programme of the German Center party:

> The unification and concentration of our party system is a vital condition for the continuation of Germany's existence. To build up a strong party

with the grand aim and the stout heart of a liberal combination, this party must incorporate ideas of the present time, without sacrificing whatever was good and useful in the past. It must master the great social and economic tasks of the present, overcome class hatred and unite representatives of all walks of life and of all religions for constructive political work. The safeguarding our present constitution must be the principal business at hand. It is necessary that this great party drive its roots into all parts of Germany that it may become the center of the great constitutional union of political parties so much talked of in recent months.

Various committees of the Center Party have come to the conclusion that at the next elections a number of non-Catholic candidates shall be nominated by the Center Party without consideration as to whether these candidates have the support of their own coreligionists or not. The Center Party is the German Constitutional Party that will not be swayed by consideration of creed or class.

In Italy much the same programme is being advocated by the Popular Party. The leader of that party, Don Sturzo, aims to make Italy once more the cultural light of the world by teaching her people to live in the fear of God.

No movement can exert a world-wide appeal that ignores or violates the fundamental instincts of human nature. The three strongest human instincts are those that have their roots in private ownership, family life and religion. Most of the communistic movements in recent times have attempted to suppress these three fundamental instincts. Therefore they must inevitably dash themselves to pieces upon the impregnable rock of humanity itself. What we need today is an international party which is liberal in its attitude toward the laboring classes and keenly appreciative of the needs of the peasant population in all countries, but ready to fight to the end the inhuman and whimsical vagaries of the Red International. It must therefore be based upon a belief in private property, in the monogamous family and in religion. The White International promises to be such a movement; something of that kind is the supreme political need of the world today.

SELDEN PEABODY DELANY.

CAN OUR PUBLIC OFFICIALS BE OUR LEADERS?

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

As a general marches at the head of his troops, so ought wise politicians, if I dare use the expression, to march at the head of affairs; insomuch that they ought not to wait the event, to know what measure to take, but the measure which they have taken ought to produce the event.

DEMOSTHENES.

I

LEADERSHIP seems to be essential in any form of human society we have as yet evolved. The anarchists believe that man should be independent of law and government, rulers and leaders, but so far that ideal has seemed difficult of realization. We have shown no instinctive abhorrence of the human subordinations necessary in our type of society. On the contrary we evidence real enthusiasm for leadership, we betray a liking for gathering together under the banner of a stimulating personality, we show satisfaction in the division of labor which delegated headship entails, and we are proud of our leader as of one we have helped to create by enrolling ourselves as followers.

In a democratic society, which tries to carry on organized community life without hereditary rulers, there is as much need of leaders to formulate the aspirations of the people as of laws to codify the accepted requirements of conduct. In a monarchy the king is the natural leader. Where he is weak, there may be intriguing courtiers in the background, but the sovereign is, in theory at least, the final determiner of social procedure. Any assault upon this monarchical system means revolution. The leader in a democracy may be the elected representative or he may not. He is sometimes found within the governmental organization and sometimes without. The existence of boss-rule shows that office and leadership do not necessarily coincide in this country. Is this separation of the two functions desirable?

When a new moral conviction arises, product of the stirred conscience of man, its early protagonists are necessarily outside the field of government. Doctrines which differ from those held by the majority are not often held by those elected to represent the majority. This was particularly true in the anti-slavery agitation in the first half of the nineteenth century. The fight was led by men and women whom their own generation denounced as fanatics. Not, however, until Lincoln, elected leader of the people, adopted the cause as his own did aspiration pass into achievement.

The need of accomplishment gives practical value to official leadership. We do not need to ask the leader in efforts at social betterment to originate the new ideas or to evolve the new theories. For that, as always, we must look to the watcher on the hill top, the philosopher beneath the portico, the scientist in his laboratory. The leader for whom we search is he who can inspire us to faith in the new idea and can enlist our aid in transmuting its promise into reality.

To whom shall we turn for the leadership that shall open the door of education to all the children of the United States? Who can show us how to narrow the function of the middleman and bring the producer and consumer closer together? Who can guide us to the release of plastic childhood from the stereotyping activities of industrial life? Where is the leader who will reveal to us our responsibility to our brothers across the sea as to our brothers here at home? May we look for him and hope for him in the ranks of our public officials?

II

What chance is there for intelligent leadership in a nation which has no great respect for the expert and holds his services in light regard?

In modern civilization the division of government has need for the best talent we have. The rapid development of industrial and community complications presents problems which require for their solution abilities of the highest order. Amiability gives no guarantee of ability to regulate the coal industry with

fairness to all concerned. Fervid campaign oratory holds no promise of powers able to cope with the intricacies of the transportation problem. Wisdom alone can help us to find a way out of the tangles. And yet mediocrity is found in high places. The wonder seems to be, not that we get along so badly, but that we get along at all.

As a nation we are accused of loving the quack and distrusting the expert. In much of our political life we seem neither to ask nor to receive help from the wise men in our midst. We apparently prefer to choose for office those no better than ourselves. We show suspicion of our superiors. Our leadership accordingly suffers by being compelled to reflect our own average.

We hold the faith of the pioneer that we are all practically equal in ability as in the eye of the law, and that one man does a thing about as well as another. When the things to be done were simpler and our population more homogeneous than now, there was some justification for such a belief, but today, with the complex interrelations between man and the mechanical devices he has created for himself and his fellows, we must necessarily depend upon the trained ability of our public servants to protect us from encompassing dangers and keep the path of community life clear.

Of course we can go on in the future as we have in the past, allowing our inspectors to pass buildings which will collapse at an unexpected fall of snow; we can construct roads that look well for a day and wear well for a week; we can organize police forces which are partners of the criminals; we can accept epidemics as the will of God; we can allow our tenements to breed disease and delinquency unchecked; we can permit inefficiency in every branch of government and comfort ourselves with the belief that we have squared the account when we have paid the higher tax levy. But what can compensate for the higher death rate, the lowered physical well-being, the greater infant mortality, the unclean food, the diseased milk, the bad housing, the inadequate nursing and hospital care? Is there anything to offset the neglect of the public schools, the lowering of standards for teachers, the indifference to improved educational methods? Who can measure the calamitous effect of increasing crime, the

upspringing of new menaces to life and property, the development of an atmosphere demoralizing to the young?

We pay a high price for our easy-going ways. We suffer the manifold penalties incident to the process of voting which is theoretically a rational process but actually largely an emotional process. We mark our ballots for the good fellow, the plausible speaker, the likeable individual. We pass the expert by. He is apt to be an introvert, interested in ideas, with neither the time nor the inclination to cultivate the particular qualities characterizing a good vote-getter. Sanitary engineers, bridge builders, road makers, administrators, executives can seldom qualify as soap-box orators or "glad hand" artists.

In appointive positions we do sometimes obtain abilities of the first order. Men of such calibre shrink from the ordeal of running for office, but are inspired by the opportunity for putting their talents at the service of the country. Our scientific departments at Washington are an example of the possibilities of excellent selection in a democratic society.

The civil service represents another of our efforts at protecting society as a whole from our weaknesses as individuals. The insidious undermining and constant attacks from the politicians, to which it is subject, are a tribute to the effectiveness of the method. Such categories of office as are under civil service are to that extent safeguarded. In the future we may see the wisdom of extending the service to still more important branches of government. Why should we not elect our mayors from a list of candidates, certified by a civil service commission as possessing the requisite technical training and ability for the onerous task? We have too long regarded a municipality as a governmental unit similar to a state, requiring legislative bodies and executive branches, when in reality its function is that of a business organization designed to give service. Canvassing skill is not a prerequisite to such responsibilities. A business which handed over its management each year to the individual in its force who could command the most votes would have no assurance of striking a balance at the end of the year. The only reason our cities, so managed, do not become bankrupt is because the taxpayer must settle the account, no matter how extortionate it may be. Until

we develop enough intelligence, or sufficiently train such intelligence as we have, to trace the relations between inefficiency in government, extravagant taxes, and the high cost of living we shall go on electing the good mixers to have direction and control of our mutual responsibilities.

III

By whatever imperfect method we choose our leaders they have sometimes seemed to be better than we deserved. They have shown both ability and devotion in positions whose functioning means the well-being of us all. This speaks well for the quality of men they are, for the temptation to do no more than the unavoidable routine is very great. A man makes no friends by such a method, to be sure, but, what is much more important to the politically inclined, he makes no enemies. In addition he is immune to attacks from the reformer, for it is very difficult to obtain a foothold for criticism against an office holder no act of whom rises above a dead level of inconspicuousness. The marvel is that so many officials do exercise initiative and endeavor to perfect the technique of their daily activities in the face of such a temptation to seek safety in the routine.

What is the secret of the success of those public officials who have achieved marked improvements and radical reforms? The characteristic common to them all seems to have been their ability to make the public partners in their effort. They have made confidants of the people on the assumption that the citizen was both the authority and the beneficiary of any change. The public official who holds this conception of his function occupies a strategic position. The very organization of a democracy plays into his hands, for the skeleton on which the structure is built has two interrelated parts, the people and their chosen leaders. Our progress depends on the presence of the leaders within the democratic machinery. We move but haltingly when they are outside. A Roosevelt, a Wilson, a Whitlock, a Coolidge, a Hughes was able to accomplish what he did because of the authority conferred upon him by the rest of us. We put each in a position that asked for leadership and stood ready to follow

his lead. We may not be able to initiate the forward movement nor to define the moral issue ourselves but we can recognize and respond to the appeal of the true leader.

The need of conserving our great natural resources was hardly present in our minds at all until Roosevelt's clarion call to rescue our heritage before it was too late roused the whole nation to protect its forests and mines and waterways for the benefit of generations yet to come.

The attack on the fundamental liberties of man which Germany and her allies were making was confused with a hundred lesser elements until Wilson picked out the essentials for our seeing. Other men had been doing it obscurely for months, but the man who speaks our words and voices our ideals in ways to inspire us to action is the man we have ourselves selected for leadership.

A Coolidge who spoke for the rights of the whole people as against a small disrupting group was doubtless surprised at the fullness of the response he received. No private individual could have spoken as he did and been so heeded. The ægis of authority we had conferred upon him gave him the opportunity to lead us and laid upon us the obligation to follow.

Sometimes, alas, we follow unworthy leadership, but are we not meanwhile perhaps reading idealism into the conduct we are called to pass upon? The recurring return of Tammany to power can hardly be construed as an upsurge of corrupt desires on the part of the voters. Does it not rather represent a mistaken conception of what makes for happiness and well-being in a community? The judgment appears to be one of defective intelligence rather than of moral obliquity. The great majority of people in this country undoubtedly want good public schools, and yet over and over again that same majority elects to school boards individuals entirely unsuited to the accomplishment of this desired end. Such mental obtuseness is a terrible handicap for the moment, but it holds out more hope for the future than would a purposeful depravity.

We need to train ourselves in nice discrimination, to force ourselves to see the connection between the service we wish to have performed and the ability of the person we are selecting to do

the task, before we abandon hope of being able to find and follow sterling leadership among our chosen officials.

IV

The assumption that officials may be leaders implies that the citizens are to be followers. We are prepared to make demands of our officials; that they know their jobs and that service to us be their sole interest. What must we demand of ourselves?

Our public officials belong to two groups, legislative and executive, one making the laws and the other enforcing them. They are conservators of our past and prophets of our future. We delegate to them the responsibility of seeing that we do not retrogress, and at the same time lay upon them the obligation of reinforcing the old ethics and embodying the new in the form of laws. We know that the law is a mutual contract into which the people composing the Republic enter, that our assent is vital, and that without it the law is but a scrap of paper and the enforcer helpless. Our selection of an executive to see that all live up to the contract is therefore meaningless unless we base our conduct on the assumption that our names are all signed to the document. Otherwise our attitude is equivalent to asking a department of foreign affairs to carry out a treaty repudiated by all the signatories.

We have to go through a definite process, with each new community regulation, of educating ourselves into conformity, and we always make the initial stages of enforcement difficult for our officials by seeing them, not as our friends and servants, but as our enemies. Yet most of our laws represent but a slight advance over our ordinary practice. A sanitary inspector would be entirely unable to enforce the board of health regulations if most of us did not take care of our garbage, use our plumbing with intelligence, screen our premises, and fight the rodents that invade our houses. The inspector's task is to force the minority into conformity with the practice of the majority. An inspector attempting to compel the acceptance of modern sanitary measures in China would probably be regarded as a madman or a malicious persecutor.

Our social progress may be measured by the type of law we indorse. Occasionally a law, which proves difficult of enforcement, is the victim of premature birth, and needs to be fostered in an incubator while the family is being prepared to welcome the newcomer, instead of being discarded at first glance as lacking sufficient vitality to live. Other laws go through an initial stage of great unpopularity before the community has trained and disciplined itself to observance. The law against spitting on the sidewalk and in public places had its dark days of criticism and infringement. The police were alert to arrest the offenders and the eye was everywhere assaulted with placards imploring the public not to spit. Where are those placards today? The whole subject has passed out of the realm of debate and contentiousness and become a part of the habit-training of the nation.

This dual responsibility in social growth through law enforcement and acceptance lays upon us a peculiar compulsion to put ourselves into sympathetic relation with our governmental organization. Our leaders can point the way to the necessary limitations we must place upon our corporate life, but we must habituate ourselves to their acceptance until even inner debate is stilled. We turn to the right, we heed entrance and exit signs, we wait for the traffic officer's signal to the advantage of all. Yet these acts, automatic in the daily performance, are the result of preliminary understanding and discipline. We look to our public officials as our teachers, educators who cannot use the leisurely methods of the classroom but must depend upon the subtler arts of the advertiser. They run the risk of our misunderstanding them, of our regarding them as mere notoriety seekers or builders of political fences. But their work is not done, indeed not fairly begun, until they have enlisted our coöperation.

Some of our new governmental departments have departed from the old belief that righteousness can only be obtained by the threat of the policeman's club and the legal penalty, and give evidence of an enlightened practice which admits us to partnership. The highway commissions, in many parts of the country, are dealing with the grave problems and evils introduced by the

automobile in ways that are both ingenious and psychologically sound. They make the assumption that most motorists are careful, rightminded persons, only too anxious to make their use of a car as little objectionable to others as possible. This expectation of considerateness has helped to create the attitude it anticipated. Careful instruction in the rules of the road, even in some States personal examination of the applicant for a license, has become part of the licensing programme of the commissions, and the police force has been instructed to make education take the place of penalty whenever the situation justifies it. The arrest and conviction of the wilful offender is a minor matter. The important fact is that the motorist has been expected to carry his rightful share of the responsibility for making the roadways safe.

Our officials are not all gifted with ideas nor with inventive imagination. If they could, however, disseminate among the general population such enlightenment as they have, their ideas would stand a good chance of functioning. Ignorant as some of those who represent us are, most of us are more ignorant still, and could profit by such guidance and leadership as they could give. If we could know, as a people, as much about truancy as our most ill-equipped truant officer, what a pressure of enthusiasm we could put behind the work of our playground commissioners! If our school nurses could make us see as they do the ramifying effect of bad teeth on the lives of the children of the poor, the movement for free dental clinics would receive an impetus that would be irresistible. If our Americanization workers could keep us informed of the special racial groups showing most capacity and promise for intelligent citizenship, we could judge what type of exclusion to practice to assure the coming to this country of the most desirable immigrants, and not have to depend upon a meaningless per cent to pick our future citizens.

So many changes for the better are contingent upon a general distribution of knowledge that the forward-looking expert must be alert to take us into his confidence. If we can be trained to recognize that insanity is a disease of the mind, as diabetes is a disease of the body, and not demoniacal possession nor evidence

of original sin, we shall be moving towards an elimination of this augmenting tragedy of modern civilization. We shall be able to help in the detection of cases in the early and hopeful stages, we shall take precautions to protect our lives from conditions unfavorable to mental health, and we shall work for cure, instead of serving, as in our ignorance we so often do, as a foe to recovery.

The public is very ill-informed as to the magnitude and menace of the problem of feeblemindedness. The ancient stigma that attaches to the defect makes families very reluctant to admit its presence or to consent to institutional care for those sufferers who must be protected from the community and for those from whom the community must be protected. The public at large must understand that feeblemindedness may appear in the offspring of the very best stock, as a chance defect of embryonic development, and that the defect, once established, is very likely to be transmitted by the afflicted individual. When that knowledge is widespread, we shall be on the way to the elimination of the obviously hereditary type, and to the control of the delinquency attendant upon the presence in the community of the socially dangerous type. Until then our courts, our probation system, our truant schools, our reform institutions will continue their ineffectual efforts to dam the flood or to render it harmless. We must look to those, charged by us with the care of these defectives, to make their wisdom ours, before they or we can hope for any betterment.

The responsibilities of the official and the public are mutual. The official must be companioned by his "invisible playmate", the every day citizen, who is both the subject and the object of his efforts. He must feel in him the friend and counsellor, the helper in the arduous task, the comrade in the daily struggle for happier living, the source of his truest inspiration and his only sure strength. He must say, as did the wisest of our leaders, "My power is temporary and fleeting; yours is as eternal as the principle of liberty."

The responsibilities of the citizen are not different in kind, perhaps hardly in degree. He it is upon whose sanction the final authority for any achievement must depend, and upon him and his fellows rests the disgrace of corruption as well as the dis-

tinction of the noble achievements of democracy. He cannot evade the obligation, contracted at birth and to be cancelled only at death, of playing his part in loyal observance of the duties of citizenship in the great Republic. He must recognize himself as an essential factor in the creation of the attitude of mind which alone makes a people's government possible. He must say, as did the great apostle of democracy, "He who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed. With public sentiment nothing can fail: without it nothing can succeed."

V

Leadership implies a movement forward. Social progress is not, however, a matter of steady advance. The method of trial and error is as characteristic of the adventures of society as of the individual. We can hope at best for a zig-zag course, and can ask at most a forward look and a willingness to try experiments on the part of our public officials.

The enemy to the man with a vision is the daily routine of the job, which so often engulfs the official. If he becomes swallowed up in the essential details of his task, he may have the satisfaction that comes from doing a small work well, but he loses what gift for leadership he may have had. Unless he can use his daily performance of duty as a guide to the reduction of the maladjustments which called his office into being, the true meaning of his function slips from him.

A city superintendent of ash-collection might seem a mere routinist, but the selection and invention of methods for making the collection as little objectionable to the passer-by as possible, for educating the householder to do his part properly, for disposing of the ashes to the advantage and not to the detriment of neighborhoods should be immediate, inevitable corollaries of an obvious daily duty. But an official, who had imagination and capacity for leadership, might enlarge his function, teach the citizens fuel conservation, educate the public to an appreciation of the economy and utility of large central heating plants, demon-

strate the use of types of fuel varied to meet different climatic conditions, encourage the holding of exhibits for all kinds of heating devices, and deal fundamentally with a responsibility so apparently simple as taking ashes from the sidewalk to the dump.

The clientele of the police official are often beyond hope of restoration to the fulness of life before they fall into the hands of the law. Keeping up with the day's docket might seem to take all the energy the official has, but if he wishes to keep alive in his own profession, or to lay his work down with any sense of accomplishment, he must not forget that the great community whose servant he is shares his concern to make the world a safe place for all. If he will ask our help in modifying conditions that bring the unfortunates with whom he deals to destruction, if he can show us ways in which we can stem the tide of delinquency, he will not find us deaf to his appeal. Even if he fail for the moment to convince or rouse us, he has at least seen beyond the horizon of the day's work and left a bigger conception of the possibilities of his task to his successor.

VI

Some officials have developed an attitude of bitterness toward the public which employs them and toward the laws under which they work. They rail against a "they" which hampers them and nullifies their achievements, as though the pronoun were not descriptive of the whole citizenry, themselves among the rest. They criticize the laws, forgetting that our codes partake, with everything else, of the limitations characteristic of our stage of development. We, in turn, who inveigh against official tyranny, ignore the fact that the creation of governmental machinery is a product of the common will, however clumsily expressed or enforced. The conversion of that "they" into a "we" epitomizes the responsibility of our officials to us. It is a necessary preliminary to the functioning of leadership as well as to acquiescence in leadership.

Any effort to bring together all the parties to a disagreement affecting society, including the public, in such groupings as minimum wage boards and arbitration committees, represents an

attempt to transmute "they" into "we" through an acknowledged recognition of how bound we are one to another in such crises. The failure of certain of the railroads and labor unions to accept the rulings of the Labor Board has not been chiefly deplorable as an interruption of traffic, but as a failure of the malcontents to put themselves in line with a present-day, constructive attempt to develop a true industrial democracy. The success or failure of such an effort serves as a real test of the sincerity of our belief in the possibilities of democracy. Public officials and communities cannot regard such experiments with only casual interest. Neither we nor our leaders can ignore the developing consciousness of social solidarity evidenced in these new types of organization for the harmonizing of conflicting interests.

We are told that we get the government we deserve. This may be true, but it is likewise true that it is a long and arduous task to deserve a better government than we get. We alternate spasms of reform with periods of moral apathy. We vibrate between dynamic disgust at conditions which seem intolerable, and acquiesence in evils we feel unable to eradicate. We cry out that the only cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy, or that a benevolent autocracy is the only bearable type of government. It is only when the true leader appears that we realize of what we are capable and the fair possibilities in a democratic society.

Roosevelt's genius for leadership revealed to us a capacity for idealism and fruitful effort in the common behalf of which we had forgotten we were possessed. He tapped the reservoir from which the great leader draws the power for his reforms. He restored our faith that he who holds the key to that vast storage place of moral energy, has but to unlock the gate and the broad flood will come sweeping in to float the grounded hopes of man.

CORNELIA JAMES CANNON.

THE MOUNTAIN PREACHER

BY DUBOSE HEYWARD

I

In the red church with checkered window-panes,
That squats among its cluttered graves, and stains
The laurelled clearing with its ugly blot,
He preached his God on Sunday, while the hot
Thin mountain air vibrated to the sound
Of hotter threats, and in from miles around,
Threading still trails through rhododendron gloom,
Came silent groups to fill his house of doom.

Raw-boned and thunder-voiced, with brandished fist,
He shouted of an arrant egotist
Swift to avenge a wrong, carrying hate
Beyond the grave, hurling a dire fate
On all who failed to follow his decree.
Until his God emerged, the Deity
Behind the mountain feud—the iron code
Of eye for eye was His. Slowly there showed,
Behind impassive faces, sullen fear
Of the all-seeing Foe they worshipped there.

II

Wednesday the freshet came; and Pigeon Creek,
That threads the laurel blossoms on a streak
Of morning sunshine, dropped its slender song,
Drew one deep breath, then lifting with a long
Slow shudder, hurtled like a tawny beast,
Froth-lipped and baying, oceanward and east.
Where the trail leads from church to Garvin's house,
Tom Garvin's boy was driving up the cows.
A vaulting seathe of water, limbs, and foam
Lunged for the bank, then curved and tumbled home.
On yellow chaos, and the sky's hard slate,
For one swift heart-beat, beauty, slim and straight,

Swung sharply upward, crumpled, hung and fell:
There may have been a cry—no one could tell.

That night, ten miles away, the preacher heard.
The first stream took his horse and rig; the third
Hurled him a mile down stream and gashed his head.
A sallow morning light lay on the bed
At Garvin's when he staggered through the door
And closed it very softly on the roar
Of hungry water. Slowly silence grew
And spread—and suddenly the watchers knew
There was a God, and He was very kind.
While the big silent man, with eyes gone blind,
Gathered the broken form that never stirred
Into his bleeding arms—and said no word.

A SONNET

BY EDITH NEIL BENNEY

Oh Beauty, Beauty!—Bring me, as you used
Passion and joy and unexplainèd tears;
Lest my dry eyelids, weighted with the years
Ope to no heaven with blue fire suffused,
Nor tremble when by winter winds accused
The pale birch to the frosty sky uprears
Impassioned boughs;—nor summer dawn appears
An aching rapture. Oh, with this refused
How should life guess by what dim path she goes
To what dim ending? Beauty and love alone
Can be her torches. Ay, and if time blows
Too strong upon them with his cynic breath,
Quenching them when lax fingers numb have grown,
Then shall I know the darkened door is—death!

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

William Morris Hunt lived to interpret the world in line and color. He thought and spoke only of painting. But this was not because he limited life, but because he believed that man and God and all they involve and imply could be expressed in art and transfigured by the immortal radiance of beauty. He left some admirable pictures and strove to infuse a slight tincture of his imaginative enthusiasm into the struggling, groping, crass materialism of young American Democracy.

Hunt was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, in 1824. He was educated mainly in painting and largely in Europe. His earlier work was done in France under the influence of Couture and then of Millet. He returned to America, painted for a time in Newport, where he was vividly described by Henry James, married and had daughters, set up his studio in Boston in 1862, and from that time painted, taught, talked, thought, and lived with a splendid, furious ardor that infected and fascinated all who came into contact with him. In 1878 he was commissioned to decorate the Assembly Chamber in the new Capitol at Albany. The work came as the supreme effort and passionate crown of his artistic life. He wore himself completely out upon it, and after some months of utter prostration, he died by drowning at the Isles of Shoals in September, 1879.

Those who are competent to judge regard Hunt's painting as an important achievement in the history of American art, and the collection of his pictures gathered by his daughter in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts goes far to prove this. His spirit, his fire, his distinction, his sensibility, are questioned by none. Some critics, however, feel that in his ardor to fix his dreams there was a neglect of finish, of perfect workmanship. And

there is a general agreement that there was more in the man than he was ever able fully to express. No doubt this is true of all artists; but it seems peculiarly true here, and the curious lack of individuality in Hunt's work, taken as a whole, the rapid passage from one style to another and even blending of different styles in the same period, would seem to suggest one who was toiling with intense endeavor to find his way and did not quite succeed.

But my interest is more in the painter than in the painting. Few men have interwoven their art more completely with their lives and fewer have accompanied the constant progress of their art with such brilliant and illuminating comment to help us to elucidate life and art both. He saw pictures in everything, beauty in everything, light in everything; or if any thing lacked light, he made light fall upon it. Not that he was pedantic, or mechanical, always trying to force life into a frame. He let beauty come to him with a sweet, idle largeness. He had the whims and fantastic impulses of genius. "Essentially a painter of moods, and of very violent moods, he subordinated everything to the one idea that urged him to action. His work was therefore uneven and uncertain. A trifle would spoil it, an hour of satisfactory painting would see its completion."

This does not mean that he was not a worker, could not toil with the intense, terrible rapture which is the highest delight that comes to the creative artist. He wanted no other occupation, no diversion, no distraction; just to paint and paint inexhaustibly. And, however there might be speed and fire in the close, there was the sense of the need of unavoidable labor at bottom, the appreciation of the value and significance of minute detail.

"It is worth while to have done one thing as well as we know how; that is, to have made a careful study of an object for the sake of seeing how a little thing adds."

Did he never tire, then? Oh, yes, he tired, like the rest of us. There were times of immense fatigue, but he knew in general how to meet them. "He knew when to stop work—how to keep his mind free from that fatigue which ruins many a picture." And the wholesome fatigue of uninterrupted toil was much more bear-

able than the pin-pricks of illegitimate annoyance. Thus, during the last great work at Albany he writes:

> It's fatiguing, of course; but it's the things which bore you that kill you, not the fatiguing ones, and I'm never bored here at all. It doesn't take the life out of me half as much as thinking whether the family would like her eyes blue or not in a portrait.

The driving motive at the back of all the labor was, as with every artist, a healthy ambition to succeed, to do great things and win great glory. Doubtless there are different kinds of success, and some artists even assert that they find their own approbation enough. But the larger number prefer something a little more solid. It can never be said that Hunt sought a trivial or ostentatious notoriety. He did not cater to the taste of the day or try to please shallow critics with catchy flamboyance. He emphasized and reëmphasized to his pupils the danger of thinking too much of immediate success. It was almost as great as the danger of being over-scrupulous. Yet no one has stated more vividly and succinctly the underlying passion or made more evident how greatly it inspired his own tumultuous soul. "You mustn't be so ambitious," he said to one pupil. And the pupil remonstrated, "How can I help it?" And Hunt replied quietly, "You can't."

As regards what is generally considered the concrete test of artistic success in America, money-reward, Hunt was rather indifferent, perhaps partly because private means assisted him to be so. He enthusiastically favored the liberal expenditure of public funds for the creation of beauty: "If the people's money had not been expended, there would have been no Acropolis, or anything else worth having; and I would like to know what expenditures have paid better." But he deplored the tendency to commercialize the creative impulse and the disastrous effect upon genius of the constant attempt to try it by the financial standard: "We cannot have two passions. No painter can paint and love money."

In spite of these protests, Hunt, like most of his great predecessors and successors, was drawn by practical business considerations into the painting of portraits. Men and women will pay for making themselves conspicuous when they will not pay for

anything else, and if it were not for this general human weakness it is difficult to see how art could live. Unfortunately, when people pay they expect to be pleased, and what pleases the artist does not always please the sitter. Hence arise untold tribulation, concessions, compromises, flatteries, insincerity, and in too many cases a result which is neither good art nor good portraiture and which dissatisfies the purchaser and embitters the painter. The history of portrait-painting would indeed be a history of the foibles and the weakness of the human heart. Hunt's position and habits, however, made him as little inclined to humor the whims of his patrons as any man ever was. If he was approached deferentially and with proper consideration, he was responsive. But he had no patience whatever with the type of sitter who thinks that his money entitles him to respect, who feels that the distinction of painting him is a financial asset which should enter largely into the bargain. Such persons got no satisfaction out of William Hunt.

The man, like some other geniuses, was sensitive to trifles, and if you ruffled him, or crossed him, or disturbed him, the divine impetus was gone, and the achievement spoiled. He did not like subjects to be condescending or to pretend that they were yielding only to the urgency of friends. Emerson was careful to point out that he was painted because his family wished it, and Hunt confessed that this attitude destroyed all his enthusiasm. Holmes seemed chiefly anxious to know how few sittings would finish the job and in consequence Hunt soon civilly got rid of him. "I don't like persuaded sitters," he said. "I never could paint a cat if the cat had any scruples, religious, superstitious, or otherwise, about sitting."

With such susceptibility and sensitiveness, it will readily be understood that Hunt's way was not always smooth and easy, that he had to meet serious obstacles and had his times of discouragement and even despair. These did not really shake his glorious perseverance or his determination to do the work for which God put him into the world. Yet if you examine carefully the abundant records of Hunt's career and especially his own comments upon it, you will see what the troubles were and the struggles and the intricate complications that beset every path

to success in this difficult world. There were external troubles, troubles of circumstance, troubles of surroundings, little frets and vexations, which seem avoidable, at any rate negligible, and are sometimes the hardest to neglect. There was physical weakness, especially in later years, crowding and hampering just when the demands and opportunities for accomplishment came thickest. Hunt faced this nobly, till it grew overwhelming. When a friend asked him how he did, he replied, "I don't know, and I don't care. If I cared I suppose I should know." But the torment was real, just the same.

There was the sense of isolation in an unfavorable atmosphere, criticism that clacked and chattered and could not comprehend; a great, ignorant public that demanded gross, crude satisfactions and slighted the subtle and the obscure; few sympathetic and understanding fellow-workers to stimulate achievement by wholesome rivalry. Finally, most blighting of all, there were the inner struggles of the creating spirit, the inexplicable delays, debates, obstacles, the barrenness, the doubt of self, far worse than any doubt of any critic.

What is charming about Hunt is the complete candor with which he always discussed these difficulties. He may not have complained, but he confessed. The humility with which he admitted his defeats is as perfect as the shrewdness with which he saw them. How admirable is his caution to his pupils: "You're all in such a hurry to learn to paint. Why, I've been at it all my life, and I don't feel that I know anything. I'm not sure that I can go on with a single one of these portraits that I've begun."

Yet, side by side with these recognitions of incompetence and failure, there is at times the splendid exultation that comes to every true artist, the sense of having, for once in his life, done something that is really worth while, and being proud of it. Who will not sympathize with the painter's ecstasy over a piece of work that he had done years before? "Ha! I'd like to see the man who could do that again. I couldn't. By George! I tell you what, look at that little bit! The fellow must have known he had done a good thing by the time that was finished."

Above all, whether success comes or failure, there is the pure, inexhaustible, incomparable felicity of the work itself: "Painting, only, is worth while;" and again, "Queer old thing—painting is; but we would rather die doing it, than live doing anything else."

Yet, though painting was much, it was not quite all, and Hunt, like others, was a man as well as an artist. It is of profound interest to establish this general human basis and then relate it to the one absorbing passion. He was at all times alive to what went on about him, quick to observe, sensitive to feel, eager to record. And he was practical, business-like, understood the daily necessities of life, and, when it was required, could subject himself to them in the most systematic manner. To be sure, he had his whims and fancies. He liked to buy diamonds, and at one time he would not smoke any but five-cent cigars. But in general his management of money was discreet and prudent. No man was more naturally sensitive to comfort and luxury; yet he could deny himself without a murmur: "I hate conveniences. That's my pet economy. I don't generally have conveniences."

As regards general education and thought Hunt had the same shrewdness as in business matters. He was not widely conversant with books and was no great devotee of them. He did not complete his course at Harvard, having a mind much too wide open to other things to be concentrated upon humdrum studies, and all his life he was ready to take a fling at Cambridge and the academic atmosphere. Yet, like many people who read little, he seemed to know the best that books had in them. Above all, he remembered all that he read and all that he heard.

His interest in abstract subjects, politics and religion, was general, human, not detailed, or immediate, or dogmatic. When he met John Brown at a dinner, he was impressed because Brown refused oysters on the ground that he was not hungry: "Did you ever know a man to refuse oysters at a party because he was not hungry? . . . Was not going to gorge himself—a man with such a destiny before him." I think his attitude toward God was much like his attitude toward John Brown, admiration inspiring sympathy and tenderness. At any rate, his religion abhorred convention and pretense; he believed that good, honest work was

the best worship and the most deserving of respect. "So they objected to your painting on Sunday," he said to a pupil. "You might have told them that your work is one sort of prayer. It's good for nothing if it isn't. And it isn't 'Now I lay me down to sleep', either."

To beauty, outside his own exquisite art, Hunt was always delicately susceptible. That the charm of nature appealed to him, haunted him, is sufficiently evident from his painting. He felt not only the broader splendor of the external world, but its subtler aspects, and had suggestive words for rendering them. His remark about pussy willows has all the tender insight of Emily Dickinson: "Those pussy willows are hard things to paint. Their beauty is general, but intimate." His delight in music came early and endured and increased, and he made shrewd comments on both the performance and the enjoyment of it.

For the more superficial diversions of mankind Hunt cared little. When friends urged him to seek amusement, he replied that his painting was all the amusement he required: "For me it is the only work worth doing, and there is no other play." Nevertheless, he was always fond of horses. When he was a student in Paris, he drove a tandem through the Latin quarter. The fruit of his equine passion shows best in the magnificent coursers that sweep the chariot of Night through tumultuous skies, one of the largest and surest things that Hunt ever did.

But what most marks Hunt as truly and broadly human is his relations with other human beings. He was at all points alive, keenly and intensely interested in the sufferings and struggles and hopes of the men and women who moved about him. He was one day complaining of a man's work, but could not see what the fault was. "He's cold-hearted," suggested a friend. "Yes, you have hit it. That's just the trouble." No one could ever say that Hunt was cold-hearted, or his pictures. His human sympathy was large, general, democratic. He felt the toil and struggle of the humbler masses. Whatever their occupation or their garb, he appreciated the people, real substantial human beings, appreciated them, and tried to put them into his art. "Do you see that old Irishman? He is the chap that I spoke to you about. I'll put him where he will 'tell', for he has more charac-

ter than an entire Congress. See how big his movement is. Doesn't he handle that hoe with the dignity of a king?"

And as his sympathy was broad, so it was also acute and personal. His heart leaped at once in pity for suffering, and his keen intelligence was apt and ingenious to relieve it. As he came down his studio stairs one morning, he found an old woman trying to carry out a barrel of ashes. Instantly he took hold and was soon seen depositing the ashes on the sidewalk. One day a forlorn organ-grinder came into the neighborhood. Hunt was touched, seized the organ himself, played it to his friends thereabout, and realized quite a sum of money for the astonished Italian. The affection and tenderness which thus went out generally to humanity were far more intense when concentrated upon sympathetic individuals. Hunt loved many people, loved them devotedly, discriminatingly, and helpfully, and was beloved by them in return. His broad, sunny, cheerful temperament turned to others with ever-ready kindliness and solicited an infinite response.

Above all, his natural element was society, the quick and eager converse of intelligent and understanding spirits. He had a singular charm, an infectious gayety and good-humor, that inspired and stimulated people and made them feel at home, gave them an ease and even a sparkle which they did not commonly find in their homespun, daily souls. Something about his appearance, his unique aspect and bearing, accentuated the charm, and helped to make him prominent in any company. Read Henry James's account of him, as characteristic of James as of Hunt: "All muscular spareness and brownness and absence of waste, and flagrant physiognomy, brave bony arch of handsome nose, upwardness of strong eyebrow and glare, almost, of eyes that both recognized and wondered, strained eyes that played over questions as if they were objects and objects as if they were questions." And this odd physique leads James to trifle, in his shadowy manner, with the suggestion of a modern Don Quixote.

Certainly there was something quixotic in Hunt's strange social freaks and fancies. He had the simplicity, the directness, the self-forgetfulness of a child. He would go up to a severe,

austere Boston dignitary, who looked as if he had never been touched in his life, throw his arms around his neck and cry how glad he was to see him. He would mimic anything. If he had to tell a story of an elephant and a monkey, he would act the creatures till you saw and heard them. When he found a group of ladies knitting stockings, he begged a pair, put them on his hands with slippers, tied a white shirt round his neck, placed a table in front of him and a dark screen behind him, then with the slippered hands performed all the evolutions of a graceful and accomplished dancer. And all these antics flowed out so gaily and naturally that no one could resist them.

At the same time, even more than in his aspect or in his gayety, Hunt's social charm lay in his tongue. And keen and quick and pointed as the tongue was, it was not bitter. He hated sham and attacked it whenever he found it. He hated pretence and convention and indolent assumption of superiority. But he had no small gossip, no petty epigram at the expense of others' feelings; did not depend for his wit upon the trivial catches of cruel smartness which make the clever social reputation of so many. Likewise, he was willing to listen as well as to talk, and this is a rare merit in those who talk well. When he was tired and depressed, and a friend told him some lively stories, he was delighted, and exclaimed, "I never heard so many wicked stories before in my life, and I should think you would not like to be alone with your Maker. The air is full of wickedness." And he breathed it with huge relish.

But the charm was not in the listening, as it sometimes is. It was in the ever varied, diversified, exhaustless outpouring of wit and comment and suggestion and reflection on all sorts of persons and all sorts of subjects. In the happy phrase of one who knew him well, "It was an every-day expression of those who came in close contact with him that he 'lighted up everything that he touched.'"

It is by this gift of speech that we return to Hunt's passion for art, to his passion for beauty and for bringing beauty into the hearts and lives of others. He was a singularly inspiring teacher, and he gathered about him a cluster of pupils, to whom he imparted a zest for their work that clung to their whole lives, even if

they had little or no genius. His influence on his followers was positive and undeniable. He was not indeed a rigid and stern disciplinarian in emphasis upon the humbler elements of drawing. He had never been held to a severe apprenticeship in these himself, and some think that his work suffered from it. But for stimulus, for encouragement, for the instinctive analysis of a pupil's gifts and tendencies, there were few to equal him. He was quick to apply his darting wit to mockery of the business of teaching, as of everything else. "Don't ask *me*. *I* don't know how. If I could find out how, I would go ten million miles on my knees to do it. Boston is a great place for receipts. There is a receipt for being scientific, one for being sentimental, another for being religious. But painting is something for which you can't get a receipt."

But in all the mockery the one main object was help, and Hunt never said a harsh word that he did not mean and feel to be constructive and clarifying. He believed that a large part of every artist's function was to teach others, and he was glad to give his time, his thought, his strength, to saving younger workers something of the unnecessary effort that he had been obliged to impose upon himself. His two series of *Talks on Art* are as brilliant, as illuminating comment on the painter's business, as will be found anywhere. There is no formulated theory. There are often contradiction and inconsistency. But for concentrated, epigrammatic common-sense the *Talks* are hard to beat.

Labor? Does he want to teach his pupils labor? He never taught them anything else, by precept or by example. But he can indicate at once the infinity of labor and its limits, in a dozen words: "All anybody can do is to *try*. Nobody ever does anything. They only try." And back of and through and over all labor he always emphasized the passion of perception, the richness and fulness of spiritual content, without which labor is trouble and vanity. "Do *fascinating* things, not smart ones. Nobody ever tucks a *smart* sketch under his arm and runs home with it." "A quarter of an inch is enough to disengage eternity on." That infinite, subtle, delicate, inexpressible, incomparable something, which makes all the difference, was always hovering in his brain, and his finest effort of speech was to make his pu-

pils feel it: "Spread the *light* on broadly as sunshine. But handle the passage from light into shadow as delicately as you would strew flowers upon a child's grave."

Such an influence, such an enthusiasm, such a gift of words, must have worked far beyond the studio and the immediate students; must have had its leavening effect upon many who never came into direct contract with it. It is said that Hunt did not produce much impression upon contemporary artists, did not inspire a group, or found a school, as so many of the French painters did. He was too much of an individualist for this, too erratic and whimsical. But the passion of his worship of art must have spread far outside the limits of his narrow circle, must have somewhat profited a country which needed it then even more than it does to-day. He remarked once that "painters shouldn't talk. They should have their mouths sewed up tight, and *do* the thing, not talk about it." Well, he certainly gave his life to doing. But perhaps his talk availed his countrymen even more.

The spirit of helpfulness is, I think, mainly apparent in Hunt's own comment on the work of others. There were certain artists and certain schools that did not appeal to him; he did not discuss them, and when they were forced upon his notice, he evaded the subject and passed it by. He believed in being constructive, suggestive, stimulating always, or in keeping still. When it came to the great masters who had helped him, had taught him, his enthusiasm, while discriminating and judicious, was as illuminating as it was immense. Of Rubens, of Veronese, of Michael Angelo, he cannot say enough. And as to Velasquez, the final object of all painters' adoration, his simple word is, "Velasquez is beyond aspiring to."

But the value of Hunt's influence shows not so much in his comment on individual artists or pictures, as in his wide and infectious enthusiasm for beauty, of whatever order and wherever found. His countrymen in his day, perhaps in ours, were engrossed with bread and butter, with blind, material preoccupations, which made them indifferent to the exquisite resources of delight spread so lavishly about them everywhere. Hunt shattered this indifference first of all by his own example. He

had the fresh, perpetual joyous ecstasy of a child for all the little bits of loveliness to which the weary, casual brain is utterly impervious. Hear his charming words after recovery from an illness: "Everything is like flowers. Nobody knows how happy I am in this coming from death to life, with the perceptions of a tough old life joined to the delicate sensitiveness of an infant. I don't believe that anybody was ever so happy. . . . I see flowers everywhere. Even a bit of blue rag in that work-basket looks like a beautiful flower." And he preached constantly that beauty is in common things, not in the remote or extraordinary, not in far mountains or strange glaciers, or California, or Patagonia, but right in your own door-yard and in your own thoughts. "The effect of light is what makes things beautiful. Light never stops to find beauty. Half the beautiful pictures in the world are painted from people who are not beautiful."

Above all, Hunt's theory of art, and still more his instinctive following of it, was democratic. Beauty was not an exclusive possession, was not set apart for those of finer natures and subtler sensibilities. When he was doing his last great work in the Capitol at Albany, he was delighted with the workmen who crowded up to the scaffolding to see his pictures and told him that while they were proud to be working on such a building, they were prouder still to see his work going on. "I tell you," said Hunt, "that I never felt so big in my life as I did when they asked me if they could come again." In his view beauty was not a question of large learning or many books, but of simply opening the eyes to see; and it was his function to open as many American eyes and touch as many American hearts as he could. Nobly did he labor to fulfill it. Whether he painted great things is beyond my competence to say; but that he loved great things, thought great things, and lived great things, is quite indisputable.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

THE POETRY OF FRANCESCO PASTONCHI

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

"SEEKING himself, man has found God." This statement from the preface of Pastonchi's latest and most important book, *Il Randagio*, is perhaps another way of saying that by a successful analysis of the evils that beset him, man has sometimes attained to freedom and to peace. That the idea of such a liberation forms a dominant part of the poet's philosophy there can be no doubt; throughout his poetry it finds repeated and beautiful expression; but to say as he does, and as his critics say after him, that this book of some four hundred pages constitutes the history of such a spiritual attainment, is to credit it with more directness of intention than would be apparent to the average reader. Even though he accept the statement on faith, he must still find difficulty in holding to it intellectually through the distracting music of three hundred and sixty-five sonnets, each of which, though nominally composing a strophe of the poem as a whole, is in itself complete, and many are so perfect that one hardly cares to remember that they are only parts of a larger organism. So while we need not question that there is a certain sequence in their arrangement, conforming to the gradual development and exposition of the poet's thought, the reader will perhaps do well not to concern himself too much at first with the thread that binds together this "gardenful of song".

In his charming note at the end of the volume, Pastonchi explains that he chose this remarkable form for his poem as the most fitting one in which to embody the "lyrical history" of certain states of soul, each definite and distinct, yet finding their complete significance only in their mutual reflection and their common relation to the life and growth of the individual. To select a sonnet strophe for a book of this length, and this with a perfect awareness of the rigid discipline imposed by the Petrarchian system of verse, sounds rather like the giants play-

ing ball with the mountains, and one is almost as much appalled at the task imposed upon the reader as he must be impressed by the writer's audacity—one, that is, who is not Italian. For in Italy these things are different. Her radiant infancy was cradled on sonnets; her delightful language flows into them like water into a chiseled cup, and she rose to acclaim this new *Canzoniere* with every epithet of praise, every flattering comparison in her power to bestow. The very magnitude of the undertaking was accepted as a guaranty of the genius that lay behind it; the beauty and costliness of the edition were taken as a proof of the poet's faith in a wide appreciation of this return to the classic tradition; and the phenomenal sale of the book, which speedily reached a figure hitherto reserved for the popular novel, was evidence that this faith was not unfounded.

There were perhaps a few who looked with suspicion upon so dramatic an enlistment under the banner of the past. In Italy as elsewhere the experimenters in exotic forms have had their historic moment, and there may have been an inclination in some quarters to take this ringing appeal to a higher court than the *Istituto Technico* in the light of a challenge. But no suspicion of provocation, no hope, perhaps, of controversy could linger long in any mind capable of appreciating the dignity and nobility of the poet's thought or his quiet mastery of the difficult medium chosen for its expression. That he too has experimented a bit within these rigid bounds, we have his metrical notes to attest; but those who find the melody of his hendecasyllables less obvious because of a revaluation of certain accents, are speedily made aware that this or any other *avvenimento ritmico* is the result of a thoughtful preference on his part, and that here as always his work is that of the conscious artist.

In the case of Pastonchi more than in that of most writers, the reviewers seem tempted to catalogue and explain. They hardly know what to do with this sudden apparition—this one of us, writing for our delight and in the speech of every day, yet employing a style so pure and a form so haunted with majestic associations that it seems a little difficult to take them simply. Almost irresistibly his critics are driven to account for him in terms of the past. Petrarch, Poliziano—starting with names like these,

they seem to find it easier to explain in what he differs from his great predecessors than to bring an adequate appreciation of his work in and for itself. One fancies he must sometimes feel impatience at being so constantly confronted with the great shades of the *Rinascimento* just because he writes more sonnets and better ones than the other poets of his day, when his whole manner of thought and expression differs as widely from the utterances of the *Trecento* as one would naturally expect it to do. And indeed no one has accused him of imitation, archaic or otherwise; his *rapport* with the past would appear to be a more essential thing, with rather the mystical suggestion of an avatar.

Surely in the matter of reaping enjoyment from literature, and, just now, in the matter of appreciating the poetry of Francesco Pastonchi, we might try the experiment of keeping as far as possible from types. Originality in its true sense is never fantastic. The purer the forms it assumes, the more of the universal they must contain; and so, if we like to do that sort of thing, the more compartments we can always find in which bits of it at least can be made to enter; and thus we may risk abandoning our free delight in a work of art in favor of a sort of Montessori game of fitting and matching.

However, for the benefit of those who still find comparisons helpful, I would offer yet another one, hitherto apparently overlooked by Pastonchi's diligent classifiers, and call attention to the fact that living and writing like Goethe in the midst of war and national upheavals, of patriotic aspirations and socialistic dreams, he has throughout his verse maintained the same aloofness from all such passionate appeals. Nor in his case any more than in that of Goethe is this because he lacks sympathy and understanding, or the will to save. No one perhaps is more deeply aware of the universal unrest; in no poetry of the present is the common cry for some higher and more permanent peace echoed with a greater intensity; and the fact that the wars in which his country has engaged have played so small a part in his writings can only be taken as an indication that he does not consider such cataclysmic interventions as a means of attaining the good he hopes for. For him, too, the Lord is not in the whirlwind.

Il Randagio is the fruit of no less than seven years of disciplined

labor—years during which the poet lived as much as possible in retirement. Naturally—almost boastfully—a lover of the country and of the *vita campestre* (how different is the picture from the one that comes with our "agricultural life"!) his appearances in the cosmopolitan world are always of the briefest, even now that the success of his work makes it increasingly difficult for him to avoid without ungraciousness the solicitations of his admirers. Fortunately he seems possessed of a robust and cheerful brevity toward the curious or the biographically inclined, that saves him from the charge of sensitiveness, and his photographs, taken for the most part in the company of dogs and trees, dispel any suspicion that his retirement can be other than a voluntary and buoyant affair.

That it must in the nature of things continue is evident, for the making of such poetry is a lonely thing, and *Il Randagio* is only the first part of a trilogy, the other two books of which the poet has already undertaken. So much the preface tells us, in an announcement which sounds rather like a prayer.

The simple dedication of the book—"To the good people who had faith in me"—takes us back to an earlier poetic work, a collection of lyrics published in 1913 with the title *Il Pilota Dorme;* for surely all readers of this charming little volume can claim a part in the dedication of the larger work. It was impossible to read it and not have faith. I cannot resist the temptation to give here one or two translations of these lyrics made at the time of their appearance—aware as I cannot help being of the futility of such an attempt to give even in a small degree the charm of the original. Here is the one entitled *Tramontata è la Luna:*—

The moon has set. The meadows and the wood
  That in enchantment stood
Shake off the spell and waken with a sigh;
  The stream is one low cry.

From far there comes the sound of flying feet;
  They pause, then gallop fleet
Beyond the poplars and the shadowy dune,
  Toward the departed moon.

Is it some lover whom she lured before
  With love by hill and shore,

Whom now she flies and who pursues her still
With love by shore and hill?

And here is the *Tenzone di Fontane:*—

Fountain of Rosello!
There are twelve throats that spill your silver song:
Praise of the fairest must to you belong.
Twelve gushing throats there are to pour your pain,
But in my heart the anguish must remain.

Fountain of Ploaghe!
From the cold rock your crystal waters spring:
Fame of the purest must about you cling.
You drop in bounty from the mountain side,
But in my heart the hot thirst must abide.

Fountain of Rosello,
The crystal throats that spill your waters free
Can give no drop to me!

Fountain of Ploaghe,
The rocky bosom where your waters live
To me no drop can give!

Fountains of earth! You have no mossy brink,
No crystal pool where love may kneel and drink
A draught to quench the fire
Of his unspent desire.[1]

The same collection contains several longer and more serious, or more provocative, poems. Perhaps the most striking of these is the *Canzone dell' Amicizia*, which approaches the somewhat overdone topic of the impossibility of friendship between men and women from a standpoint comparatively new and superlatively frank.

The years which elapsed between the publication of this book and the completion of *Il Randagio*—those seven years of self-analysis and maturing thought—brought a change in the trend of the poet's work which amounts to a revolution, but the delicacy and charm of the early lyrics still echo on.

Though I shall be unable to refrain from some further attempts

[1]These two poems were published in the University of California *Chronicle*.

at translation, the result, I can but repeat, must be injustice to poems written in a language which is itself a sort of incantation, by a poet who takes, one is tempted to think, almost an unfair advantage of its powers of seduction. The intellectual appeal is never wanting, but in some cases that made to the ear is so great that one is tempted to postpone thought until the purely sensual pleasure has had time to pass. I know of no poet who makes more charming use of repetition; sounds and phrases placed in a transposition that gives the allurement of an echo:—

Non s'udiva che il vento per le valli
galoppare con tutti i suoi cavalli,
e il suo ululo lungo per le selve:

poi forioso giungere alle mura
di quell' antica muta sepoltura
con tutti i suoi cavalli e le sue belve.

Or take the monotonous passing of the hours in the closed villa whose beloved mistress had fled:—

Da tre lustre il dolore
dura di quell' inganno:
l'ore vengano e vanno,
vanno e vengano l'ore.

Ma chi v'abbada? gli anni
qui fuggon come i giorni
e l'ore, e l'ore e i giorni
son lenti come gli anni.

Often there is a quick negation in the thought—a sort of light paradox that seems effected more by a trick of the sound than by the actual meaning of the words:—

. . . Tutto sa
di chiuso d'appassato di soligno
e desolatamente passa e sta.

La vita è un chiostro d'alte mura e grave.
Il guardiano amor troppo guardigno
giù dentro il pozzo ne gittò le chiave.

And the description of the *suora* in the home of the Incurables, who looked at you with those accustomed eyes "*dove il dolore non più duole*".

If proof were needed of the poet's tenderness of heart; if we sought assurance that his predilection for solitude and retirement is no part of selfishness but only of a deep desire to find in seclusion that help for the world which the world cannot give, surely these sonnets dedicated to the *Incurabili* would be convincing enough. The gentleness and resignation with which they accept their fate; their willingness to be pleased with tiny shreds of hope in the midst of their great hopelessness, seems to hurt him more than any outcry or rebellion. His description of the little ceremony of welcome they make for a new inmate—another bit of wreckage from the *fragoroso mondo* cast up as they into "that peace with its small garden"—is touching in the extreme:—

> And when, less wearied now, there comes the day
> When he descends into the garden close,
> They too must watch him watch the fountain play,
>
> And form a little court about him there,
> And counsel still with every step, repose,
> And for his eyes would make their world seem fair.

And then the cruelty of the contrast between this pale ghost of happiness and the ruddy joy of life—the rapture of perfect health that must not be even mentioned in that shut place because it is for them *parola di ruina*:—

> But O the joy of life that is so dear,—
> That comes with music and so lightly dwells
> And all its tales of heavenly sweetness tells,
> Where the clear spirit finds its dwelling clear;—
>
> And is no more a river, but the sea,
> And on all shores it touches pours the spring,—
> The joy of life that is a mortal thing
> Singing to man of his divinity;—
>
> How like a dream in this shut place appear
> The vanished echoes it shall no more bring,
> Its rainbow tints in this pale atmosphere!
>
> It can but be a word of ruin here,—
> The murmur of some dim remembering,—
> An unknown speech that feebly strikes the ear.

The group of sonnets on this subject forms one of the numerous subdivisions of the book, and within these chapters, if one may call them so, a single theme is often defined and the sequence of the sonnets is altogether obvious. They form so many little cycles within the large one, whose intention and development, as before indicated, are not always easy to follow. The range of the subjects handled under these different headings is a wide one; there are many portraits, innumerable landscapes, almost always gracefully and delicately done.

Among the critics of Pastonchi's work, there are not wanting those who pretend to discover in it a tendency to symbolism; just as there are others who take the persons and events he describes as the simple realities of daily life—the images along the path of every earthly pilgrimage. Take them as we will, there can be no question as to their apparent reality. He makes them passionately evident; the more so perhaps because almost always he sings the things of home. Absent (and one fancies somehow that he has never been absent very far or very long), they possess his memory; present, they fill his heart.

The last chapter of the book—the one named for his native Liguria—is full of reproductions of the sights and sounds of that lovely spot. Who that has ever seen its sudden twilight fall can fail to see it here?—

> And then the evening comes, and half affrighted
> We watch the sea withdraw that was so near,
> And the veiled mountain suddenly stand clear
> With all the stars on his high crest new lighted.
>
> Here is serenity that scarce refrains
> From sadness; here is peace a pain revealing,
> While with the night the sound of bells comes stealing
> And the sound passes and the night remains.

Who that has looked down from one of the Ligurian hills through the gray veil of an olive grove to the blue sea, would not echo this?—

> O little olive trees, I am not one
> Of those who count your gifts for their dull trade,
> Or strip your boughs in such scant green arrayed
> After the equinoctial gales are done;

Nor have I begged your trunk to light the fire
Upon the altar of my home, nor made
Your oil its sacrament, nor with your shade
Have blessed my idleness; but my desire

Is only this: the long sweet murmuring
Of welcome from your leaves, that day I come
To rest me here from my appointed task;

And if I come not, that some hand may bring
A branch of yours to lay upon my tomb,—
The only laurel I shall ever ask.

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT:

AN INTIMATE VIEW

BY SAMUEL C. CHEW

THE horses were high spirited, thoroughbred Arabs, and the trap was a smart one; but the groom was dressed in an ordinary grey sack suit with a bowler hat. "Mr. Blunt has a dozen grooms," a friend told me later, "but he has never permitted any of them to be put in livery. He will not let a man wear a badge of servitude." The beautiful undulating English country rose in the distance to the long line of the Sussex downs, softened by the misty air. We passed through a woodland glade and emerged on a small clearing in the midst of which stood the house, a rambling seventeenth-century house that still, after two hundred odd years, is called Newbuildings. A high hedge enclosed the garden, and clematis and rambling roses were entwined about the door. Rooms flanked the somewhat narrow hallway; they were crowded with furniture, books, pictures, papers, riding-whips, guns, in a comfortable and homely disorder that bore witness to an owner whose culture and whose position were too assured to necessitate any anxiety as to mere appearance. A wall of one room was glorified by a gorgeous tapestry of the Nativity woven by William Morris from designs by Edward Burne-Jones in memory (as a legend at the top declared) of the birth of Mr. Blunt's daughter.

I went upstairs to his room. On a bed drawn to the window, whence he could look out over his garden and across his broad fields to the far-off downs of which his friend Mr. Belloc has sung so exhilaratingly, lay an old man. A beautiful old man, with long white beard of silken texture, and long white hair, and cheeks rosy from eighty years of life out of doors; the eyes still with vestiges of old fire; the grasp of the thin, delicate, finely modeled hands still firm. His first words, after a greeting, were:

"Tell me what they think of Ireland in America"; and I remembered that here was the first Englishman who had ever been imprisoned for the cause of Ireland's freedom. It was in the summer of 1921, and Mr. Blunt was sceptical of the English offer of Dominion Home Rule, noting the reservations which, as he thought, made the offer less generous than it pretended to be. A few days earlier, as I heard, he had told a friend of a day in Ireland in the 'eighties when in a miserable cottage he had shared a herring with an Irish Catholic Bishop. The Bishop had said to him: "Why do you work for Ireland? Ireland will never be saved. Her wrongs will never be righted. Better abandon her and occupy yourself with the salvation of your own soul." And the old man, telling this, had wept in his extreme age, saying: "Ireland is as far as ever from salvation, and where now is my soul?"

This despair of success for the causes to which he had dedicated his life is expressed in one of the many letters I had from him before the opportunity came to meet him. He wrote, in 1919:

> Your letter which has just reached me gives me, I need not say, much pleasure, and all the more as coming from America where, I imagine, the causes I have spent so much of my life in trying to serve are still more out of date than with ourselves. I still, however, have hope in the far future of a reversion to the more generous principles which prevailed in my youth, and your letter confirms me in the thought that it may be nearer than in my despair I have lately come to regard it. It depends entirely now upon the better thought of America whether what remains of liberty in the ancient world of Asia is allowed to survive and with it the tradition of a wiser happiness than ours in Christendom—all sympathy with which seems dead in Europe.

The course of events in some parts of the Near East was, however, more favorable than Mr. Blunt had dared to hope; and in 1920 he was able to write:

> It has indeed been a consolation to me to see my long battle for Egypt's independence at last in the way of success. Nor is this all. In Mesopotamia also the Government seem, though late in the day, to be trying to carry out ideas which I have been indirectly urging upon them. Mr. Philby, who is one of the two commissioners they have just sent out to Bussora to arrange Arabian self government at Bagdad and a withdrawal of the Anglo-Indian

troops from the upper rivers, is among my friends and thoroughly in sympathy with me on Arabian matters. Whether he will be able at this late date to realise his whole plan remains to be seen, but he will not, I am convinced, fail through any lack of a right understanding of the political case. There is nobody in our Government service who knows Arabia so well as he does or is so zealous in the cause of its ancient freedom, the oldest and most respectable of any in Asia. It is just forty years since I first brought the case of Mesopotamia before the Foreign Office and our possible English connection with it, should the Ottoman Empire one day break up.

The burden that runs like a lamentation through the six volumes of Mr. Blunt's journals is of the heedlessness of British officialdom in the face of all his warnings and his advice. During my visit to him he told me (what I already knew) of how he had been in consultation with Gladstone before the bombardment of Alexandria and of how Gladstone had promised him, and got him to convey the assurance to Arabi, that no British soldier should ever fight in Egypt; and of how only four months later Alexandria was bombarded. "Gladstone was a humbug," he said, slowly and deliberately; "there was never a man of more noble principles or of more miserable practices." On the whole, he had more confidence in the Conservatives. For the paradox of this radical Nationalist was that by temperament and family connections he was rooted in the conservative tradition of the English landed gentry.

Born in the same year with Thomas Hardy—1840—Wilfrid Blunt, as the younger of two sons, was destined from youth for the diplomatic service. Between 1858 and 1869 he served at Athens, Constantinople, Paris and Madrid, in South America and in the Germanic Confederacy. In the opening pages of the first of his *Documents pour Servir à l'Histoire de son Temps*—the *Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt* (1907; American edition, 1922)—he tells briefly of these early days. The lasting result of his decade of diplomatic work was the wide circle of friends, scattered all over Europe and the Near East, which he made. In 1869 on the death of his elder brother he succeeded to the family estates in Sussex and retired from the service. In the same year, 1869, he married Lady Anne Wentworth, the sister of the Earl of Lovelace and granddaughter of Lord Byron. They traveled widely in the Near East and in India, and for many years spent much of their time in Egypt. Some of their

impressions are set down in Lady Anne Blunt's volume, *Bedouins of the Euphrates*. In later years Blunt used to remark that he would rather have written the *Arabia Deserta* than any other book of the nineteenth century. Mr. Doughty had preceded the Blunts by some years into the vast and overwhelming interior of Arabia. At their winter home near Alexandria Blunt won the confidence of the more virile native leaders and became an avowed champion of the Nationalist cause.

During the difficult and complex years preceding and immediately following the rebellion of Arabi he was a thorn in the side of Gladstone's government, resisting by public protest and private advice the march of events that were leading inevitably to the British occupation, and ardently advocating the liberation of Egypt alike from Turkish tyranny and from English overlordship. In 1883 he published *The Wind and the Whirlwind*, an impassioned protest in verse against the English policy. It was not, however, till many years later (1907) that in his *Secret History* he revealed all he knew of these matters. This book, because of its outspokenness and its publication of private letters and the records of private conversations, was regarded as an enormous "indiscretion" and was ignored by the various great personages against whom damaging revelations were made. The same may be said of his other political firebrands: *Gordon at Khartoum*, *The Land War in Ireland*, *India under Ripon*, and *My Diaries, 1888–1914*. The journals of his last years, from the outbreak of the Great War, have been left for posthumous publication, in whole or in part, according to the discretion or indiscretion of his literary executors.

His campaign in Egypt having failed and events having unfolded themselves much as he had predicted, Mr. Blunt turned his energies towards Ireland, standing unsuccessfully for Parliament as a Conservative Home Ruler in 1885 and again as a Radical in 1888. Defeated, he continued his efforts outside the House of Commons; and in 1887 he was arrested for calling a meeting in a proclaimed district. His experiences and meditations in Galway Gaol and afterwards in Kilmainham Gaol are recorded not only in his journals but in the sonnet-sequence, *In Vinculis* (1889). From prison he conducted his second cam-

paign for Parliament. "It is the cause and not the scaffold makes the shame," says the great Corneille; and it is characteristic of Blunt that the frontispiece of *The Land War in Ireland* shows him in prison garb.

In later life Mr. Blunt gave up his Egyptian home and resided at Newbuildings Place, where he devoted to meditation the last years of a life whose youth (to cite his own adage of what a well-rounded life should be) was given to emotion and whose manhood to action. At times he felt keenly his isolation, left, as he said, in a backwater by the tide of events that had turned so far from his ideals.

Mr. Blunt viewed the Great War from the standpoint of the Moslem world; to his mind it presented itself as essentially an Eastern struggle. He felt that had there been an English statesman in control of affairs courageous enough to withdraw from false positions, a few more years of peace might have been gained, and the Socialist forces in Europe might have gathered strength enough to avert a general war. When the latest instalment of his history was published he wrote me:

> The kind interest which you have taken in my works for several years past suggests to me that you will be glad to hear that my last two volumes, called *My Diaries*, have had a quite unexpected success here in England, and that I hear they are to be republished in America. I do not know whether either volume has reached you, but I presume that they have not, as none of the copies despatched by me to foreign parts have reached their destination, a failure due I have reason to believe to the Government Censorship, which though irregular seems to be still continued. The point objected to here, I imagine, by the Government in these volumes, is that they tend to prove that the quarrel between England and Germany in 1914 and still more that with Turkey, was of our English Foreign Office making at least as much as that of the Central Powers.

So much—it is but the barest indication of their scope—for Mr. Blunt's political activities. There is even less room to suggest the breadth of his personal connections and friendships. I must content myself with quoting from a review of the *Diaries* which I published in 1920, when they were almost unknown in this country:

> Mr. Blunt knew and at one time cooperated with Herbert Spencer. He was in touch with A. R. Wallace and other scientists. His upbringing and

sympathies drew him towards the Modernist movement, and he held many conferences with Father Tyrrell, while one of the most moving episodes of the Diaries is the account of that heresiarch's death. He was on familiar terms with Frederick Harrison and the Positivists. George Wyndham was his cousin and most intimate friend; he was in almost as close contact with Winston Churchill. . . . Of all the famous men he has known intimately he reckons William Morris intellectually the strongest. Such praise is the more impressive because of its infrequence in pages that contain pen-portraits reminding one of the etymological connection between "ink" and "caustic." . . . Swinburne, "wasting his youth on drink and his old age on Theodore Watts"; Alfred Austin, "the most absurd little cock-sparrow of a man"; Henley, having "the bodily horror of a dwarf" and "the dwarf malignity of tongue"; Meredith, with the secret trouble of his parentage which cast a shadow over his life; Asquith, evolving from the square-toed Puritan into the "gay dog" of London society; Balfour, hard, cruel, courageous, and cynical, his real mind being, according to "Margot" (Mrs. Asquith figures prominently in the *Diaries*), metaphysical and religious; Francis Thompson (who spent part of his last days in a cottage on Mr. Blunt's estate), "emaciated beyond credibility," taking six ounces of laudanum daily, and sitting for hours with *Martin Chuzzlewit* in his hand, held as often as not upside down; Sargent, so bored by his women sitters that every now and then he had to retire behind a screen to refresh himself by sticking his tongue out at them; King Edward, preferring the society of Jews and second-rate women to his dull aristocracy; Leo XIII, "nearly divine if there was divinity anywhere to be found on earth," yet with something in his countenance suggestive of Voltaire: these and literally hundreds of other notabilities throng his pages in company with illustrious Moslems and Hindus.

What of Blunt the poet? In *The Wind and the Whirlwind* there are a Byronic force and passion which justify in part Henley's statement that Blunt was poetically descended from Byron through "Owen Meredith" (Lord Lytton). When, however, I once in a letter quoted Henley's remark to Mr. Blunt, he wrote me:

> As to what Henley imagined of my poetical descent from Byron, I do not think it correct. As a matter of fact, Byron had little influence with me when I began to write verse, or indeed at any time, although when I was a boy he was still considered the greatest of modern poets. Shelley and Keats were always far more to me than he was, and so was Tennyson (I speak of his earlier poems, before the *Idylls of the King*).

Whatever may be the truth of this matter of literary influence (for elsewhere Mr. Blunt acknowledges the debt), the direct

inspiration of *The Wind and the Whirlwind* was the rising of Arabi Pasha, Blunt's close associate, who is revealed to Englishmen as a patriotic reformer summoning the Egyptians to freedom. The poem is a spirited and indignant protest against British imperialistic expansion. Against those who sneered at the swift rout of the Egyptian forces he cries:

> Oh I would rather fly with the first craven
> Who flung his arms away in your good cause,
> Than head the hottest charge by England vaunted
> In all the record of her unjust wars.

With the poet's gift of vision Blunt makes an extraordinary prophecy of the rising of the Mahdi and the death of Gordon.

The most interesting thing about *Satan Absolved: A Victorian Mystery* (1899), Mr. Blunt's other important political poem, is the story of its origin. In 1881, Herbert Spencer, alarmed by the violently increasing imperialistic jingoism of the period, had written to Swinburne in an endeavor to enlist his "marvellous powers of expressing well-justified anger" in the cause of condemning England's "filibustering atrocities all over the world." Spencer was acquainted with Swinburne's earlier writings and naturally associated him with ideas of republicanism and liberty and the rights of oppressed nationalities. He was apparently quite unaware that the poet, living in the company of Watts-Dunton in the dingy respectability of *Suburbia*, was beginning to undergo that half-comic, half-tragic lapse into "lost leadership" which by the end of the century was to betray him into shrill shrieks against the Boers. Swinburne refused to comply with Spencer's suggestion and for many years the matter dropped. But in 1898, Spencer turned elsewhere for an ally, and wrote to Mr. Blunt:

> For some years I have been casting about for a poet who might fitly undertake a subject I very much want to see efficiently dealt with. At one time I thought of proposing it to Mr. Robert Buchanan. . . . Afterwards the name of Mr. William Watson occurred to me as one who had shown feelings of the kind I wished to see expressed. But, admirable as much of his poetry is, the element of power is not marked: he does not display a due amount of burning sarcasm.

There follows the expression of hope that Blunt may be able and willing to work out Spencer's idea, which is then sketched briefly.

Mr. Blunt was interested in the suggestion, and the result was this semi-dramatic poem, faintly reminiscent of the prologues of *Job* and *Faust*, and also (probably unconsciously) of *Belphegor*. It is a piece that is obviously "made to order" and it lacks the lofty dignity of Sir William Watson's protests against the Boer War, just as it is without the terribly succinct scorn of Labouchere's *Where is the Flag of England?* But it is memorable as a sturdy protest against the current cant about "the White Man's burden:"

> The ignoble shouting crowds, the prophets of their Press,
> Pouring their daily floods of bald self-righteousness,
> Their poets who write big of the "White Man's Burden." Trash!
> The White Man's Burden, Lord, is the burden of his cash.

But political and satiric verse is the most ephemeral of all the kinds of poetry; by these poems alone Mr. Blunt's chance of remembrance in the line of English poets would be small. Nor is it likely that the poems that record his experiences of travel and of the social world and the poems of country life, such as *The Idler's Calendar* and the *Sussex Pastorals* will survive. Moreover, the pessimism of the later nineteenth century has received from other writers, both in prose and in verse, more profound and moving treatment than can be found in Mr. Blunt's metaphysical verse. There remain the love poems, and it is Wilfrid Blunt, "the love-poet," who is, I venture to predict, destined to be remembered.

Mr. Blunt told me that *Esther* was begun as a narrative poem in blank verse so long ago as the eighteen-sixties. The manuscript of that original version was put aside and is at present in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. About 1867 George Meredith, in his capacity of publisher's reader, rejected Mr. Blunt's first little volume of mingled prose and verse. In 1875 there appeared the *Songs and Sonnets by Proteus*, a little book bound in buttercup yellow with an emblem of the sun stamped upon the side and the motto: "By thy light I live." This collection, never reprinted and now a rare book, is the basis of the famous *Love Sonnets of Proteus* which appeared anonymously in 1881 and to which the author, with characteristic regard for perfect sincerity, attached his name in the following year. This

book was greeted by Lord Lytton in an article on "A New Love Poet" in *The Nineteenth Century*. About 1888 the story of Esther was taken up anew and published in 1892 as a sonnet-sequence. I have Mr. Blunt's authority for saying that in its theme *Esther* is closely related to the first part of *Proteus*. Vaguely, but in essentials, the story is autobiographical, though its connection with Prévost's novel is imaginary. The scene is at Lyons; Esther is an actress playing the part of Manon; Blunt, a modern Des Grieux, has the bitter experience of loving and losing a woman who is, he is aware, unworthy of his adoration all the while that he adores her. The sonnets to "Manon" in *Proteus* were the first outcome of this affair; perhaps some of them were written at the very time. Not till after years was the story told in direct narrative form. Addressing his mistress as Manon in the first part of *Proteus*, Blunt had said:

> If I had chosen thee, thou shouldst have been
> A virgin proud, untamed, immaculate,
> Chaste as the morning star, a saint, a queen,
> Scarred by no wars, no violence of hate.
> Thou shouldst have been of soul commensurate
> With thy fair body, brave and virtuous
> And kind and just; and, if of poor estate,
> At least an honest woman for my house.
> I would have had thee come of honoured blood
> And honourable nuture. Thou shouldst bear
> Sons to my pride and daughters to my heart,
> And men should hold thee happy, wise, and good.
> Lo, thou art none of these, but only fair.
> Yet must I love thee, dear, and as thou art.

But though the end is separation and disillusionment, the height of *Esther* is reached in the superb sonnets (which are so wisely included in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*) that begin:

> He who has once been happy is for aye
> Out of destruction's reach;—

for when sadness and the sense of the vanity of living oppresses him, then will the poet remember that he

> . . . once was young
> And lived with Esther the world's gods among.

Henley called attention to the pitiless self-analysis and sincerity of these sonnets; their unadorned vocabulary and plain statement of emotions; their revelation of the soul of the loved woman as well as of the character of the lover. Here is a man honest with himself and with the Beloved and with the world, a man who brings loyalty even to the service of those relationships wherein disloyalty so often plays a part.

Of the four parts of *The Love Sonnets of Proteus*, then, the first, *Manon*, is, then, evidently a meditative lyric accompaniment, apparently contemporaneous with the actual experience, of the love-affair told less allusively in *Esther*. The second part, *Juliet*, has likewise a symbolic name. The third part, *Gods and False Gods*, lacks definite sequence and has in it most of that dark fatalism into which Blunt has at times plunged and that tinges so much late nineteenth-century poetry. The last portion is in the main a series of impressions of travel.

The original dedication to *Esther*, unwisely suppressed in the definitive edition of 1914, had been: "To the hand that has forgotten, the ears that cannot hear, and the lips that shall speak of love no more forever." And in the original preface to *Proteus* (likewise suppressed) the poet declared that he was "closing forever his account with youth," but that as he stood on the threshold of middle age and realized the changes in his dreams, though he recognized the errors of youth, he could not wholly regret the past, "knowing that those only are beyond all hope of wisdom who have never dared to be fools."

It is characteristic of Blunt that he is generally indifferent to the requirements of technique and often rebellious against the strict limitations of the sonnet form, breaking the bondage of its laws not only by illegitimate rhyme schemes and by employing assonance in place of rhyme, but by escaping altogether, when the matter refuses to be compressed, from the fourteen lines and producing poems of eighteen or twenty lines instead. These are mere pedantic strictures; more serious defects are the presence of many imperfect rhymes, of forced metaphors, and of far-fetched conceits that echo the Elizabethan sonetteers. But Blunt's very regardlessness of form for form's sake was a healthy sign, when the quest of form was driving sincerity from the domain of poetry.

For above all things Blunt's verse is sincere. The Byronic tradition, for all that he was unaware of it, flows at its clearest in his verse. Blunt knows himself as Byron knew himself. And this poetry is without the Byronic theatricality. Nor is it mere morbid self-deceitful brooding. If one compares *Proteus*, as I have elsewhere done, to other sonnet-sequences, one finds nothing in it to equal the divine inspiration and matchless beauty of some (by no means all) of Shakespeare's sonnets. Yet in Shakespeare's love poems there is something alien from the experience of the normal man. Many of us are repelled by *Modern Love*, and cannot breathe the rarified atmosphere of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and escape as soon as possible from the heavy perfumes of *The House of Life*. Blunt, on the other hand, is a man of the world, a diplomat, an adventurer, a statesman, a gentleman, who speaks of such experiences as in one form or another come to most men; only he is also a poet, and has the rare and perilous gift, the gift of self-expression, that we lack. Hence his appeal. It is unlikely that these love poems will ever be widely read; it is even more unlikely that they will ever be wholly forgotten. Were I asked to quote one of Blunt's sonnets, the choice would be a difficult task. Perhaps it would be the proud one *On His Fortune in Loving Her*, or the despairing one *On a Lost Opportunity*, or the magnificent *Sibylline Books*. Or perhaps I should choose the last of the group of sonnets in which he bids farewell to Juliet. It ends:

> Then kiss me and farewell. The choice is made
> And we shall live to see the past forgot,
> If not forgiven. See, I came to curse,
> Yet stay to bless. I know not which is worse.

In later life, though Mr. Blunt still wrote verse occasionally (*The Wisdom of Merlyn* was written for the most part after 1900), he took comparatively little interest in his poetry. It was necessary for friends like Lady Gregory and Mr. Wilfrid Meynell to use persuasion before he could be brought to consent to the publication of the collected edition of 1914. His feeling towards his verse was summed up in the remark to me that if any of it was good it would be perhaps remembered, and that if it was not good it would be forgotten; and that in either case it mattered

little. But he was willing both to talk and to write of the poets with whom he had associated, and especially of William Morris. But his estimate of Morris is easily accessible in the *Diaries*, and I choose therefore to quote this passage from a letter on Swinburne:

> He had to the best of my knowledge no personal relations with Robert Lord Lytton, though I have a letter from the first Lord Lytton, the novelist, to his son describing a visit paid by Swinburne to Knebworth in 1866. Swinburne's virulence in the *Heptalogia* was I imagine a matter of small literary jealousy, displayed by a greater poet for one less great, but who at the time enjoyed considerable popularity. Robert Lord Lytton lived in a different world from Swinburne's and I do not think they ever met.

I interrupt this letter to say that I do not think Mr. Blunt's explanation of the extraordinary attack which Swinburne made upon "Owen Meredith" is convincing; but that is a matter which does not concern us here. The letter continues:

> I too never met Swinburne, though I was intimate with Morris, Burne-Jones and most of Swinburne's early friends, one or two of whom proposed that I should make his acquaintance, but it never came off. I always regretted this, as I have the highest opinion of Swinburne's rank as a lyric poet, but his politics and mine disagreed, and he had got it into his head, from my connection with the Irish Nationalists, that I was a religious fanatic! Whether he ever read any of my poems I do not know.

As one brings to a close this account of the poet and statesman and agitator and adventurer and gentleman whose life ended last September at the great age of eighty-two, one thinks of the compassion for the humble and the down-trodden and the misguided which to the last was the fundamental characteristic of this strange, noble, quixotic career. This compassion softens the rash word and tempers the fiery zeal. It glowed in the old man who on his death-bed received the representatives of oppressed Egypt. It was visible in boyhood when in the lid of a box containing some caterpillars he pricked holes in the form of the constellations, "so that the caterpillars inside might think they were still out of doors and could see the stars."

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

THE PERSONALITY OF SAINTE-BEUVE

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

LAST summer a movement was set on foot in Paris to erect a statue in honor of Emile Faguet, the great critic. The Young Turks of the French literary world started the inevitable rumpus against commemorating a man so conspicuously lacking in creative ability. Faguet had written some verse, to be sure, but his most enthusiastic supporters held no particular brief for his poetry. It was the critic they delighted to honor. The *Figaro* took up the discussion, in the course of which it was vehemently maintained that during the last hundred years the only critical work of permanent value had been produced by the poets and the novelists, who had occasionally turned to criticism as a relief from their more serious labors. Just as Victor Hugo and Gautier had been the great critics of the Romantic era, so in the twentieth century *La Vie Littéraire* of Anatole France was worth all the copious industry of Emile Faguet.

Only one exception was made to this sweeping generalization, and that exception was so startlingly apparent that the most determined young radical could not ignore it. Straddling the middle of the century, with his unerring common sense exuding from every one of his forty-odd volumes, stands the massive figure of Sainte-Beuve. Rave as we will against the pernicious habit of reading books about books, we cannot escape the influence of his infallible good taste. Wherever we go in French literature Sainte-Beuve has been there before us, clearing the underbrush, blazing the trails and cutting the vistas; so much so indeed that the modern traveler begins to feel that his cumbersome equipment of scientific research might well have been left behind.

What sort of a man was this Sainte-Beuve and how came he by his uncanny knack of sympathy? For it is his sympathy even

more than his vast store of knowledge that endears him to us. A man may love anybody and everybody, as Walt Whitman did, but true understanding delves deeper under the surface than the most sincere humanitarianism. With the best will in the world no man can understand all of the people all the time. He may set aside his intelligence and issue a blanket order of philanthropy, or he may do as Sainte-Beuve and by taxing all his faculties to the utmost arrive after years of hard labor at a sympathetic estimate of a few hundred selected individuals.

We first hear of Sainte-Beuve as a young medical student in Paris in the late eighteen-twenties, who shows for a student in medicine an inordinate interest in literature. Obviously he had chosen the wrong vocation, but just as a tree stretches instinctively towards light and air he gravitated in the direction of literature. He was a pathetic figure, this ugly, sensitive young man whose imagination persisted in haunting the slopes of Parnassus when it should have been riveted on the operating table. Poetry was gnawing at his vitals and with it a pitiful yearning for family life and affection that he was never destined to experience. Sainte-Beuve's muse was an essentially domestic creature. He aspired to be the poet of the *foyer*, to play the rôle in France that Cowper and Wordsworth had played in England. The union of intimacy and nature is rarely found in French poetry, and it was this typically English flower that Sainte-Beuve set himself to transplant. We may judge of his success by his first volume of poetry, published in 1829 under the pseudonym of Joseph Delorme. Sainte-Beuve has saved his readers the trouble of formulating an opinion by referring in the introduction to "*la monotonie des conceptions, la verité un peu crue, l'horizon un peu borné de certains tableaux.*" But though as a critic he realized his limitations, he hoped, as every unsuccessful author has hoped from time immemorial, that somewhere there lurked a small but determined band of discriminating readers who would clasp him to their bosom.

This optimism was partly due to Victor Hugo, who in his big-hearted way was always encouraging the efforts of smaller fry. Before they ever met Sainte-Beuve had written a very favorable review of Hugo's *Odes et Ballades*, which had deeply

gratified the young poet's thirst for eulogy. He called on Sainte-Beuve who happened to be living next door to him in the rue Vaugirard. Sainte-Beuve returned the courtesy and within a few weeks he and the Hugo family were inseparable. At the time of their first meeting, in 1827, no two men could have been more profoundly different. Victor Hugo was one of those ebullient creatures who commandeer success wherever they go. He was handsome, he had an adoring wife to whom he was equally devoted and a growing circle of admiring friends. If he was not rich, he had a self-confidence and a fund of vitality that could be depended upon to tide him over any financial difficulties. Sainte-Beuve, on the other hand, was an unknown medical student who was trying to edge his way into literature by writing critical articles for the newspapers. He was an ungainly young man, obviously from the provinces to judge by his accent, with a muddy complexion, coarse features and lank yellow hair. And yet the total effect was not displeasing; something in the expression of the eyes betrayed his intelligence. Victor liked him, and as for Madame Hugo, his adoration of her husband and Victor's evident enjoyment of his society were more than enough to make him welcome at all hours of the day.

It would have been better for all three if the friendship had not ripened into intimacy quite so quickly. Sainte-Beuve was hopelessly susceptible and like most of the young romantics he took his susceptibility very seriously. What he calls "*le besoin inassouvi de sentir*" had to find some expression. What could be more obvious or more inevitable than that he should fall in love with Adèle Hugo? Perhaps he himself did not quite realize how much he depended upon her company until the boisterous preparations for the production of *Hernani* broke up the insidious three-cornered intimacy. Rarely has the issue of radical *versus* conservative appeared so momentous as it did to Victor Hugo and his henchmen in the winter of 1830. *Hernani* had to succeed at any price, and the price in this case was the continuous occupation of Madame Hugo's salon by a troupe of stalwart Bohemians. Night after night the theatre had to be packed by a well-organized claque and it fell to the

lot of Adèle to distribute the square red tickets—symbols of romanticism—into safe hands. At such a time Sainte-Beuve was an indifferent ally. He hated the theatre, and still more he hated the noisy rabble that interrupted his pleasant tête-à-têtes with Madame Hugo. Victor, of course, was sublimely unconscious of Sainte-Beuve's disgust. With all his splendid creative energy he was, as a young man at any rate, curiously lacking in any insight of character. Occasionally he would ask Sainte-Beuve to read aloud from the *Consolations*, his new volume of poetry, but the young critic realized that his Muse would show to poor advantage in that high-spirited throng. No, it was better for him to stay away until the whirlwind had spent itself.

The *Consolations* marked a further step in Sainte-Beuve's development as the poet of intimate life. The family he knew best were the Hugos and accordingly they form, as it were, the cornerstone of his new collection. The volume is dedicated to Victor Hugo in a long, rambling introduction, the full significance of which was probably lost on the eager young dramatist. "At the moment when you are embarking," writes Sainte-Beuve, "upon the stormy waters of the drama, may the recollections of family life bring you a fresh perfume from the shores you are leaving." And again in the same paragraph he refers to "*l'image adorée du foyer, des enfants et de l'épouse.*" Though as yet he hardly dares confess it to himself Sainte-Beuve shows a tender solicitude for Madame Hugo that might well have aroused her husband's uneasiness. But Victor was too busy to pay much attention to Sainte-Beuve's veiled forebodings. Even when the critic writes him that their friendship is not likely to endure forever he dismisses the warning as being merely the expression of one of Sainte-Beuve's recurrent fits of melancholia.

And, indeed, like most of the literary lions of his age, Sainte-Beuve was a victim of the all prevalent *maladie du siècle.* Byron had startled Europe with the pageant of his bleeding heart, Chateaubriand's *René* had inspired the youth of France with the dignity of introspective suffering, while across the Rhine the *Sorrows of Werther* were steeping all Germany in a welter of

voluptuous languor. With such influences around him it is not surprising that Sainte-Beuve should almost have jumped at the opportunity of a hopeless passion. Adèle Hugo had the further advantage of being tenderly religious. In the *Poésies* of Joseph Delorme there was no hint of any belief in God, but with the *Consolations* Sainte-Beuve rounded the corner of scepticism. He had been brought up at Boulogne in a conventionally religious atmosphere, which was abruptly dispelled by his migration to Paris. As a medical student he soon acquired the free and easy contempt of the young scientist for anything beyond the scope of investigation. This tendency was still further strengthened by his connection with *The Globe*, a newspaper of pronouncedly liberal views. It was in *The Globe* that Sainte-Beuve first championed the cause of the romantics, and it was through the influence of Pierre Leroux, the editor-in-chief, that he became interested in the cult of Saint-Simonism.

The founder of this cult, Saint-Simon, a descendant of the great diarist, was one of the early prophets of industrialism. He died in 1825, leaving behind him a few ardent but penniless disciples who advocated a fantastic form of Socialism. Their theory of government involved among other things the abolition of all property rights and the arbitrary separation of mankind into a limited number of Communistic societies. It seems strange to find Sainte-Beuve in such a *milieu* but *The Globe* happening to fall into the hands of the Saint-Simonians he was temporarily swept along with the tide. The year 1830 was the great period for social as well as literary experiments, and Sainte-Beuve with his restless curiosity could not help being at least an interested spectator. At that age, moreover, he was continually casting about for any system or creed that might bring relief to the "wild, unquenched, deep-sunken old-world pain". Alfred de Vigny, Musset, or George Sand could find an outlet in the new school of writing developed under the ægis of Victor Hugo, but Sainte-Beuve at the best was only a half-hearted romantic. For a while, as he said later, he put his judgment in his pocket and surrendered himself to his imagination, but only for a while. Constituted as he was he could not hope for comfort from a school of poetry that ignored the intellect, nor could

he thrive on a diet of doctrinaire Socialism. There still remained religion and under the charming tutelage of Adèle Hugo he reëmbarked on the sea of orthodoxy.

To the admirers of Sainte-Beuve, this philandering with the wife of his best friend presents, to put it mildly, a serious stumbling-block. A man who can insinuate himself into the affections of a devoted couple, who can write of them

Vous livrez aux doux riens vos deux cœurs reposés,
Vous vivez l'un dans l'autre et vous vous suffisez,

and can then deliberately attempt to undermine their happiness, is simply a blackguard of the first lustre. In his extenuation it can only be urged that the philandering, through no fault of his own, probably did not culminate in anything worse. The evidence against Sainte-Beuve is contained in his third volume of poetry entitled *Livre d'Amour*, which of course should never have been written, far less published. What devil is it that occasionally incites men of letters to flaunt their nastiness before the public? Why must the world be burdened with Hazlitt's *Liber Amoris*, or Sainte-Beuve's *Livre d'Amour*? In these poems Sainte-Beuve infers that his godchild, little Adèle Hugo, is really his own daughter. Evidently Victor Hugo did not think so, as he never mentioned his wife either in his poetry or his private correspondence except to praise her. An even stronger refutation, however, is to be found in our own knowledge of Adèle Hugo. A woman who idolized her husband as she did, and who continued to admire him long after he had given her every ground for complaint, was not likely to have been swept off her feet by Sainte-Beuve. What then is the reason for his extraordinary innuendoes? We believe the only explanation possible is Sainte-Beuve's pathetic vanity. He went through life craving the love of woman, and when that love was not forthcoming in the form he desired he conjured it up out of his imagination.

Before condemning him outright let us take into account the temper of his time. The moralists of today are apt to lament the shocking lack of reticence shown by men and women in public life, but the generation of 1830 was if possible even more

free with its confidences. Alfred de Musset did not hesitate to publish the story of his liaison with George Sand in the *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*, nor did the critics reproach him with any breach of good taste. In the *Chants du Crépuscule* Victor Hugo refers to his wife and his mistress with equal enthusiasm. Less fortunate than either, Sainte-Beuve could not refrain from posing before the world as a great lover. Contemptible it certainly was, but hardly as utterly revolting as he would have us believe. Indeed, if we are to seek for autobiography in Sainte-Beuve's poetry, as his critics insist that we must, it seems only fair to accept his novel *Volupté* in the same light. The heroine, Madame de Couaen, is obviously based on Adèle Hugo and it is significant that she remains virtuous to the very end. Incidentally what a macabre end it is, with the husband and the would-be lover philosophizing over the departed as they hammer the nails into her coffin!

Whatever the relations may have been between Sainte-Beuve and Madame Hugo, it is not to be denied that the sentimental intimacy blossomed, bloomed, and withered within the space of three or four years. Considering the temperaments involved, quite apart from any question of sex, it could hardly have been otherwise. When Sainte-Beuve writes to Victor Hugo, "*Je réfléchis, mon cher ami, que vous m'avez dit tantôt que Mme. Deschamps vous avez dit que je lui avais dit que vous n'avez pas de sensibilité,*" one does not have to be a pessimist to suspect that a lasting friendship is out of the question. Both sides made genuine efforts towards a reconciliation but finally Sainte-Beuve accepted the inevitable and left Paris.

The year 1837 was full of emotional milestones. It marked the break with Adèle Hugo and with another friend, the Abbé Lamennais, who exercised a spell almost as potent. Lamennais was a French priest in excellent standing at Rome, who had established a certain name for himself by his eloquent denunciations of the religious indifference of Louis-Philippe and his government. Not content with this, however, he suddenly shifted his ground and attacked the Papacy for its remoteness from the life of the people. He demanded nothing less than the Papal approval of republican principles. Naturally he failed

but his deliberate challenge to Church and State brought him tremendous popularity. Sainte-Beuve, always temporarily susceptible to the appeal of an ardent religious nature, championed the cause of Lamennais up to the time of his break with Rome. Then, abruptly disillusioned, he accused him of having wantonly extinguished the spark of faith he had kindled.

Close on the heels of this double estrangement came a stroke of good fortune. Sainte-Beuve was invited to Lucerne to give a course of lectures on Port-Royal. For all his inherent scepticism the story of Pascal and the Jansenists was well calculated to appeal to his imagination. The type of man who withdraws from the world in the attempt to solve life by thought rather than action was sure of sympathetic treatment at his hands. He may have been deficient in spontaneous enthusiasm over the obviously inspiring. His *Journal* of a trip to Rome is indeed more eloquent on fleas than on the Forum, but once Sainte-Beuve had warmed to his work his gusto was undeniable.

The five volumes on Port-Royal are, apart from anything else, the most conclusive answer to the charge that Sainte-Beuve was only a dilettante. For twenty years he whittled at this block of criticism until he had finally shaped it to his liking. Theology and philosophy, history and poetry, each in turn was called upon to deliver its quota towards the *magnum opus*. The lectures, however, from which this gigantic monograph was developed, did not prove a success. Sainte-Beuve was never a success on the platform. His course of lectures on Chateaubriand delivered at Liége was only tolerated, and when he was appointed to the College de France his pupils literally howled him out of the building. To be sure this was only partly due to ineffective speaking. In France the political opinions of a professor are carefully weighed by the students and in Sainte-Beuve's case they were found decidedly wanting. He was condemned as a trimmer, one who made peace with each successive Government a little too quickly and then patched up the new-turned loyalty with threads of reason. Not until the end of his career when he spoke up in an intensely reactionary Senate for liberty of the press, was he recognized as a champion of liberalism. For the greater part of his life public opinion was

wrong about Sainte-Beuve, as it so often is wrong in its judgment of men who go through life intellectually independent. The very words with which he characterized Lamennais might well have been applied to himself: "*Il n'a jamais sacrifié une idée ni un sentiment à un intérêt.*" His reputation as time-server was chiefly founded on an absurd charge made by the Republicans in 1848, that he had accepted bribes from Louis-Philippe's Government. Actually he had received a grant of one hundred francs for repairing a stove in the Mazarin Library, of which he was librarian. In spite of his indignant denial Sainte-Beuve had to resign his seat and seek employment elsewhere. He thought of going to England or even of emigrating to America, but in the end the Belgian Minister in Paris helped him out of the quandary by offering him the post of Professor of French Literature at Liége. Thus, as M. Séché, Sainte-Beuve's latest biographer, puts it, we owe the two excellent volumes on Chateaubriand to a smoky chimney.

Sainte-Beuve has been further criticized for making his peace with the Empire too soon. It would have been better or at least more picturesque if he had played the part of a die-hard and gone into exile, as Victor Hugo did, rather than to accept favors from Napoleon le Petit. Such was the argument of his enemies, and indeed if they looked for the picturesque in Sainte-Beuve's character they were bound to be disappointed. But after all, the world is not divided into time-servers and die-hards, nor is a man necessarily a hypocrite because he consents to live under a goverment that is not his ideal. Whatever his faults, and we have not attempted to slur them over, Sainte-Beuve was not a coward. When, as a young man, he was challenged to a duel he appeared at the appointed spot armed with an umbrella. His opponent, who was in no joking mood, expostulated angrily. "*Je veux bien être tué,*" replied Sainte-Beuve, "*mais je ne veux pas être mouillé.*" Thirty years later he was again challenged, this time by a fellow Senator who objected to his defense of Renan's *Life of Christ.* Sainte-Beuve answered the challenge by an exquisitely urbane letter in which he pointed out that duelling was an antiquated practice in which he took no interest. Furthermore, that he was at perfect liberty to ex-

press his opinions without being called to account by his colleagues. We submit that the strictest code of honor could not condemn his behavior on these two occasions as that of a poltroon.

The fact is that the sensual taint in Sainte-Beuve has been assumed to vitiate his whole character. He is represented as a satyr, a sycophant, a traducer of his friends, to whom the Fates in some inexplicable way allowed the one gift of literary criticism. Nothing could be further from the truth. Sainte-Beuve's critical genius cannot be separated in any such arbitrary fashion from the rest of his character. We know Shelley to have been a fine, noble spirit, in spite of the fact that he broke Harriet's heart. We are prepared to admit that Rousseau was a man of some feeling, although he farmed out his children in orphan asylums. The paradox in Sainte-Beuve's character is almost equally obvious. Speaking of his criticism he remarks rather pathetically, "*Je soigne les enfants des autres et je n'en fais pas.*" The man who could thread his way so unerringly through the lives of others was completely bewildered when it came to piloting his own bark. But if he was wayward in his relations with women in all other respects he was completely master of himself. If there ever was a man who loved his Paris it was Sainte-Beuve; but rather than submit for a moment to the stigma of bribery that the Republicans tried to fasten upon him he was, as we have seen, ready at a moment's notice to forego Paris and all its works. His pleasant life as librarian including a modest but sufficient salary, the visits to Chateaubriand at l'Abbaye-aux-Bois with the mingling in good society that that involved, were all relinquished without a murmer. "*Ecrire de temps en temps des choses agréables, en lire et d'agréables et sérieuses, mais surtout ne pas trop écrire,*" had been the very summit of happiness for this nineteenth-century Horace. As he grew older it receded further into the distance until towards the end of his life the *Causeries de Lundi* transformed him into a very galley slave. Week after week a relentless public insisted that he accomplish his *tour de force*. Even with the aid of two devoted secretaries it was all he could do to satisfy the ravenous maw of journalism. A feverish conscience forbade his ever taking a

holiday. At mid-day on Monday he allowed himself a few hours breathing space after which the pall would settle down again and he would be submerged for another week. But it was only by this fearful industry that the demon melancholy could be kept at a respectful distance.

Sainte-Beuve never cast off the despondent romanticism of his youth. In an article on Millevoye, an insignificant poet of the First Empire, he remarks that there is in almost all men a poet who dies young. Alfred de Musset, reading the article in question, immediately composed a graceful little poem urging Sainte-Beuve to remember—

qu'en nous il existe souvent
Un poète endormi, toujours jeune et vivant.

Probably Musset did not realize it, but his complimentary verses were curiously apt. Sainte-Beuve was haunted by poetry all his life. If he could only have discharged his feelings on paper he would have been a happier man. As it was, intellect, "the least lyrical of the faculties," cramped his poetry and he had to smother his disappointment in the drudgery of unintermittent criticism.

With his criticism we are not here concerned. Much has been written about its enormous scope and its uniform standard of excellence, yet still we feel that the half has not been told. Something at least remains to be said about Sainte-Beuve's splendid independence of judgment. The complete freedom from charlantanism, which appealed so strongly to Matthew Arnold, demonstrated the best and most masculine traits in Sainte-Beuve's character. No suspicion of log-rolling ever attached itself to his name. If he was won over to an acquiescence in the Empire, "*ce mesure de police un peu rude*," as he termed Napoleon's coup d'etat, he never failed to castigate the Imperial leanings toward absolutism. He refused to devote a causerie to Napoleon's *Life of Cæsar*, just as thirty years earlier he had refused to join in the popular chorus of praise over Alfred de Vigny's *Cinq Mars*. In literature a half-hearted romantic, in politics an uncertain partisan, it is not surprising that radical and conservative alike condemned him as too restless

a bedfellow. Only at the end of his life did he catch the popular fancy as a stalwart defender of the people's rights. He had been appointed to the Senate to lend dignity to an otherwise colorless body. Known as an ineffective speaker, he was not expected to take part in the debates, but Sainte-Beuve could never be depended upon to do the obvious thing. He championed the causes of secondary education and the liberty of the press with an energy and good-will that astounded the Emperor. How was it that this book-worm whom he had so signally honored dared speak in support of such dangerous theories? And whenever Sainte-Beuve spoke he dislodged an avalanche of criticism on Napoleon's internal administration. One phrase in particular caught the ear of the public: "*l'Empire a une droite et une gauche, et à gauche est le cœur.*" We are not surprised that after that speech Sainte-Beuve was definitely alienated from his friends in the Imperial circle.

The speeches in the Senate, which transformed Sainte-Beuve into something of a popular hero, proved to be the last flash in the pan. He died in 1869, too soon to see the collapse of the Empire of which he was almost the only discriminating supporter. The happiness which he had dreamed of as a young man, the *doux foyer* that he so envied Victor Hugo, never fell to his lot. In its place he had to content himself with a few warm friendships and the admiration of all true lovers of literature. As we take our leave of him it is impossible not to be struck by the paradox in his character. He combined extraordinary sophistication with the most pitiful adolescence. Possibly too much has been made of his shortcomings, for in this age we are abnormally interested in personalities. If this be a fault Sainte-Beuve himself is largely to blame. No critic has so consistently approached the study of literature *via* the author's personality. Perhaps it is for this reason that Sorel maintains that the great *Comédie Humaine* of the nineteenth century was written by Sainte-Beuve.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

THE HEART OF THE WESSEX NOVELS

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

THE latest movements of Thomas Hardy in the world of letters have diverted public attention from those which first brought him fame. A public preoccupied with *The Dynasts* and the various collections of poems runs the risk of forgetting the message of beauty which he first delivered. Confronted with Hardy's formal creed of pessimism, we need to remind ourselves that it is the artist's duty to suggest rather than assert; that the thought which the brain conceives must pass through his soul before it can reach the world; and that many a true artist—like him of whom we speak—will convert, at the eleventh hour, and like Balaam in spite of himself, his curse to a blessing.

It will therefore not be amiss to restate the beauties of the Wessex novels, since it is on a basis of beauty that Hardy's philosophy and so-called pessimism have been built. The greatest living national master of fiction, he stands in the direct line reaching back through Meredith to George Eliot, and thence through Dickens, Thackeray, and the Brontës, to Scott and Jane Austen, and, further still, through Goldsmith, to Fielding and Smollett, Richardson and Defoe, the creators of the modern novel. The sound of these names recalls to the reader a special manner or grand characteristic: How wide apart is the satire of Fielding and Jane Austen, the passion of George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë! Hardy's great achievement is having carried to a successful conclusion the revolution initiated by the Brontës: he has transformed the content of the novel from prose to poetry. There have been poetical novels before his time, but not novels which are poems. In *Wuthering Heights* and portions of *Jane Eyre* the novel so far exceeded its primal objects, of portraying character or manners or telling a story, as to produce in the reader a strange emotion from interacting characters and scenes. But even in the former of these two books there was much to be

contributed by the reader from his common experience with the author. Hardy has gone a stage further from the real world, and subjected his readers to a definite vision; differing from his predecessors as the prose writer, who uses words and relies on their total approximate effect from association of ideas, differs from the poet, who mobilizes to the full the resources of every word.

The territories created by the great masters enumerated, like Cæsar's gardens, have been bequeathed to the whole population, and at all hours of the day we may walk in them and recreate ourselves. But Cæsar's gardens were on this side of the Tiber, whereas the paler lands of Hardy lie beyond to the far horizon, and are best seen from a distance by eyes into which the three magic drops have been distilled. Something of the poetic meditation which has gone to make them must be renewed by a truly appreciative reader. How the outer world has gradually receded in literature we may judge from the very greatest. When Achilles speeds across the plain against Troy, he appears "blazing as the star that cometh forth at harvest time". When Claudio ponders the destiny of the soul, he imagines a "thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice". In Homer the images are more like parallel rivers of thought than tributaries of the main stream; in Shakespeare they are directly produced by the mental agony. In Homer they exist independently of the mind, to recall to the reader that beautiful world of sense which justified the outer existence of the Greek.

The modern imaginative writer, then, does not venture out into the world, but resembles a dweller in those mountain caves each of which leads back to another, so that no man may discover their end. If his voice is inward, that of his successor will be more so, as he retreats further into the bowels of the mountain. Or, to change the metaphor, as gold will not coin without alloy, so did his thought once require an admixture of sensible objects known to the thought of others; but every generation reduces the measure of alloy, till we now see him struggling in solitude to shape the pure gold of his idea.

To say that the half dozen greater novels of Hardy are far from the real world, and that he does not help us to recreate

his characters by appealing to a common stock of experience, is not intended to deny their truth to life. The most real thing is emotion, and the effect of the Wessex novels is to kindle a particular emotion. They are like a dream which, when its outer events are forgotten, lingers in the form of emotion surpassing in haunting power that of our waking hours; more especially when it revives memories of a happy past in days of present sorrow. For when man's bodily activities are suspended, his soul recovers its gigantic power to experience, and, troubled in its mortal foldings, is made homesick for a perfection that cannot be attained on earth. Hardy's vision of beauty is therefore a dream, the emotion from which is stronger than that thrown off from his waking hours of pessimism.

But as there are dreams of more or less beauty, so it is with the Wessex novels, and our object is to appreciate in them those qualities which exalt them to the perfect dream world, and reject foreign elements which debase them to waking life. Judging by this standard, we would give first place to *The Return of the Native*, which, though eclipsed in parts by *Tess* and *Jude*, best follows the course of an unbroken dream, and leaves behind a more single emotion. It is eclipsed by parts of *Tess* because its prevailing tone is sombre, and Hardy is at his best when describing the joy of life, no matter how soon to disappear; but it surpasses as an artistic whole. Its great catastrophe, the death of Mrs. Yeobright, affects the reader to its full, without wrenching the fabric of the story like the death of Tess. The world presented is the ancient one where all memories are centred in earth, the common mother, and all characters modified thereby, but the joys of innocence are gone. The outer world, built by the deliberate design of self-conscious man, exists, but it does not do violence to the structure like the characters of Alec D'Urberville or Edred Fitzpiers. It is emotionally present in the mind of Eustacia Vye isolated on Egdon Heath, making Budmouth seem a Paradise to her, and a man from Paris like a messenger from heaven. Its pool-like shallowness compared to the ocean depth of inherited memories and customs is exemplified in Clym Yeobright who, on his return, easily throws off the veneer of modern cities. But it is the Heath itself which

refines and exalts the emotion by the previous effect upon the character of its vast dark spaces unresponsive to the moonlight, its loneliness, its steadfastness, its great age. It is finely imagined that Clym, when nearly blind, should retire to Alderworth, and another dark stretch of the unknown be opened up. It extends the mystery of the Heath into remoter circles of dreamland, and gives to the episode of the furze-cutting, with the visit of Mrs. Yeobright in the torrid heat of afternoon, the effect of a dream within a dream. But although the sounds from the outer world are not loud enough to break the magic ring of sleep, they suffice to make the sleeper turn uneasily. For, as a child may have a sudden foreboding of the cares and sorrows of age and the coming of death, so did nature, when the world was young, fashion these swarthy monotonies against times that should no longer be fair. Solitude, despair, brooding melancholy, are the human moods which the Heath reflects, and intensifies by its interaction with character, so that we must look further for the full unfolding of Hardy's powers.

Under primitive conditions, before the days of town life and education, Hardy maintains that there was an appetite for joy and zest for existence. If man had been content to draw his daily sustenance from nature and spend his leisure in communion with her, he would have remained happy; but he preferred to snatch at what he thought a higher knowledge, to think of the future, to abandon nature for man, to create conventions and an artificial way of thinking. These are the clouds that appear singly or mass thickly upon the skies of *Tess*, otherwise the fairest in the world of fiction. *The Native*, though a faultless dream, was never many fathoms below the waking level, and its beauty was shot through with cares assimilated from the outer world. *Tess* is composed of separate dreams, and though they are broken up by discordant sounds, while they endure their beauty is of the kind that suspends hell and ravishes the thronging audience. It is a beauty created by Hardy's sympathy with all that is good in the peasant's life and character, refined by its passage through the soul of one who, while preserving unchanged his earliest love for the earth, has traveled far mentally and explored the thought and literature of many countries

and ages. To him knowledge has not brought distaste for primitive pleasures and scorn for unlettered people; it has made his love greater by making his sensibilities more exquisite. It is in his agnosticism—common to the leading minds of the last half of the nineteenth century—that we find the disharmony. For the Christian idea, and the conception of this world as a transitory place, is not one that can be discharged from the subconscious mind. Hence we feel the hand falter as it depicts the pagan pleasures of the villagers and their self-adoration. Like the fears of the brave and follies of the wise, there is the home-sickness of the advanced mind that will not conceive of this world as the pattern of a diviner one.

Therefore, except in rarest moments, when the blending of earth and seasons and human emotion fulfils the reader's vision, there is joy on a basis of apprehension. The green and golden fields, the old forest trees with Druidical mistletoe, the azure landscapes, are beautiful but lonely in their beauty. A time may come when the human mind, preoccupied with the future and enslaved by social conventions, will turn from them even more completely than it does now. Thus the impression grows that the days of joy are numbered, the shadow is growing, and the beauty of earth may perish like the physical beauty of man overrun by thought.

In *Tess* we hear every stop sounded of that complex modern instrument of thought and emotion. We experience the deepest dream of all where joy prevails unchecked; we traverse the middle region of joy on a basis of apprehension; and we are summoned to the outer world by sounds of terrifying discord.

In *The Native* the dream was unbroken, though less deep because its sombre background remembered an outer world no longer fair: less deep than in parts of *Tess*, where the sun and moon stand still in some Ajalon of the human spirit. The world of *Jude* is outside the dream, but the memory of it is the charm of the book. If Jude and Sue behave imprudently in the real world of today, it is because they belong to the ideal past and import some of its beauty into the sordid present. The dream-world, because it is immaterial, is not shattered from contact with the real, but sheds some of its glory on the endless straight

roads and mean figures that hurry down them. The light of their spirits is strong enough to form a radiant cloud in which they move, isolated in populous ways—and at times is dazzling enough to transfigure the unlovely street into mountainous solitudes. Like Christian and Faithful in the town of Vanity, their meek, joyful bearing converts enemies to friends. If the catastrophe, awful as in *Tess*, is yet in keeping, which that of *Tess* is not, it is because the book is founded on a definite code of manners. The two escaped figures from the dream-world eventually succumb, but the wreck is of the body rather than the soul.

It would be possible to trace Hardy's golden legend in the more ideal scenes of his other greater novels, such as the episode of Fanny Robin in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, or all that concerns Marty South in *The Woodlanders*, or to watch its fainter appearance in the books that stand just behind the inner circle, or even its dawn in his earliest essays in fiction. But for the present we prefer to stand at the centre and ask ourselves what is his basis of reality, without which no work of art can endure? Where is the ladder planted on solid earth yet reaching to the heaven of his dreams?

And we find this basis in the soul of the peasant, because the peasant, thus idealised, is distinguished with one other class still surviving in corners of the world, by possessing a soul. This other class is made up of those members of the old aristocracy who are not infected by the modern desire for wealth. Of these two—the true peasantry and the true aristocracy—it is only the former who can embody Bacon's maxim, and despise riches because they despair of them; whereas the second, used through long centuries to material possessions, walk easily beneath their burden, converting it to an adornment which does not hide the graces of nature nor become an armor plate to obscure the light of the soul. Between these poles of society revolve the socialistic artisan class, and the many circles of the money-getting bourgeois class, who take thought for the morrow and sacrifice present to future, who condemn vice because it is expensive or may cause a scandal, who make marriages like contracts in business, whose ideals are respectability and material efficiency, in

pursuit of which they encrust themselves more and more stiffly with the mud of this planet.

We know that deceit lies in generalities, and that anyone could immediately confute this theory with a dozen instances from his own experience. It is just as true, according to the naturalistic French novels, that there are some peasants distinguished by a ferocious love of money, as members even of the old aristocracy with human sympathies atrophied by care for rank and position. We must also except the intellectual classes, in whom the practice of art should stimulate the working of the spirit. But it has also been said that generalities are necessary, and it therefore remains roughly true that the unsophisticated soul is most often found in the peasant and the nobleman, in those who are above competition and those who decline it.

And as art is concrete, and it is the artist's duty to interpret ideally the facts of his experience, so are these two classes, who enshrine what beauty is left in the distracted modern world, fittest for his treatment. In the one we have the beauty evolved by centuries of culture, education, easy living: beauty of face and form, of speech and manner, of that kind of disinterested thought which is the offspring of leisure. In the second—and here Hardy is our best guide—we have the beauty of the simple man directly associated with nature. Just as he owes to her his moral characteristics,—his generosity, his loyalty, his freedom from suspicion,—so is his outward form exalted by sharing in her moods. We see him empurpled by the sunset, one with the brown heath or green of the meadows, a very brother to autumn, interpreter of the language and music of the trees. . . .

The theme of Hardy's novels is to make visible the beauty of these souls, whether in their native places or in their interaction with the world, which, though it rejects them as false prophets, by contrast with its own darkness, bears witness to their light. But it is in the first of these endeavors that Hardy's art becomes perfect, that we detect in him something of a Renaissance mood; for it is a fact of the individual mind, as of the embryo, that it repeats the experience of the race. The distinctive trait of the Renaissance was its morning freshness, despite the use made of classical models to further its own artistic expression. But in

the long interval between ancient and mediæval art the soul had grown strong in silent meditation, and when the seal of the cloister was broken, it reshaped old forms and transfigured old themes with its terrific stored energy. Not only in art but in life did the spiritual triumph over the material, did human beings judge each other not by the accident of outward form or worldly station but by the intrinsic beauty of the soul: As we know from the sonnets of Shakespeare and many others, it was the fashion for men to address each other in the language of love. Granted that this spiritual loosening comes to the individual as to the race, we understand how Hardy, who was not born in an age of faith, himself agnostic, scholar, philosopher, should, while flashing the lamp of knowledge down the shaft of his soul, discover in its lowest depth—in the simplest type of human being—the most fitting material for his genius.

It is no mere sentimental Rousseau doctrine of return to nature to remedy the ills of civilization, that Hardy preaches. He chooses the peasant's lot because there is something in the prior inherited experience of his soul which the spiritual loosening caused by the impact of his Renaissance wave has brought to the surface. And as in the Renaissance proper old forms were pressed into the service of new ideas, so does the highly evolved brain of the artist, the scholar's learning, the sceptic's melancholy, make more poignant the fate of those who fulfil the oldest tasks in the world. In the morning freshness of the Renaissance the soul awoke from its thousand years of reverie, and man went forth to enjoy the present on earth, eager as a child who is not haunted by a happier past, but with the faculties of mature age. The centre of the emotion we receive from Hardy is, therefore, pure joy; as witness those of his pictures which dwell longest in our minds: Tess who would make of her love a long betrothal, and who—like Thomasin Yeobright—scarcely understands angry words from one she loves, only recognizing anger by its sound; Jude and Sue, who walk through life wrapped in the cloud of their love, unconscious of a jeering world; Clym Yeobright—to a lesser extent because the dream is less deep—so far forgetting his lost ambition that he can sing while cutting furze on the heath, to

the despair of his wife. These are the moments when man becomes as if immortal on earth, for the great emotions, like the great passions of which Coleridge spoke, are atheists believing in no future.

The emotion felt by the sonneteer of the Renaissance was a religious one, because he saw God manifested in the soul of his friend or mistress; and the summit of religion is to prefer good to evil simply because God wishes it so. This exalting of the person and neglect of mere moral maxims and prudential restraints is also the point of union between saint and artist, but in ages of little faith, when communications between earth and heaven have grown intermittent, it has peculiar dangers. For the elect soul of today, though also prompted to worship God in human shape, fails to see when beauty of outward form loses its true character of index to beauty of mind, and retaining its native instinct to accept as law the wish of the beloved, too gentle to contradict, and unfortified by bourgeois morality and suspicion, is beckoned down to the low places. The sons of God become entangled with the daughters of men.

Thus in Hardy's pages we see Tess momentarily dazzled by Alec D'Urberville, Jude sacrificed to Arabella, Fanny Robin abandoned by the world. Yet to record the misadventures of chosen spirits born out of their due time would describe inadequately the emotion we receive from Hardy. It is but partial truth that he is a pessimist, for these rubs and crosses and mischances which wreck human lives are but outward constraints imposed upon the soul; the mere bolts and bars which prison it in its earthly house. The light we see burning within admonishes us that its native faculty to enjoy remains unquenched.

In the grief of those who lose all that makes life sweet, or even life itself, we find unexpected evidence that somewhere or other this happiness exists: in the lost Paradises, of love with Tess or Marty South, of learning with Jude. The words written with chalk on the pauper coffin, "Fanny Robin and child," raise a picture of the sheltered life of love that should have been the lot of such a beautiful-minded being. The effect

is not wholly one of contrast, nor a further example of Dante's divine saying; it rather resembles the coming of faith at the eleventh hour to the troubled soul. And this final emotion shows clearest in the story, *To Please his Wife*, because instances crowd thick and fast within the smallest space.

What infinite suggestion is there in the three visionary forms which the bereaved wife and mother sees kneeling every Sunday on the chancel-step! (They recall the words of the onlooker, how three men were cast into the furnace, but four might be seen walking unharmed amid the flames.) Does not the eternally level waste of waters southward, unbroken by the longed-for mainmast, tell of a sea in some other world that will not bear our friends away? Do not the actual ravages of grief—the grayed hair, the lined forehead, the gaunt and stooping form—hint at a more ideal beauty? How fair must have been the lost thing that could awaken such regret! At the lowest deep there is a sudden turn of Fortune's wheel, and we are in a world of reversed laws: where fire does not burn, nor water drown, where on days of hazy calm and sea like glass, ships seem to be sailing in the heavens.

But speculation may lead too far and, as we soar upward to clouds of fancy, the silken thread which unites body and spirit may snap, and the dreamer awake no more. Let us therefore conclude by bringing before the mind's eye some of those pictures where earth and heaven are one. We will think of Clym Yeobright at work on Egdon Heath, and almost subdued to its color, while the strange amber-colored butterflies quiver in the breath of his lips, alight upon his bowed back, and sport with the glittering point of his hook; of the pink flowers reflected in Sue's pale cheeks as she bends towards them; of Fanny Robin, whose first question on waking from her swoon in the portals of Casterbridge Workhouse is for the dog without whose assistance she would not have reached that dreadful haven; of Tess returning from her first visit to Alec d'Urberville, roses at her breast, roses in her hat, roses and strawberries in her basket to the brim.

Augustus Ralli.

THE NEXT PHILOSOPHY

(Summarized from a French Translation of the Original Czech)

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH AND LAWRENCE MASON

THE great philosopher of our generation will be an East-European, a Czech, and his name will be Peter Sczornik. For one who has read his first book, *The Lyric Tense*,[1] no other verdict is thinkable. Here at last is a student of life, a creator of thought, a brain than which no intelligence of history is more acute, more luminous, more inevitable. Upon this one slight volume of eight hundred-odd pages his glory rests forever secure. Beneath this one magnificent title his imperishable name will be written across the tablets of ten thousand libraries. He is one with the immortals. He is beyond our pens to praise or injure him. He is already great. Of the person and character of this extraordinary man little enough is known. A name, a village in southern Bohemia, a handful of reported sayings already traditional among the simple peasants of that land—and the rest is silence. But of the universality of his thought, the finality and ultimate rightness of his conclusions, much has been guessed, much inferred, and something learned.

For the full appreciation of the magnificence of Sczornik's achievement, it is necessary to remind ourselves briefly of the purpose of philosophy. In general it may be said that it is the object of the philosopher to write a preface to life. Observing the world as it is, the philosopher demands of himself Why? or Why not? as he is unhappily or happily affected. There results thereupon a problem. Now it is a condition of this problem that the interrogatory be answered from the very materials which inspired the original question, that is, from the evidence afforded by life. And the philosopher's task is so to arrange the familiar furniture of existence as to give

[1] *The Lyric Tense, a Grammar of Life.* By Peter Sczornik. Privately printed, Prague, 1920.

the impression he desires, whether of severe grandeur, or lyric abundance, or bleak and desolate lack. His success or want of it here will depend altogether upon the pattern of arrangement he adopts. And it is for this reason that the first concern of all philosophers is to hit upon a plan which will include both fixtures and movables and so order them as to explain the whole—in the intended way. All familiar philosophies have achieved the arrangement by means of a scheme evolved after investigation of the facts and for the very purpose of rationalizing them. They have violently jammed the phenomena of life into the prepared slots and angles of an arbitrary system. Not so Sczornik. It is the glory of this great modern that he, and he alone, has found inherent in these phenomena themselves the laws that explain them. He marshals the facts of life upon no chalk line of his own drawing, but rather points out with a consummate art that this apparent anarchy of color and form and movement and will does in reality follow a pattern of the most intricate and subtle beauty. This is not merely to say that Sczornik is inductive rather than deductive,—a futile and barren distinction, surely,—but to indicate that he draws from the objective world his explanatory principle as well as his evidence. It is his contention that the facts of life have written their own philosophy, which needs only recognition, not interpretation. That philosophy is the Philosophy of Grammar. Not only do words and sentences occur and recur in obedience to the rules of grammar, but man himself and the ideas and purposes of man fulfill the ambit of those laws, bear the relations of those principles, are understood only in the light of those commands.

It is at first impression that Sczornik's great conception appears grotesque. Further consideration discovers not only its possibility but even its probability. Not extraordinary coincidence but deepest necessity throws man into the arms of the grammarian. For it must be clear that the principles of grammar are not arbitrary creations but the expression of the deepest human instincts, not a construct but an index, not an enactment imposed by the intelligence of man, but a corollary to that intelligence. Grammar is the inevitable order and system, innate and essential, forced upon man by

the necessity of being man. It is the key to life precisely because it is not the doctrinaire improvisation of a critical intelligence but the product of the struggle of the whole race to transcend the animal. In Sczornik's own words: "The flood of Man is man, breaking at length the animal dams of silence, cut for itself the channels of logology."

The scope of Sczornik's project is indicated in the titles of his chapters, innumerable chapters in the Slavic fashion, bursting from silence with an epigram, ebbing back to silence upon a rhetorical question. Grammar: the Universal Solvent, is written across the introduction by way of challenge, to be followed by the proper beginning of the book, God: the Copula. Thence we are carried, full sail and unhesitating, through Nature: the Predicate, Love: the Genitive, Education: the Reflexive, Man: the Idiom, Society: the Circumlocution, to Death: the Period, and thereafter to Immortality: the Infinitive; the whole brought to full diapason upon *The Lyric Tense*, the chapter which gives title to the volume. In each case, as the title suggests, the purpose has been to reduce the subject of inquiry to its lowest grammatical function in order that the completed work may present, in the truest sense of the term, the primer of life.

There is not space to summarize the process of reduction in any particular case, but it may be proper and profitable to indicate Sczornik's method in a few instances. God: the Copula, the verb to be, is of course obvious enough. Undoubtedly the philosopher was guided here by the apparent paradox (now, at last, paradox no longer) of the ancient Hebrew, "I Am that I Am. Say unto them, I Am hath sent me unto you." Briefly, Sczornik's treatment of divinity revolves about the basic and quintessential necessity of the verb "to be" in all expository writing. Thought were inexpressible without the copula; man were inexplicable without God. Says Sczornik: "Milton sought to justify the ways of God to men, but the divinities he celebrated endure because they justify the ways of men to themselves." It is this same conception of the necessity of God to man that informs all his grammatical illustrations. Without the verb "to be", he argues, there could be no passive: men could neither be saved nor damned, nor could

they depend for subsistence upon anything but their own motion. "Without divinity man would be the reiterated assertiveness of the active voice." And whimsically enough Sczornik adds that, without the verb "to be", the Romance tongues would lose half their pluperfections. Unfortunately, Sczornik, like Darwin, does not present a complete and comprehensive explanation of origins. He does not, for instance, discuss the evolution of divinity nor the etymology of the copula. And it is to be anticipated that he will be adversely criticized here for his apparent assumption that the verb of being was conjugated, past, present and future, out of chaos.

Nature: the Predicate, is, it must be admitted, a somewhat misleading title, for the word is used in its logical rather than its grammatical sense. To the logician the predicate is that which is affirmed or denied of the subject. And so with Sczornik. Nature is that which is affirmed or denied of man. It is everything about man but man himself. It is the title of his follies and the spring of his lustiness. It is that against which the copula sets him in perpetual opposition and by which he is forever qualified. For the conviction of the skeptical it need only be pointed out that the agreement between man and nature, subject and predicate, follows rigidly the grammatical requirements of number and gender. In the individual nature is always singular.

Love: the Genitive, or possessive, is again a self-evident proposition resting broadly upon the assumption that love is inherently a question of the declension of cases. In the masculine brain the relation is clearly in the possessive, the nominative being preëmpted by man himself. From the feminine standpoint it would of course be differently treated. A generation ago woman conceived love in the vocative with the loved woman as the object of apostrophe and the subject of inspiration. Today she would certainly carry the whole relation into the ablative with herself as cause of causes. And the difference in point of view would appear in the agreement of noun and adjective. The male clings to his Romance endings and would put the adjective in full agreement; the woman with her affectation of Western tongues refuses so much as a silent

vowel to express the perfect concord. It is this quality of direction and realism in the younger sex that leads Sczornik to enunciate his great dictum: "All men are metaphors: women alone are content to be self-evident." The chapter on *Love* carries an appendix dealing learnedly with the problem of gender and finding in the extraordinary recurrence of sex differentiation in the most primitive peoples renewed assurance of the innate necessity and inescapable causality of the laws of grammar in the life of man.

In the chapter on education (*Education: the Reflexive*) Sczornik, though failing nothing in his well-known inevitability, does lack something of appreciation of the greatest function of the race. His thesis is, of course, that the direct object of education is not knowledge but education itself. This is not to say that he attacks "education for education's sake": Sczornik is not opposed to the pursuit of æsthetics. Rather he contends that modern education *operates* only upon itself and achieves nothing but its own magnificence. He pictures the universities (and surely he refers only to his own Bohemian academies) as great snowballs rolling themselves violently into larger and larger circles to the infinite admiration of the attending students who are permitted, on gala days, to help push. It is certainly open to the most enthusiastic Sczornikian to take exception to this position and to Sczornik's strange dictum that "all teachers are intransitives".

The chapters entitled *Man: the Idiom*, and *Society: the Circumlocution*, do not lend themselves readily to paraphrase. The conception of man as the essential phrase and verbal quiddity of the grammar of life follows naturally from the basis of Sczornik's whole philosophy. But Sczornik's theory of individuality is not so easily comprehended. He maintains that the flavor of a language lies in the piquancy of its idiom, and the flavor of life in the idiosyncrasies of living men. Personality therefore is the development of the individual to the point of greatest difference, avoiding upon the one hand the dialect which is simply the idiom of locality, or the convention of a nation, and upon the other idiotism which bears an unfortunate connotation of excessive divergence from the normal.

Thus the individual who murders for hatred is a platitude, the individual who murders because he believes he is the brother-in-law of the Almighty is *precieuse*, while the individual who murders because no one else has committed a murder for many years is the very Henry James of his generation.

Society: the Circumlocution, is rather an attack upon other schools of thought than an integral part of Sczornikism. Under that stinging caption Sczornik takes issue with those sociological theorists who, to avoid the necessity of dealing with men and women, group them by stomachs and capitalize the product. Criticized from the heights of grammarian philosophy it becomes immediately apparent that this short cut is in reality a metaphor upon metaphors, a panorama, rather than a mere figure, of speech. To Sczornik it is meaningless. Classes are to him the empty groupings of the academic word-mongers, formed from units dissimilar in every particular save one arbitrary characteristic, like the famous clan of *utor*, *fruor*, *fungor*, *potior* and *vescor*, which suffer under the one common disability of taking the ablative. Like the defunct dual of the Greek which existed for the sake of the singular and the plural, the middle class survives to receive the odium of a lower class which will not admit its lowliness, and the patronage of an upper class which has no existence outside the aspirations of its candidates. Sczornik suggests that those who, for lack of patience or information, cannot deal with individuals, adopt a grouping of men by their vowels with an alphabetical arrangement of classes. This will perhaps impress the practical as a highly academic suggestion, and such gentlemen may not be convinced by Sczornik's staggering assertion that we should then know what we were talking about.

The chapters on death and the beyond are less acute in reasoning than the earlier chapters, but they example as well as anything in the book the method and purpose of the philosopher. Upon the text, *Death: the Period*, Sczornik preaches a paradoxical sermon of hope. Death is the period. It is not the dash of the psychologist, nor the comma of transmigratory philosophies, nor the semi-colon of Mohammedanism, nor the colon of Christianity. Still less is it the Finis and crossed dolphins

of the skeptic. It is the period. But beyond the period the thought of man goes on, clothed in new capitals, indented to new paragraphs. The grave encloses nothing but itself. This sense of the continuity of the experience of the race informs the whole document. "We are at last the closed sentences of the word. But we are not redundant. The book were broken without us." And again, "We are not redundant. We do not repeat. We are the derivatives of the ape, not his synonyms." The same fire of hope goes on beyond the grave into the unknown. *Immortality: the Infinitive*—here is a symbol for the soul! The moving verb, the urge to become, launches us into space. It is well perhaps to be reminded, in Sczornik's great phrase, that while verbs of wishing and hoping most commonly attract this form, "the verb of knowledge is never followed into infinitives".

The final chapter, *The Lyric Tense*, is worthy of its superb caption and of the volume it crowns. It is, in brief, a discussion of the aristocratic life. Grammaticalness is nothing: it is the merest morality. Style alone is the distinguishing quality of life. Greatness lies in manner and form, not in stiff correctness. And the one is not simply an embellishment of the other. Great stylists have often committed sins against the canons of grammar (as witness our own Steele). And the whole framework of life erected upon grammatical laws exists only for the joy of that man who shall be great enough as stylist to destroy the order of dogma. From this Olympus, Sczornik surveys the pageant of humanity. "Great women live in Homerics: great men in the epigrams of the Anthology." "The career of Napoleon marched in resonant iambics to the lamest of feminine endings." "The Americans have no appreciation of style; they quote their Presidents from Mr. Longfellow's poems." "Mr. Wilson is a ballade that forever repeats its one great line." Of the Russian Revolution, Sczornik is supposed to have said, "This is the Twenty-Third Psalm in the accents of Machiavelli"; and again, "Bolshevism, splendid and Platonic slang". To such gems of phrase what word of ours can lend lustre?

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.
LAWRENCE MASON.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

Two achievements of great significance and moral value are thus far to be credited to the French occupation of the Ruhr, sufficient in themselves to cause profound gratification. One is the fine vindication of France herself. The inexorable resolution with which she entered upon that policy has been fully matched by the moderation, the self-restraint, even the considerate kindness toward the vanquished, which have marked her execution of it. In striking contrast to the swaggering brutality of the German army of occupation after the war of 1870–71, which Bismarck himself confessed—or boasted—to have been practised purposely in order to irritate and humiliate the French to the utmost degree, the French have borne themselves with a courtesy and clemency, even in the face of atrocious provocation, such as probably no other people have ever shown in like circumstances. The most impressive testimony to this effect has been given by the Germans of the Ruhr themselves, who have generally acquiesced in the occupation, save as they were incited from Berlin to commit murders and other outrages. There can be no doubt that had the Berlin Government adopted such a tone as that of the Paris Government fifty years ago, there would have been no friction whatever in the Ruhr. The other achievement is the combination in this country of nation-wide sympathy with France and equally general deprecation of anything resembling intervention in the case. The few querulous and splenetic voices that are raised against the French policy are too reminiscent of Bernstorffian propaganda to command respect; while recollection of the Holleben incident of 1898 and the application thereto of the Golden Rule, made the course of our Government a foregone conclusion. To these things may be added the supremely gratifying facts that the solidarity of France, Belgium and Italy remains unshaken, and that Ger-

many is obviously seeking some way of yielding which will "save her face"—she apparently thinking that she has a face to save.

The fifth Pan-American Congress has given the quietus to the maladroit project of organizing an American League of Nations in emulation of or in competition with that formed under the Treaty of Versailles. The Pan-American Union was securely established on its own original basis years before Jan Smuts or anyone else conceived the Covenant of the League, and it is quite competent to continue its independent and beneficent course. In one supreme respect it presents an instructive contrast to the League, in that it involves no hint at the denationalization of its constituents or the creation of a superstate. Coincidently with the meeting of the Congress, Lord Robert Cecil entered upon his mission in this country in behalf of the League of Nations. A more eloquent, accomplished and sincere protagonist no cause could have than the son of the Great Marquis and descendant of the illustrious Elizabethan Cecil of Burghley. A more hopeless task no man could undertake than to seek to persuade the American people to reverse the "great and solemn referendum" of three years ago and to repudiate the steadfast policy of a century and a third.

The determination of Brazil not to agree to any arbitrary diminution or even limitation of her naval power was not at all surprising. With her enormous coastline it would be absurd for her to reduce her marine to the standard of, let us say, Paraguay or Bolivia. Yet none of her neighbors, I imagine, suspects her of wicked imperialism or militarism. There is beginning to be realized the hitherto little thought-of purport of the familiar phrase about the "man behind the gun". That phrase, as I well recall, was coined to remind us that the efficiency of the gun depended upon the discipline, the marksmanship and the spirit of the gunner. That is perfectly true. But it is not the entire truth. The larger purport of it is that while the gun may be an agent of warfare, the man is the principal. A million guns could not make the slightest war, without men behind them; while a million men could make a tremendous war without a single gun.

It is doubtful if the mere possession of arms ever incited men to war; and it is still more doubtful if lack of arms ever restrained them from it. If men want to fight, they will fight whether they have armaments or not. If they do not want to fight, they will not fight, even though they are all armed to the teeth. In the present case Brazil does not want to fight, and her enlargement of her navy will not in the slightest degree menace the peace of the southern continent.

The proposal to erect a memorial of Walter Hines Page in Westminster Abbey is eminently appropriate, and its fulfilment will establish one of the best possible tokens of that Anglo-American solidarity which in the supreme crisis of the world's affairs was of saving value to civilization and humanity. We might indeed have wished for a great national movement here for fitting commemoration of that martyred Ambassador, and we might well resent the influences which deterred it. But it was a noble thing for a company of the very foremost British statesmen and humanitarians to make for his enrolment by the side of the most illustrious names of the United Kingdom and also those who historically belong to both Britain and America. His will not be the first American name to be inscribed in the great Abbey, nor, we may be confident, will it be the last; but it will ever rank among the worthiest. In "that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried" his name will be eloquent of a coöperation assuring, we may well believe, the friendship of more than twenty generations yet to come. Nor could there be a better complement to such memorial than the foundation, already happily suggested, of a chair at one of the great universities to teach the principles to which he devoted and for which he sacrificed his life. A Walter Hines Page Professorship of Anglo-American Accord would be auspicious of the best welfare of the race.

The judgment of the Supreme Court of New York concerning the political status and obligations of the Anti-Saloon League must commend itself to general approval, and not least of all to those sincere believers in prohibition who wish to wage their

campaign frankly, openly and above-board. If an organization which devotes the major part of its activities to securing the election of certain candidates to office and the defeat of others, and to the influencing of the political action of public officials after they are elected, is not a political body, I should be at a loss to define that phrase. Of course, the plea that its objects are not political but educational is entirely beside the mark. Both of the great old parties have repeatedly conducted what they declared to be "campaigns of education", on the tariff, the currency, or what not. But of course the final object, to which the "education" was a means, was the success of their candidates at the polls. Accepting avowedly the status of a political organization and the obligations of publicity required by law should in fact be to the advantage of all that is good in the prohibition movement. Dialecticians may split hairs till doomsday over the ethical distinction between "the end crowns the work" and "the end justifies the means". Common people will hold that great moral reforms should be wrought through processes which are not only intrinsically moral but also are above all suspicion of anything else. There were not a few earnest temperance men who after heartily joining and supporting the Anti-Saloon League were alienated from it on finding that instead of being directed merely against the abuses of the saloon system or even the saloons themselves, it was in fact aiming at political prohibition exactly as much as ever was the old Prohibitionist party of Neal Dow and John P. St. John. There would certainly be many more alienated if the League were to persist in practising the secret use of huge campaign funds, which was one of the worst abuses of the old parties and one which most cried for suppression under a stringent Corrupt Practices Act.

While astronomers have been staggering our minds with the dimensions of the almost infinitely great, bacteriologists have gained another splendid triumph in the detection of the almost infinitesimally small. The influenza germ, which has been discovered and segregated, is so tiny that it must be magnified a thousand times before it is visible to the eye; so small and elusive

that it passes with ease through a filter so little pervious as one made of earthenware. Of course the fact that it has been discovered means that some destroyer of it will also be found. Note the official report that in the cities of the United States the yearly death rate from typhoid is only 33 to the million population; and typhoid once ranked among the chief causes of mortality. Thus marches to fulfilment the prediction of Pasteur the Great, that we shall one day cause communicable diseases to vanish from the world.

We shall scarcely be able much longer to reproach France for her low birth rate, seeing how markedly our own is declining. According to the Census Bureau, in the twenty-nine States and the Federal District, comprising the registration area of the country and including the great majority of our population, the birth rate fell from 25 to the thousand in the first nine months of 1921 to only 22.8 to the thousand in the same part of 1922. Now that was a very serious decline, and if continued for a few years it would bring us down to the unfortunate level of France. It means that the increase in population in 1922 was 322,932 less than it would have been had the rate of the preceding year been maintained. As no special cause, such as war or epidemic pestilence, can be assigned to that decrease, we must assume it to have been the effect of general and, we must fear, continuing processes. Sociologists and physiologists can scarcely render a greater service than to determine what those causative processes are. They are scarcely economic and agrarian, as so largely in France; and the notion that they are involved in the higher education of women is indignantly repudiated. The two possible causes which just now rise most to consideration are the very general employment of girls, beginning at a tender age, in business and industries, and the alarmingly increasing prevalence of divorce.

The death of Bernhardt bereaves the world which the splendor of her genius adorned. Few women in the history of the stage have rivaled her in beauty, power and versatility of artistic achievement; few of comparable rank have had a career

of comparable duration. Her influence upon dramatic art was far-reaching and enduring, in other great countries beside her own, and was all the more important because it was subtle rather than flamboyant, suggestive rather than hortatory or dictatorial. In another respect, by no means negligible, she was supreme. That is, as a protagonist of patriotism—though without a touch of mere chauvinism—through her art and through her entire life. The memory of the World War contains few more impressive pictures, and none more wholly lovely, than that of her, already in the grip of age and hopeless physical infirmity, portraying the Maid of Orleans with a spirit which swept away fifty years of life and made the awed beholder feel that this was no mere impersonator, however gifted and expert, but the veritable Saint of Domremy returned *in propria persona* to rally the hosts of her loved France against a deadlier foe than all the Yorks and Talbots. We could have wished for her the granting of her desire, to fall in battle, at least in harness on the stage. That was denied her by an unkind fate; but at least it was granted to the world to remember her always as a "vital spark of heavenly flame" which could be quenched by death but never conquered or cowed by fear of it.

Great Britain is the latest country to consider the question whether it is proper for great officers of State to capitalize official information for their own profit in literary work; or for the same purpose to disclose official secrets after retirement from office. It ought to be a matter for control by a sense of good taste and of patriotism, but unfortunately those sentiments seem too often to be overcome by a sordid desire for pecuniary gain or by a passion for vindicating self or for punishing enemies. In our own time we have seen two noteworthy examples of the writing of official memoirs with no sordid, vengeful or other sinister motive, though possibly not always with entirely impeccable discretion. These were the Emperor Frederick's diaries and Prince Bismarck's memoirs. Both of these were written with no other purpose than to record the truth, and the former were of course not written for publication. But both were arbitrarily suppressed by a tyrant who feared the truth. In

the United States we have recently had a case in which public documents of vital importance appeared to have been withheld from those who were legally entitled to have them, or at least to see them, in order that they might be exploited for private gain; obviously a gross impropriety. In Great Britain it is charged that such publications have been made not so much for pecuniary gain as for political effect. The patriotic and high-minded statesman should, it would seem, consider his official knowledge of public affairs to be as confidential after he has retired as while he is in office; and should regard betrayal of such confidence for pecuniary or other gain as no less detestable than the sale of his acts while he is in office.

The old, old story is repeated in Russia, of exports of grain from some parts of the empire while in others famine is raging. I can recall at least one year in which wheat and rye thus exported from Odessa to other countries was actually shipped back again to Petrograd for the relief of famine sufferers. The explanation has generally been found in the imperfect transportation facilities of Russia; and, in the appalling deterioration of the railroad and steamboat lines under Soviet misrule, that explanation may have added force today. It would be an infamous thing for the exports to be made for political purposes, while there was a possibility of distributing the grain to Russia's own starving millions. The work of relief of famine-stricken Russians will doubtless be continued unabated by benevolent folk in other lands. But the world is entitled to a full and frank explanation of the circumstances of and reasons for these exports, the first that Russia has made since the first year of the World War.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE IMMIGRANT'S DAY IN COURT. By Kate Holladay Claghorn. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Certainly the Carnegie Corporation, as representing a relatively new type of organization for the general welfare of society, deserves the approval of all thinking persons. Through its investigations, thorough, expert, adequately financed, and above all impartial (as equally devoid of personal bias and of political complications), the Foundation is able to do a work which no other kind of agency could, under present conditions, perform so well. Nine volumes of the series of *Americanization Studies* financed by the Corporation have now been published. Two volumes, including the final summary, are in preparation.

In discussing the most recent volume of the series, *The Immigrant's Day in Court*, it is perhaps unfair to lay primary stress on a phase of the immigration problem which has little direct relation to the author's precise theme and purpose. It is proper to premise, therefore, that this book has in a high degree the virtues both of an accurate, authoritative report and of an enlightening treatise. Without presuming to be exhaustive, it covers a considerable field of investigation; it presents a well-selected body of concrete and significant facts; it criticizes practically and impartially various agencies with which the foreign-born comes into contact after his arrival in this country. On the whole, the author with remarkable success steers clear of the misleading effect that may result from the presentation either of bare statistics or of special pleas. The spirit of the book is optimistic, or, perhaps one had better say, melioristic—that is to say, helpful. But when all this has been duly emphasized, it seems proper to add that the first, and perhaps the most lasting, impression that the reader is likely to receive from the volume under notice is a conviction of the formidable character of the problems discussed in it.

There is, to be sure, a great deal of value in pointing out the peculiar circumstances affecting the causes which bring the immigrant into court—the economic conditions to which he has been accustomed in his native country, the social standards that are inevitably his, the extent to which a character decent and law-abiding enough in its original environment may be demoralized by a change of place. It is extremely useful to counteract that superficial and dogmatic view which sees in the un-American traits of the immigrant merely racial inferiority or even a kind of devilishness. Thus one reads, for example, the chapter on the immigrants' domestic difficulties with keen interest and even with sympathy. One may fully agree with the author's summing-up: "These

cases . . . indicate how far from simple are the elements involved, how much in the situation springs from special attitudes of mind of the immigrant, which need to be understood before the situation can be properly dealt with. These domestic cases are by no means to be understood by cataloging them under such fixed legal formulæ as 'adultery', 'desertion', 'abandonment', and so on, or such social formulæ as 'vice', 'immorality', 'cruelty', and so on." All this is true; yet one cannot help being chiefly impressed by the abysmal ignorance of the immigrant, by his relatively slight self-control, by the primitive nature of his social standards.

The problem has another aspect which is hardly more encouraging. The class which preys upon the newly arrived immigrant—preys upon him to an extent undreamed of by the average, comfortable American citizen—is numerous, persistent, and extremely hard to control. Its members exhibit a low order of intelligence, characterized by rat-like cunning, and a despicably low order of character. In all respects they are generally inferior as human beings to the immigrants whom they swindle. Here then is another element of our population which is fundamentally defective, and which in its interactions with the immigrant class, itself imperfectly adapted to citizenship, greatly increases the difficulties of government in dealing with the problem of Americanization. How can a nation that is none too successful in repressing such crimes as bootlegging, kidnapping, and murder, deal satisfactorily with that subtle complex of ignorance and helplessness, of economic hard-heartedness or selfishness, and of swindling and corruption, in which the immigrant is involved?

Passing from these considerations to the author's criticism of courts and other legal agencies in their dealings with the foreign-born, one finds that while the defects are obvious, the results are on the whole somewhat better than might be feared. Some magistrates appear to be prejudiced or intolerant; some are inclined to dispose of cases in the easiest way; among them all there are considerable differences as to the rigor with which the law is administered. But a fair proportion of magistrates realize that the law court is an important agency in the Americanization of foreigners, and some magistrates have devoted a good deal of study to the problem. The criticisms which the more intelligent among the foreign-born themselves direct at the magistrates' courts are not extremely severe. What occurs to one in this connection is that if the courts are to deal much more wisely and effectively with the problem of Americanization than they do at present, it will be necessary to draft into the magistracies men of quite exceptional ability and devotion to duty. The question whether the available supply of such men is not more urgently needed elsewhere than in courts of first instance is one that cannot be evaded.

The work of Americanization is, by its very nature, *personnel* work rather than routine work. It involves the use of discretion, and hence it requires a high degree of ability (including tact and insight), a considerable amount of special knowledge and training, an adequate grasp of the problem as a whole, and, above all, a very high order of character.

Psychologists tell us that, except by eugenic methods, the percentage of native intelligence in any group, as distinct from acquired knowledge, cannot be raised. Efforts to increase what may be called native character—the absolute factor in character, as distinct from habitual conformity to law and custom—seem to be limited in a similar way. It is fairly evident that the best we can do in organizing that general educative process of which "Americanization" is an important part, is to place each group in a position to exercise the maximum effect for good upon the group just below it in intelligence and in character, while preventing by checks from above the exploitation of the inferior group by the superior group. For while it is true that a primary school teacher can scarcely be too good or too intelligent for her job, there is real doubt as to whether we can spare from other functions, and adequately reward, a sufficient number of women possessing exceptional character and intelligence to give us anything like perfect primary schools. This consideration appears to apply *a fortiori* to the problem of Americanization. Any approach, in short, to an educative, as distinct from a political or economic, reordering of society seems to present enormous difficulties, and accordingly it is not surprising to find that there is a regrettable amount of *laisser faire* in our immigration policy.

THE INTERPRETERS. By A. E. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Among mystics, "A. E." is distinguished by the exceptional clearness of his thinking and by the apparent genuineness of his mysticism. In a sense the former quality guarantees the latter; for there is, indeed, a good deal of foundation for the common human opinion that he who can express himself but vaguely has probably very little to express. "A. E.'s" dialectic is almost as clear as that of Plato. But apart from the intellectual quality just noted there is in *The Interpreters* an emotional appeal which exceeds that of most logical constructions, however "ideal."

In order to give the utmost vitality and the greatest sharpness of significance to the abstract ideas which he purposes to discuss, "A. E." has imagined a dramatic situation involving the persons concerned in his symposium. The time is a period in the remote future. All nations have been absorbed into a World State. One nation (presumably Ireland) has rebelled against a control which appears to destroy its individuality and to strangle its spiritual life. Under the leadership of its idealists,—poet, historian, labor leader, architect,—it has planned and carried out an insurrection. Certain men in the capital city have led an armed mob against the arsenal, but have been entrapped there and placed in confinement. Imprisoned with them by mistake is one of the pillars of the World State. While the conflict goes on outside and while the air above them is lit by the searchlights of the vast air fleet of the all-powerful World State, these men, with the candor of men about to die and with that exaltation of spirit and penetration of mind that sometimes come to those who

have keyed themselves up to heroic action, discuss such questions as, "What relation have the politics of time to the politics of eternity?" and "How can right find its appropriate might?" Though all the parties to the discussion unhesitatingly assume idealistic premises—a form of *idealism* being, it would seem, the ruling philosophy of the imaginary period chosen—a great variety of thinking is very fully and honestly set forth.

The remarkable quality of this book is indeed just the frankness and penetration with which the author develops points of view not only diverse but apparently inconsistent. A severe critic of all idealistic or "spiritual" doctrines could scarcely emphasize the almost irreconcilable differences between them more than does the idealistic and spiritual-minded "A. E." Not only are the intellectual points of view, from philosophical anarchy to state socialism, kept beautifully clear, but the temperamental factors are distinguished with equal clarity. Each protagonist speaks with burning sincerity. To each his own faith proves in the last analysis "dearer than life." What is more, it comes to light as one of the most important discoveries of the discussion that the faith of nearly every party to the argument has been determined by some sort of intense, intimately personal experience—an experience of the sort usually thought of as supersensual. A profound intuition of some sort is at the bottom of every heroic action!

Of course, the point of all this is that some sort of reconciliation between conflicting views ought to be possible. Fundamentally all the revolutionists are willing to die for one thing; and the thing for which the official of the World State is only a little less willing to die cannot be in essence really different. It is assumed that every concept of the mind must have its appropriate object in the realm beyond the reach of our faculties, that there must be a politics of eternity corresponding to the politics of time. If the artist finds his ultimate reality in beauty, and the labor leader in pity, both must be really worshipping the same thing, however diverse may be the practical conclusions to which they are led, however impossible would seem the task of constructing a polity according to the ideas of both. The historian of the group attempts the final reconciliation of ideas, but, it must be said, without striking success. As "A. E." gets further away from the more intimate experiences and emotional attitudes of his *dramatis personæ*, he becomes less and less convincing.

All *a priori* thinking is subject to the criticism that its conclusions depend very much upon which of the several elements of experience which the mind discriminates is arbitrarily chosen as the means of controlling the rest. Philosophies have been built up upon fire, water, love, will, matter, mathematics, and loyalty. The criticism applies as certainly to systems having their basis in mystical experience as to those that are the result of purely intellectual speculation. An honest thinker, like "A. E.", must recognize the differences of motive and of experience in different types of thought as well as the several logical alternatives that present themselves as having equal claims. He will therefore attempt a reconciliation. The attempt, however, seems to result in

a rather thin generalization slightly colored by some of the emotional elements that cling to it from the concrete emotional attitudes that form its real background. Judgment of this final result will depend, therefore, very much upon the temperament of the reader—upon the degree in which he is capable of taking an abstraction for his ultimate reality and of attaching to that abstraction the motives and feelings that ordinarily associate themselves only with concrete experiences. When all is said, however, "A. E.'s" *The Interpreters*, a curious Celtic counterpart to G. Lowes Dickinson's *A Modern Symposium*, is not the least interesting book of the year.

THE DECAY OF CAPITALIST CIVILIZATION. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Year by year, the Socialist criticism of society becomes more judicious and more acute. The old obvious fallacies of Socialism have long been abandoned and are as dead today as any defunct political slogan. Socialism of the dogmatic type is generally less common than it used to be, and in America, as in England, the Marxian school seems to have little standing. So far as the critical part of their theory is concerned, thinkers like Sidney and Beatrice Webb seem to be merely reformers a little more fearless than others in their attempt to get at the root of evils, no matter what is upset in the process; a little more sanguine as to the possibility of reconstructing or reordering society than the facts of human experience and the plausibility of their own proposals seem altogether to warrant.

The Decay of Capitalist Civilization is not nearly so "sensational" a book as its title would seem to declare it. It is, in fact, a very moderate criticism of defects in our "capitalistic" civilization, some of which are admitted by the defenders of capitalism. Conceding the success of the system down to about 1850, and the temporary rightness of the general theories of life and morality that went with it, the authors call attention to certain obvious changes in economic conditions and develop a very extensive and closely reasoned criticism of modern capitalistic society, based largely upon the injustice alleged to result from the ownership by private persons or corporations of the instruments of labor. Of particular interest are their discussion of the methods of poor relief that have been successively tried in Great Britain and their account of the dilemma in which capital and government have been placed in that country relatively to unemployment.

It is one's impression that the Socialist proposals for reconstruction are best read and judged by experts in economics and government,—no wholly workable Utopias have yet been constructed even in imagination,—but that the Socialist criticism has reached a degree of reasonableness and definiteness which requires, in fairness, the attention of all intelligent readers. It may be said that this criticism has seldom been presented with less of the purely controversial spirit or with more sanity than is evidenced in this book.

ECONOMIC PROBLEMS OF DEMOCRACY. By Arthur Twining Hadley, President Emeritus of Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The title of the volume in which the former President of Yale has collected certain lectures which he delivered at several British universities under the Sir George Watson Foundation, is in itself significant. Not very long ago it appeared to be the general sentiment of America that the world had no problems which Democracy could not solve. Today it is generally felt that Democracy is still in its experimental stage and that the success of the experiment is not absolutely assured by any law of nature or any divine decree.

The progress of conservative thought in the last half century is pretty accurately marked by some of the more definitive statements made in this book. No more clarifying sentence about our present economic and political situation has been written than President Hadley's statement that "we have two large pieces of ethical deadwood to remove: the belief on the part of capitalists that property right is something sacred, and the belief on the part of the workingman that labor creates value." Not only does this saying neatly embody two fundamental truths, but it accurately measures the progress in responsible thinking that has been made since the days of the classical economists. Similarly significant is the author's insistence on the really progressive doctrine that "private property is in the large sense a public trust, and that the rights of the property owner in the courts depend upon the extent to which the perpetuation of the trust contributes to the purpose for which it was created."

Equally with the belief in dogmas regarding property and value, our belief in education as a panacea for all the evils incident to democracy is being subjected to criticism. Substantially the education of our fathers and of our grandfathers was a good education because it was fundamental and because it taught intellectual honesty and self-reliance. As the problems of national life have become more and more complex, we have tended to rely more and more upon popular education and to make that more complex, too. Educational theory was adversely affected by two influences that have gained greatly in strength down to the present time: the over-valuation of mere knowledge as compared with training, and the disastrous supposition that all subjects ought to be naturally interesting to the student, from which was deduced the idea that it was the duty of the teacher to make them so if they were not. In all the theoretic discussions of possible remedies for the defects of democratic government, it would be difficult to find a single remark really more closely related to the subject or more sound and practical than the observation of President Hadley that "by putting a proper responsibility upon the pupils, we can vastly increase our amount of real teaching without any corresponding increase in cost."

In its treatment of many different phases of Democracy, the reader will find this book sane and deliberate in the judgments it expresses, but also critical, searching, and progressive.

EBONY AND IVORY. By Llewelyn Powys. New York: American Library Service.

It is with curiosity, with half painful, half pleasurable expectation, that one opens a book which one knows to be the expression of an impressionable spirit that has experienced some sort of terrifying intimacy with life, with reality, with what we call nature.

Llewelyn Powys was born at Dorchester, England, in 1884. He received the education of an English gentleman at Sherbourne School and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Normally his career would have been that of a scholar and man of letters. In 1912 he visited the United States and delivered a course of lectures upon English Literature under the auspices of the University Extension Society. But ill health forced him to live in a wandering, provisional sort of way. In 1914 he travelled to British East Africa, and there, in the Rift Valley, he recovered his health sufficiently to permit of his taking up the life of a stock-farmer. On the declaration of peace he returned to England, having lived in Africa for five years. The spirit of the Dark Continent had sunk deep into his soul.

The studies in savagery—the savagery of nature and of human nature—which form the "ebony" part of Mr. Powys's book are better by far than the slighter sketches of civilized life which make up, presumably, the white or "ivory" part. There is in Mr. Powys's almost too eloquent descriptions of African life a perfectly genuine shudder which supports his uncompromising realism. But it is only through association with a remarkable though undisciplined power of description and with certain general, though not very profound, reflections about life, that the African sketches seem to approach literature. The author lacks the power to convince one that he has touched fundamentals—that one's own reactions would have been measurably the same as his under like conditions.

In the European tales, there is a frank, if superficial, paganism, and a naïve acceptance of the gay life of cities as a *summum bonum*, which some minds may find refreshing. Yet the significance of these tales is really so slight that there seems to have been but little excuse for publishing them. Leaving the moral tone out of consideration and adopting a Pyrrhonistic attitude in matters of morals, one may at least say that Mr. Powys's philosophy, though fairly good in Africa, is decidedly inapplicable to Europe.

Throughout the whole book one feels the lack, not, indeed, of any particular creed or any special conventions, but of any of the essentially human, the truly literary qualities; of any large attitude, whether of acceptance or rejection, of any especial fineness or distinction, even, in the profession of a hedonistic creed. Leavened by the high spirit of a Jack London, the intellectual virility of a Samuel Buller, or the penetrating sadness of a John Masefield, these stories might be great.

DEADLINES. By Henry Justin Smith. Chicago: Covici-McGee.

In its extraordinary combination of two elements almost never united, *Deadlines*, the new book by the news editor of *The Chicago Daily News* stands apart from all other books—be they works of fiction or of sober fact—that have dealt with journalism. This series of sketches is written with the authority of the professional. It comes the nearest to accurate description of physical conditions and character in a newspaper office of all books that have essayed in any degree to picture these things from within. In a way, the volume is a *vade mecum* for the cub reporter. At the same time, it is written with literary breath, with full cognizance of the viewpoint of the outsider, with a thoroughly modern realism that te'ls the reader all the secrets of the prison house.

The character portraits in this book, though composite, have the stamp of reality upon them, the atmosphere is a true atmosphere, above all the mental attitudes are obviously genuine. All the boredom and all the fascination of newspaper work are here, and one learns why able men hate it and remain in it.

The glamor of the newspaper world, as commonly conceived in fiction, is stripped away, and a new glamor is substituted, a glamor that takes account of hideousness and weariness and bad temper, of thwarted ambitions and preserved ideals, of the "dank, blank canvas dawn" and the weary night-watch, as well as of the excitement of the big scoop. It seems as if the so-called "cynicism" of the newspaper man, an attitude dramatized and merely hinted at by such writers as Kipling and R. H. Davis, here found its true expression as a sort of ingrained philosophy, devoid of pose, the inevitable outcome of experience.

What we have here, indeed, is something more than fictionized fact or factual fiction. It is a searching study of a business, a profession, imperfectly socialized, incompletely professionalized. Newspaper work is an occupation that maddens, hardens, or breaks many of those who are involved in it. For the life of the newspaper man and the nature of his product, the public, its cravings, its tastes, its notions of efficiency, are responsible. Our civilization, which makes news what it is, is also responsible. Unlike the men of other professions, the newspaper man cannot, if he would, set up a protective wall between himself and the world, shutting out all but a limited number of interests, impressions, or demands. He cannot possess his soul in quiet by receiving patients or clients in an office. He is at the mercy of everything, and life, crude life, is his master.

It is difficult to express these ideas without seeming to overdraw and without implying that Mr. Smith has overdrawn. The essential fact is that Mr. Smith, a newspaper man, really does see the newspaper life as a phase of civilization and has thus portrayed it.

GLIMPSES OF AUTHORS. By Caroline Ticknor. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Half the knowledge that Caroline Ticknor possesses concerning notable authors, ranging in date from Charles Dickens to Eugene Field, would amply justify the writing and publication of a larger book than her *Glimpses of Authors*. In this book one will find authentic reminiscences of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Mark Twain, Lafcadio Hearn, William Winter, Henry James—an astonishing list. Whatever facts, great or small, can be gathered concerning any of such eminent or notable persons as are written of in this book are in general worthy of careful collection and of publication in some form or other. But of course there is gossip and gossip, anecdote and anecdote.

Some persons are more fortunate than others in the kind of gossip and anecdote that comes to them, and still more fortunate in the gift of a fine discrimination. The author of *Glimpses* is among the particularly favored ones—so much that is distinctive and truly prizable has come within her ken, so nice is the sense of values which enables her to present acceptably the tiniest things as well as the more striking phases of life and character that she has observed or known about.

Surely that sense of immediacy which some writers of reminiscences are able to convey to their readers is a great gift. Possessing it, Miss Ticknor seems to bring us face to face with those of whom she writes and to make the past as vivaciously appealing as are the better moments of the present. A book of literary reminiscences so artfully natural, so deftly put together, and so genuine in its contents as this will be everywhere welcomed.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE UNITED STATES AND THE NEW TURKEY

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

THE delegates to the adjourned Conference at Lausanne, which is to meet on April 23, are gathering as I write. It is impossible, therefore, to prophesy what they may do or how they may act. Enough has happened, however, to give occasion for a brief recapitulation of the original situation as it developed at Lausanne. Then the difficult condition in which Americans find themselves may become clearer. Furthermore, there are the fundamental factors which must continue to affect the entire question of the relations of the United States to the new Turkey.

The first Conference at Lausanne was notable in that, while it did not produce an agreement, it exposed at least two clear examples of Turkish diplomacy. The pledges given by the Angora Government to Soviet Russia in respect to the régime to be adopted for the Straits were speedily abandoned by the Turks. The agreement which was not signed at Lausanne but which was practically secured regarding the Straits was opposed by Soviet Russia. It was tempestuously denounced by Chicherin on February 1. He declared: "If the convention is signed without Russia, the Ukraine, and Georgia, the latter will retain an entirely free hand and complete liberty of action. If certain Powers sign this convention without Russia, the Ukraine, and Georgia, the Straits question remains and will remain open."

This was in accord with the pledges mutually given by both

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Russia and Turkey in the treaty signed at Moscow on March 16, 1921. Then they had declared for "international regulation concerning the Black Sea and the Dardanelles" by a special conference to be composed of "delegates of the littoral states, provided that the decision made by this Commission shall not in any way encroach upon the complete sovereignty of Turkey, nor upon the security of Turkey, or of its capital Constantinople". This pledge Turkey had now disregarded and was ready to sign a convention which Russia refused. Under the circumstances a breach in the Russo-Turkish united front was apparent.

The terms of this agreement have been published in the press. They do not seem to encroach on Turkish sovereignty except in so far as they recognize that in a general way the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus are an international highway open to a limited naval force. "Turkey has no responsibility in regard to the number of foreign war vessels which pass through the Straits"; and an international commission is charged with the duty of enforcing the régime of the Straits. Practically in time of peace the number of warships which may pass through is limited to three ships none of which is to be more than 10,000 tons in size. Otherwise navigation was to be free though subject to the regulations of the Commission. Russia declared that she could not accept this arrangement particularly as in time of war a belligerent naval force might enter the Black Sea. She declared it was an invitation to her to arm herself for naval warfare in the Black Sea. It was, therefore, clear that by the acceptance of the views of the Powers the Turks had broken with Soviet Russia on this question of the Straits.

A second example of Turkish diplomacy came out in connection with France. During the early stages of the Conference it was apparent that in view of the special position accorded to the French by the so-called "Bouillon treaty" of October, 1921, France had cast herself for the rôle of Turkey's best friend. Back of this lay the long rivalry between England and France in the Near East. British support of the Greeks, long after they had any real chance of success and in spite of official Allied warnings, had brought the representatives of the two Powers perilously close to a breach. Throughout 1921–1922 the French had on the

contrary made the best of the situation. Arms and money had gone to the Turks from French sources as well as from Russia. The treaty signed by M. Bouillon had surrendered to the Turks southern Cilicia and a strip of northern Syria along which lay the line of the Baghdad Railway as a boundary. In return for this the French had received letters which held forth to them the prospect of economic advantages in Anatolia for which they had long intrigued. They were to secure the preference in concessions for railway lines, mineral rights, etc., and in the opening up of the interior. Consequently, both as a measure of economy and in view of the advantages which they were to gain, the French had given up to the Turks territory which they held as a mandatory under the League of Nations.

The news of this treaty sadly disturbed the conclaves of the Washington Conference. We all recall the bitterness with which the British spoke unofficially of the French at that time. Add to this the fact that, after the burning of Smyrna when the British made their stand at Chanak, the French practically deserted the Entente. M. Bouillon went to the Near East again and was effusively greeted by his friends the now triumphant and belligerent Turks. Only the calmness and skill with which General Harington handled affairs at Mudania saved the situation and prevented a Turkish outburst which might have cost thousands of lives and possibly the destruction of Constantinople itself.

Under such circumstances the French came to the Lausanne Conference. For the first few weeks the Turkish and French delegations were extremely cordial. Later the French apparently made an offer of a separate peace with Turkey. This was refused by the Turks. Furthermore, during the weeks which have passed since the Conference broke up, the Chester concession as voted by the National Assembly at Angora has given to an American group the position of priority with regard to railways and mineral concessions which the French had supposed was theirs under previous agreements. This marked the collapse of the promises made to the French by the Turks. At present French anger has shown itself in the press and by protests delivered by the French High Commissioner, General Pellé, to the Angora Government. In short, at least for the moment, the

French policy which has been pursued in the Near East for the past two years seems to have tumbled like a house of cards.

Soviet Russia and France have, therefore, to consider again the faith that they put in the word of the Turkish Government. So there remains for the future the warning now given before all the world that treaties, pledges, promises are as nothing to the new Turkish régime at Angora. This in itself is strong evidence that the Turks have not changed their traditional policy as regards Europe. The old Turkish authorities maintained an absolutely callous attitude toward the fulfillment of treaty obligations in time past. Their continued existence depended not on such things but on the divisions and rivalries of the great Christian Powers of Europe. At the close of the Lausanne Conference in early February, when the new Turks had waited in vain for a rift between them, the influence and prestige of England were such that, in spite of earlier and private French suggestions, the Turks retired to consider the matter afresh.

A third element in the situation was British policy as represented by Lord Curzon. The Foreign Secretary had a difficult task which he seems to have carried out with the sternness of a man who knows that he is beaten but who cannot abandon the habit of lecturing even his successful opponent. All the work which he and his assistants had put on the treaty of Sévres had gone for naught. He had indeed used the Allied meeting of the previous March to modify those original terms. Now that he was free from the tempestuous control of Lloyd George as Prime Minister, and once more master in his own house, he dealt with the facts in the case as they were. He terrified Ismet Pasha; but the clarity of his statements and the rapidity with which, thanks to an able staff, he diagnosed the situation helped him to wind up the Conference with the trappings of victory. Great Britain alone emerged from Lausanne with increased prestige. Indeed it was by a process of elimination and concentration, which filled even the Turks with respect, that Lord Curzon cleared the table. He irritated everyone but everyone respected him. Finally, at the informal meeting of the delegates on February 4, when Lord Curzon argued with the Turks in the endeavor to secure a decision, there was more than a chance that the Turks

would sign. They did not; but Great Britain had gone to the limit of concession. The Turks respected them and left Lausanne anxious for the renewal of friendly relations with Great Britain.

These terms to which the Allies finally brought themselves were in reality based largely on the hypothesis which the authorities at Angora have created. Mustapha Kemal Pasha is a Turkish George Washington according to the notion of the day in Anatolia. He and his immediate associates are anxious to free themselves from the incubus of the Koran and are in reality agnostics or free-thinkers. There is not in truth any religious fanaticism at the root of their opposition to the Christians. It is nationalism rampant which is responsible for the stand they have taken. As far as they personally are concerned Islam is a convenient platform on which to stand. It appeals to the populace and to the religious leaders of whom they cannot afford to lose sight. Indeed the Jewish elements in the entourage are rather conspicuous. At Lausanne the ex-Grand Rabbi was almost notable and he was anxious to be friendly with Americans as he hoped to be appointed the new Ambassador at Washington. The Khalif at Constantinople is friendly to foreigners. There is much talk of a religious character going on in Turkey today and some discussion as to the possibility of providing for the Young Turks moral substitutes for the lack of teaching and of inspiration now offered by the practice of Islam.

Under such circumstances the demands of the Turks for the abolition of the capitulations would seem reasonable were it not for the facts that an entire nation cannot change its character over night and that the nation as a whole is itself woefully ignorant. The Turkish peasant is, as heretofore, a pleasant sort of fellow. He is rudimentary, however, when it comes to the question of mine and thine and has inclinations toward rape and the use of the knife. His conception of the world at large is probably about that of an eight year old child. The more or less educated classes have acquired the veneer of Levantine society, which is probably the most corrupt and degrading civilization of which we know. Add to this the tradition of dishonesty and of lying that has permeated the official Turk in his dealings with Christians. Personally the Turk of the upper classes has strong inclinations

toward honesty but generally the habits of deceit and of graft are too much for him.

Now comes a group of high minded patriots who are determined to rid their land of the pest of foreign intrigue and who use the sword ruthlessly and with determination. They demand and secure the ending of the capitulatory system. They objected to any transitional period but the final draft of the Treaty of Lausanne provides for a special body of *conseillers légistes* who would sit on the bench with the Turkish judges in cases affecting Allied subjects. Any Allied subject who is arrested by Turkish officials can claim the right to be taken before such a *conseiller légiste* within forty-eight hours. Together with a body of Turkish officials these *conseillers* are to draft judicial reforms and they are appointed by the Turkish Government during the transitional period of five years. At the end of five years the entire régime of justice is by implication to be left to the Turks. To be sure the Turks on their part promise full protection of life and liberty and freedom of worship for all inhabitants without distinction of race, religion or language. Equality before the law and freedom for the establishment of schools and religious institutions subject to Turkish law is guaranteed.

And here is the fundamental question. Can the peoples of Turkey, can the foreigners living in Turkey, trust to Turkish law for justice? Has not the lesson for centuries been that the Turks do not keep their word? How even if the chief administrators are intent on justice can their inferiors be trusted to carry out the laws? The record of the past is against any such assumption. To people coming back from the Near East, from Lausanne, or from conferences with Turkish representatives I have put the question "Has the Turk really changed? Can he be trusted with the administration of a modern state?" Invariably from persons of the most diverse interests and types the answer is emphatically "No, he cannot". Some add "but he is trying".

The hypothesis on which the treaty of Lausanne is built is that the record of the repeated violations of the treaty of Paris of 1856 is forgotten and that the pledges given to the Congress of Berlin have been kept. It is a theory on which the lives of thousands on thousands of Armenians have been sacrificed. It is the illusion

by which foreign representatives in Constantinople can still look to Angora for honor or truth. The verdict of history is rather that the only elemental power which the Turk can recognize is force. He can be made to keep his word and that is the only way his tawdry promises are worth even a scrap of paper.

Has, therefore, the treaty of Lausanne any element in it which may compel the administration to maintain it once they have accepted it?

The apparent abandonment of Constantinople as a capital and the plan for the construction of the "perfect city" as a new seat of government in the interior of Anatolia has removed the Turks from the reach of battleships. No European Power is likely to send an expeditionary army into Angora. The force, therefore, that could be applied to compel the Turk to keep his promises must be of a different sort from that usually applied.

The truth is that the appeal through which even the terms of the treaty of Lausanne could be enforced is that of self interest. Once the Turk can be made to understand that his own existence is dependent on the fulfillment of the obligation there may be some chance of securing that. For such reasons the moral and economic education of the greater portion of the ruling class is essential. Today, as the ring that runs affairs at Angora well knows, their power is not secure. They possibly would have signed the peace if they could have been sure of the support of the National Assembly. In Angora are fanatical elements which would sweep the Turks to even greater heights of folly than they have hitherto shown. Much, therefore, depends on the solidification of the authority of the existing administration.

The present government at Angora has to keep an eye on the mosque preachers and cannot for its own safety abandon too openly or too hastily the tenets of the Koran. At the moment the notion that statues of Turkish heroes could be erected in the new capital is evidence that the Angora Turks have already travelled a long way from the traditional and orthodox interpretation of the Koran. Their treatment of the question of the Khalifate has also skillfully separated two incompatible elements. They found "themselves bearing the burden of an empire which was at once a religious necessity and a political impossibility".

They, therefore, on November 1, 1922, declared that the National Assembly was sovereign but elected the heir apparent to the Sultanate to be Khalif. The present head of the Sunni Moslems, who according to all accounts is a liberal himself and is not troubled by any save the technical requirements of Islam, is, consequently, installed at Constantinople. There he may remain away from the real political life of Turkey to paint his pictures and to attend the Friday services for the edification of the Faithful.

Such religious questions are, however, subordinate to the economic problem which confront the Turks. The economic clauses of the treaty were, indeed, the cause of its rejection last February. The essential article in dispute was No. 94. This reads in part:

> Allied subjects holding concessions granted before October 29th, 1914, by the Ottoman Government or any local authority in territory remaining Turkish under the present treaty, shall be replaced by the Turkish Government in complete possession of the rights and shall undertake all the obligations resulting from the original concession contract and any subsequent agreements prior to October 29th, 1914.

This would restore the validity of all the old concessions. It is directly opposed to the policy and ideas of the Angora Government which sought to free itself from practically all of the old obligations. Other articles were also opposed but the major fact is that the new Turkish Government would like to start afresh.

In order to complicate the situation and to bring, if possible, a new element to bear, the Chester grant had added to it the sections which included the lines of railway to Mosul and that from Samsun to Sivas. The Turks hoped in this way to persuade the United States to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. The territory of Mosul, which was in dispute between Turkey and Great Britain, is now part of the mandated territory of Mesopotamia or Irak. The Turks are not now sovereign there and this portion of the Chester concession is, therefore, of no value in case the present British forces remain in Irak. The line to Sivas together with the construction of harbor works at Samsun were, it is claimed, originally granted to the French. They made a loan to the Turks on the strength of this concession and conse-

quently it remains to be seen what disposal will be made of the matter. At present the Chester grant seems to have been a clumsy attempt on the part of the Turks to lug in the United States.

The spirit and intent of the Chester grant is, however, the essence of Turkish policy. The improvement of communications, the installation of telephone and telegraph lines, in short the modernization of Turkey on a large scale are all part and parcel of the grand scheme. Everything is there except the men and the money. These may come. The framework for a modern State is being planned; but the essential spirit, the moral qualities, and the vigor of soul that really make a nation must be imported. It remains to be seen whether such elements can be brought in. That the Turks have turned to the United States for such a programme is interesting in itself.

It is in reality a remarkable tribute to the reputation of the Americans who have been most closely associated with the Turks for a hundred years, the American missionaries. No American business man can go into the Near East today and have his word accepted and his honesty trusted except as the indirect result of the patient and often apparently unproductive work of the teachers, doctors, and preachers of the American institutions and societies in Turkey. That is a consideration which bankers, admirals, and tobacco and oil men do not clearly appreciate. The flag has been kept flying and the reputation of the United States maintained by the moral reputation of the men and women associated with American colleges and missionary work throughout the Near East. The fact that our political intentions are *nil* as regards the territory of Turkey has been abundantly shown and the element of our distance from Turkish waters has assisted us.

Under such circumstances there must come to those who are now charged with the decision the difficult problem of the continuance of American work under novel conditions. Modern nationalism is impatient and peremptory in its commands. It is also greatly affected by the propagandist who has assertions to make that have not a particle of evidence behind them. The claim, therefore, that American missionaries have been largely responsible for Armenian nationalism and for the Armenian

conspiracies against Turkey is largely false. The work of the missionaries has led, among the Armenians, to an appreciation of liberal institutions but that was inevitable. The Turks themselves are now eager for the very things which the missionaries have represented in their daily lives. The charge that the Armenian national movement is due directly to the teachings and propaganda of the missionary worker during the past century is ridiculous. When an American makes such an assertion he deliberately attacks the character of a work which is in reality responsible for the high reputation that Americans have held in Turkey.

Now, however, the issue of the Armenians is a closed one as far as missionaries in Turkey are concerned. The Turks settled the problem of Armenian nationalism and deprived the missions of their clientele by getting rid of the Armenians. I question whether there are more than 75,000 adult Armenians, including those scattered about in various camps, who are now left alive in Turkey. The Armenian question except as a matter of relief is now dead by decapitation. Under such circumstances, with their work cut down and their scholars either dead or scattered, the question is whether the missionaries are to continue in Turkey.

At present no policy has been decided on by the mission authorities. They have received urgent requests to relocate some of their institutions in Greece for which the King has assured them free land would be granted. This may be done; but the question as to Turkey remains. The verdict of the men and women in the field is beyond a doubt in favor of continuing their work. As Dr. Barton records in *The Congregationalist* of April 12: "To them to abandon the Near East was unthinkable." The value of the mission property is considerable; and to abandon the Turkish missions which have been the exclusive field of American endeavor for about a century would seem to be a mistake. The chances are, therefore, that the decision will be to carry on at least for a time.

This of course raises the question of the schools under the proposed new educational law. The project for this law, which is in reality a cabinet ordinance of 1915, is now under discussion. I

understand that Robert College has accepted the principle of the bill but there has been a request by some for modification as to a few of the regulations. Adnan Bey, who is now acting representative of Angora at Constantinople and who is the husband of that remarkable Turkish woman Halidé Hanoum, is, together with his wife, a former teacher or student in American institutions at Constantinople. His influence may be counted on to mitigate the difficulties of the present transitional period. Robert College and the Constantinople College for Girls will of course continue to do their work. They have assisted in the education of Bulgarians, Armenians, and Greeks. Now their new opportunity may come as schools for the training of Turks.

There remains the entire question of how the United States Government is to face the new government at Angora. This is obviously a matter affecting both business interests and missionary and educational institutions. At Lausanne Ismet Pasha expressed the desire that American educational work should continue. Eventually this would require some form of treaty protection. As yet the United States has not accepted the abolition of the capitulations. Our own treaty relations with Turkey are at present practically under the most favored nation clause. A new treaty would require careful and specific mention of the American institutions and the elaboration of clauses which would protect our business interests. So far as can be determined those interests have not as yet requested a new treaty. Certainly nothing can be done until the situation at Lausanne clears up. There is, furthermore, the fundamental question as to whether the Turks can keep to any treaty which they may sign. If any government in the world would seem to be on trial today it is the Turkish. Certainly the moral issue is entirely on the side of waiting and testing the new régime. To accept the Turks into the family of nations is a step which requires consideration; and it is open to serious doubt whether the time has come for a favorable decision.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

THE CAUSES OF IRISH UNREST

BY DARRELL FIGGIS

[*It will be remembered that Mr. Darrell Figgis was for seven years one of the leaders of the Sinn Fein Party, and that during the time of the Black and Tan Terror he, with the other leaders, lived in hourly peril of his life. Indeed, on one famed occasion he was put to the ordeal of seeing the rope prepared for his hanging, when he had fallen into the hands of one of these men mad with drink. In the elections of last June, however, he broke with Sinn Fein over the Michael Collins-De Valera Pact, and was returned at the head of the poll for County Dublin, receiving the largest vote in Ireland. He was Chairman of the Convention that drafted the Free State Constitution, and is now one of the most prominent members of its Legislature. In this article, writing out of his full and special knowledge, he throws a striking light on the present troubles in Ireland.*—The Editors.]

At the outset it is essential to get out of mind one persistent fallacy, the causes for the dissemination of which lie in history. It is that Ireland is, and has ever been, given over to special and peculiar forms of perversity, and therefore cannot be accounted for by the rules that ordinarily apply to mankind. It would indeed be odd if it were to be found that these rules fell inoperative at the threshold of Irish consciousness: that Irish nature was, if not persistently superhuman, at least pertinaciously extra-human. A new and remarkable field of inquiry would be opened; and in fact Science might with justice be reproached that it had for so long neglected separate study of this new race of Martians. For everywhere, whatever fresh facet of Irish character history has turned to the light, the quaint assumption has always been that here is another extraordinary quality of this quite strange and altogether remarkable people. Either (so runs the legend) they are uncompromising idealists as never were uncompromising idealists before; or their foolhardy courage is of a foolhardiness peculiar to itself; or they are undiluted, mischievous criminals of an unplumbed and unplumbable depth of mischief and perversity unimaginable.

All this is, of course, mere nonsense. There are no such altogether exceptional races. Our human nature everywhere is compact of the same elements; and if the parts are variously mixed, the ingredients are the same. It reacts to the same causes. It is operated upon by the same laws. And to understand its curious displays it is necessary first to examine these causes and laws, and not to give hostages to ignorance and superstition by supposing the incredible.

There is, indeed, nothing incredible about the present position in Ireland. What would be incredible, rather, is if, given the same causes, any greatly different result had been attained. It is of course true that the Irish people have a distinct racial personality; but it is also true that had any other people passed through the same experience, they would today be in much the same case as the Irish. And inasmuch as Today, besides being the child of Yesterday, is the father of Tomorrow, before there can be any attempt to read the future, it is essential to tell the past, and so seize the continuity of events.

When it is looked at in this way, the present unrest in Ireland will be seen to fall into its right place, without the summoning of gnomes of evil to explain the mystery. It is not my intention to travel far backward in any detail. It is not necessary to do so. A brief survey is enough to enable one to catch the sequence of which the present troubles are but the outcome.

I

It will be admitted that seldom in the history of the world has the constitution of a nation been conceived under less promising circumstances. Yet even in this Ireland is not exceptional. Most nations that have founded new constitutions during these past few years have done so under conditions of upheaval and war, social and political. Indeed, in the nature of things, the prescription of a new constitution implies a period of disorder, either immediately preceding or then existent. Otherwise, it would generally happen, a new constitution would not be required; for a new constitution supposes that new sanctions and a new authority are necessary, under perhaps new forms

of political and social organization, for laws and combinations of necessity that are as old as the first groupings of humankind together.

In the case of Ireland, however, this previous decay of authority had lasted a very long time. There is not, within the range of my reading, any country that can even distantly approach the experience of Ireland in this matter. Out of seven centuries of dogged, intermittent war, many periods of which were continued for long stretches of years together, the first three, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth, were spent under a fairly authoritative inland order, into the side of which the barb of a disputing outland order had stuck, threatening the very life by which it existed. The next two, the sixteenth and seventeenth, were spent under conditions of war that no historian has yet had the hardihood to defend, when the inland order was torn up by its roots, and an alien ascendancy planted in the country as landlords, taking rents from a people who until then had owned the land they tilled. The next century, the eighteenth, was spent by the nation in a state of acknowledged outlawry, in a misery and squalor that, despite the accounts of travellers, remain almost unbelievable. And the next, the nineteenth, was spent in almost unceasing revolt, revolt of one form or another, revolt that sprang, in all its forms, from an angry repudiation of the political and social and economic State that held sway in the country, and rebellion against the forms of law by which that State was maintained.

It was to this continuity that the Treaty of 1921 succeeded. It may be complained that this is to go back a long way in search for the causes of the present trouble. But it must be remembered that in no country today have law and order been given from the flame-clothed heights of a Sinai. They are the bequests of tradition, of experience remembered in the blood, of venerable practice and habit. In Ireland, however, experience, tradition, practice and habit, all run the other way. Law and order, instead of being a mystic good, have been a mysterious evil, against which children have been taught to rebel, in veneration of antiquity and in hope for the future of their country. In other countries an unarmed policeman has been clothed with

so mysterious an authority that his very appearance brings a majesty and begets a fear that no soldier in the full panoply of war can arouse. In Ireland a policeman has been regarded as an enemy-soldier. He has been armed and equipped in this expectation. No majesty about him. So far from being the will of the people incarnate, he has represented the thwarting of the people's will; and even when he pursued acknowledged criminals, he was left to his pursuit alone, because of the memory that he would be as willing to pursue acknowledged patriots.

These things cannot be forgotten in an hour or undone in a day. What other nations have slowly built up, cannot be wrought in Ireland in the twinkling of an eye. It can only be wrought by conscious teaching and conscious effort, under the most favourable conditions, which Ireland (for reasons yet to be examined) has been denied. Where other peoples rely on the unconscious memory, Ireland must for many years rely on conscious effort and deliberate will. And chiefly it must be done by singular and reciprocal confidence between Government and people. For where the conscious effort is invoked the utmost publicity is required. Naturally. For in other countries Government may retain its secrets of State, and the people will continue to trust, for they have developed that habit. But, since in Ireland the very contrary habit has been developed, there can be no secrets. Affairs of State must be the noise of the market-place, lest silence and reticence, proper elsewhere, breed suspicion, or at least undermine that confidence that is the best security of all States.

Here too, perhaps, Ireland has not been as well served as might have been expected. The circumstances are largely to blame, but these circumstances cannot bear the whole blame. Inexperience, no doubt, is most to blame—inexperience, and excessive reliance on the forms and practices of Government in other countries, where the unconscious can successfully be invoked as it cannot in Ireland. Among us, yet awhile, the left hand must know what the right hand doeth, or it will not coöperate with the right hand in the perfect functions of the body politic. For we are learning a new game, and cannot yet rely upon our reflexes.

II

So the history of Ireland, noble in many ways, and of a constancy of purpose, indomitable and undefeated in the darkest of places, has told against us, as it must inevitably have told against us, in this the beginning of a new day. The Constitution of the Free State not only, as in the foundation of new constitutions elsewhere, creates new sanctions, authorities and organizations for old laws and necessities, but it has actually to create recognition of those laws and necessities. It has to undo the teaching of history; and that is a hard, a formidable, withal a most necessary, task to accomplish.

It could have been accomplished, as it happened, I believe, in a very short space of time, but for other causes nearer to our own day. For the latest phase of our age-old war brought new forces into existence. It was desperately fought; and all history teaches that every desperately fought war produces terrible reactions. Only a little barrier separates our proud human nature from the beast; and when anger, fury, blood-letting and the accursed habit of destruction have broken that barrier, only with difficulty will it be built again. Every nation today knows that. They may praise their war-heroes, but they know them; and the more reflective of those heroes know themselves, and curse the loosening of the beast in themselves.

In Ireland, however, the war was of a peculiar kind. It was guerrilla warfare. It was not fought by disciplined phalanxes or by deployed armies, that could be moved on command and called back by command. It was man against man, and band against band, acting on both sides (though to differing degrees) largely on local initiative. Hunters and hunted changed places by swift turns in the same place, according to their local skill and enterprise. Knowing this, in the desperate odds with which the flight was ever weighed, they struck not only at one another, but at the other's resources and bases, each in order that the other might be left helplessly in the open.

I wish to be studious, even to fault, in the distribution of blame, as a strong partisan who bore his risks at that time may do without censure. I am not now concerned with blame.

I am now merely concerned with the causes of a present situation. For it was during these months that Ireland saw her villages and factories burned by her invaders, and her roads cut and her railroads destroyed by her defenders. Sights so seen are not easily forgotten. Practices so learned are not easily uprooted.

Even in the most fortunate of circumstances, the fruits of such a war must surely have been gathered, whatever its outcome. It is a stern truth that men cannot sow darnel and harvest wheat. But in the meantime other causes were being created, though not in every case at our own will, the effects of which may now be seen.

III

For this last phase of our age-old war lasted from 1919 to 1921, and succeeded to the Great European War, of which it, in its turn, gathered the fruits. Of these, the most pregnant of consequences, in the outcome, was not that which, at the time, seemed to be significant. This was the effectual stemming of the stream of emigration.

For seventy years Ireland's most important, and most pitiful, form of export was of the youth to which all other nations look for the hope of their future. During the early part of that period that terrible emigration drained the country almost to death. In 1846 the population stood at 8,287,000. By 1913 it might normally have been expected to reach not less than 17,000,000; instead of which it fell to 4,379,000. These figures eloquently exhibit the nature of the injury done to the country. Yet this terrible result meant a further injury, not less deep. It meant that the nation ceased to expect to employ its youth. It is true, indeed, that during the latter part of these years, and especially during the new century as a consequence of Land Purchase, this outward stream dwindled. The figures fell to a comparatively low point by contrast with previous years. But the stream continued. The figures were still heavy, and out of all proportion to the experience of other nations. The evil habit, once established, continued. And it continued just where its consequences were of the worst. The middle-aged ceased

to go, as they once had gone; but the younger sons, and the daughters, went, and the country ceased to expect to find them employment.

I put the case thus broadly. It is immaterial to my present argument whether they went because there was no employment, or whether there was no employment because they had formed the habit of going. The truth is, perhaps, a medley of both factors. Enough that they went, and that, had they remained, they would have swelled the ranks of the idle.

During the European War, however, emigration was forbidden, and Irish emigrants at Liverpool were turned back. There was no Irish person of right feeling who did not regard this with joy, in spite of the suffering it may have caused at the time, and in spite of the indignation with which the unseemly scenes at the Liverpool quays were regarded during those weeks in 1915. For it meant that the fateful habit of many years was now rudely broken, and, having once been broken, that it would not be so easily resumed. But it meant also that Irish youth, at a most critical and impressionable time of life, would accumulate in idleness like waters in a land-locked lake, without being able to discharge itself into active streams of productive employment.

Here, too, history, that in other countries helps to smoothen difficulties, in Ireland hindered. Between 1915 and 1919, out of a population of rather over four and a quarter millions, about thirty thousand young men had accumulated, for many of whom there was no land, and no industries to absorb them into towns and cities, the few industries that existed being charged to the full. History had frustrated an industrial development in Ireland, and now when such a development was most needed, there were no channels to relieve a growing pressure that, whatever happened, could not but prove a menace to future peace.

From one point of view, of which I have good cause not to be unmindful, this was a fortunate outcome. Without that growing pressure it is doubtful whether the last stage of the war for independence could have been brought to success. None who took part in the political elections that laid the basis of that independence, in 1917 and 1918, but must remember with a thrill of pride

how the enthusiasm and energy of youth transfigured the situation. They made a new thing of elections. Instead of being, as till then they had been, matters of political craft, they became the emblazoning of a brave and beautiful banner. Youth became the emblem of an awakened nation, and sober age was enkindled by the new spirit, and sang the new songs of youth in street and road. Till then, workers in political elections had been paid for their labour; but now youth rushed into the field, asking only to serve the national cause. Nothing could withstand the new tide that ran in the country, and carried to final success the General Election of December, 1918, the consequence of which was the Declaration of Independence of January of the following year.

Beneath this bravery, however, the menace of the future ran, as it could not, under the circumstances, help but run. And now menace was to be added to menace, also inevitable in the circumstances. For the Declaration of Independence was a challenge by which it was necessary to stand. It required no mighty acumen to perceive that it was a gage of war. Being accepted as such by the British Government, which sent to Ireland part of the armies now no longer needed on the Continent, who were better qualified to defend it than the new legions of youth by whose abundant service it had been made? Therefore arms were gathered into the country. The Irish Republican Army was placed on a war footing. And during three years of gathering fury and intensity guerrilla warfare was waged up and down the country, in laneways and highways, on mountains and throughout the countryside, till an armistice was called in the midsummer of 1921.

IV

Thus, when that Armistice was called, there were some thousands of young men, many of them little more than boys, in the country, between the receptive years of 17 to 22, who had never been employed, had never worked, were all armed, were all accustomed to fend for themselves, and to act for themselves, on their own initiative in little bands and companies, all quick and ready shots, taking what they could get where they could get it,

bidding tomorrow care for itself and its concerns, and regarding danger lightly. Not all of them had fought consistently in the late war. Indeed, the active "flying columns" had at no time embraced more than a few thousand. But they were all armed and they were all idle, and they were all accustomed to scenes of fire, fury, and destruction. The bravest and the carefullest, the stoutest and the canniest, were alike in this, that they were armed, that they had not worked at any trade, and that there was practically no employment for which they could look.

During the Armistice, when immediate danger was past, and the green uniform was seen on the streets without risk, and active recruiting and reorganization was undertaken with a view to the possible renewal of hostilities, many more of this idle youth (including thousands who had steered a careful course when danger was about) were enrolled and armed. These, in the nature of things, included some of the worst, and certainly the most restless, elements in the country; and added to the menace that already existed a peril of the gravest kind. Their past records proved that no high motives had allured them, and testified to the assurance of grave troubles in the future, whatever the outcome of the negotiations that were then proceeding in London.

Thus, when in the autumn of 1921 the Irish Plenipotentiaries went to London, a considerable armed force was being organized in Ireland, comprised of young men who were neither angels nor devils but (like the rest of humankind) with infinite capacities in both directions. The backbone of that army had fought a terrible war, with an unselfish heroism and simple devotion the like of which it would be difficult to parallel. For years, for example, orders were that when a man was caught he was not to recognize the court since it was an alien institution planted in Ireland in defiance of the people's will. During these years it was a weekly occurrence, therefore, to see young men brought to trial who could never have been proved guilty by laws of evidence had they been impleaded; and who went cheerfully to heavy terms of imprisonment rather than recognize the British courts. Such men could have been lifted almost to any height of discipline and self-sacrifice. But they were all gunmen, imbued with gun-ethics; and there was no employment for them. They were

encompassed by no sure economic bulwark; and, for many of them, the revolver was the ultimate assurance of the morrow's meal. They could therefore have fallen to almost any depth of indiscipline and spoliation.

All lay with their leaders. Had those leaders, in the difficult transition from one period to another, remained united, this trained and disciplined youth might have been turned to enormous good, and the country have been saved from the peril created by the existence of such a force. For the majority of these young men—and young women, for both had fought together, and dared the same dangers—had defended the Republic proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, but had had no very clear conception of what was meant by the word Republic. If all their leaders had unitedly accepted the Treaty brought back from London by the nation's Plenipotentiaries, as all those leaders were severally and unitedly responsible for the surrender of the Republic in the face of circumstances, the armed youth of the nation would have stood by that result; and constructive development of the country's resources could have been begun without delay for the creation of industries and employment. But when the leaders broke asunder in bitter recrimination, when a long weary debate, interspersed by unseemly wrangles and bandying of harsh epithets, dragged itself from day to day into weeks, the rank and file slipped from the heights of idealism to which they so often have been lifted, and to which they could always again have been lifted, and fell into the depths of violence, and desperate carelessness, and, ultimately, criminality, which had always been the fearful alternative awaiting them.

So far I have carefully refrained from distributing blame, in an attempt to explain events by their terrible causes. But now I enter on a period in which censure cannot be silent. For those who denounced the Treaty, and resisted the solution it offered, turned to this armed youth, and deliberately awakened its worst propensities. Young men and young women, who could have been lifted to great purposes, were exhorted to save the Republic by destroying the nation without which no State at all was possible. Young men, armed and without employment, were instructed, tacitly or overtly, and in the name of high ideals and

old watch-words, to loot and ravage and destroy. Banks were robbed. To be sure, they might at first have been robbed to supplement the funds of the "Republic"; but the example was one that swiftly spread; and banks were soon robbed, by armed and idle men, for private ends. And presently the country, to which so great an opportunity of development had been offered, was full of desperate, ofttimes fearless men, who laid the country waste and in ruins, all in the name of high ideals, some few faithfully serving those ideals, but the majority a prey to their worst, untutored instincts.

V

All this, be it remembered, was in a country where there was no veneration of law on which to rely—law and order as the fruit of experience based in a people's consent. The immediate evil was gross enough; but it was set before so ominous a background. In other countries, with a more fortunate history, the same circumstances would have led to a similar result; but there would always have been the reflex habit of law, the unconscious memory of order, to keep the evil within bounds, and finally to bring it within control. In Ireland there were no such things. It was not the people's fault that such things were not. But the truth is not changed thereby; and therefore (failing the flame-clothed heights of a new Sinai, itself, according to Scripture, of doubtful potency) the Executive Power set up under the new Constitution of the Free State had laid upon it the necessity of extreme candor, coupled at all times with insistence on and enforcement of the reign of law, even, if need were, to the point of pedantry.

Unhappily, as it seems to me, this necessity was not recognized. It has not been recognized down to this moment of writing. One form of arbitrary government has succeeded to another. Each has been based on a fatal fallacy in democratic doctrine—a fallacy, indeed, which despotic doctrine itself has been careful often to avoid. This fallacy lies in the assumption that, because a legislative assembly has been elected by the popular vote, and because that assembly has created an executive dependent on its will, therefore that executive in all acts represents the popular will. No fallacy could be more vicious. Logic-

chopping could go no further from actuality; and the Hegelian State could claim no greater exemption from restraint in its acts. The doctrine is in fact absurd within itself; but the conditions in Ireland make it more absurd still, because (as one may speak with some authority, having some inner knowledge of the facts) there has been no free election in Ireland since 1918, the two elections since then, in 1921 and 1922, representing attempts to force and pervert the people's freedom of voting to party advantage. Any Executive brought into being as a consequence of such elections has, indeed, imposed upon it the necessity of government; but, more even than most governments, it has imposed upon it also the necessity of revealing all the motives and causes of its action to its masters, the people, and of reacting to any clear indication of the people's will.

Instead of which, after the Treaty was accepted, the Provisional Government of the Free State, itself most strangely and arbitrarily set up, dallied with and truckled to rebellion against the clear desire of the people. It finally entered into a pact with the leaders of that rebellion to corrupt elections by forcing certain candidates on the people's acceptance. Nothing in recent times has more shocked the people than this act. After these elections, however, the Government so brought into existence proceeded to substitute a new doctrine of the divine right of Ministries for the outworn doctrine of the divine right of Kings. It kept the causes of its decisions to itself, instead of expounding them with extremest candor, so as to carry the people with it in the execution of these decisions. It overrode all criticism by reliance on a more or less pliant and automatic majority. It assumed a dictatorial, and sometimes an unpleasantly pedagogic, attitude, not merely to its critics, but in public pronouncements to the people. And it remained always an inaccessible, unsusceptible, inflexible, and dogmatic Government, instructing instead of guiding, hectoring instead of educating the people, with the inevitable result that the country never had an opportunity of shedding itself of its century-old habit of regarding government as an external and doubtfully paternal institution.

Nor has this been the only, or even the deepest, evil. For this Government has been opposed by armed rebellion in the field

—a rebellion with which it at first cozened, but which it afterwards, and very belatedly, met with armed force. Now here was a manifest opportunity of answering lawlessness with a clear enunciation of the rule of law. Had a statute been enacted, as it would have been enacted in any other self-governing country, describing the nature of the lawlessness that needed to be put down, prescribing penalties according to each offence, and setting up legal tribunals for proof of offence and apportionment of penalty, the people would have been carried forward with the Government toward the goal at which the nation aimed. Possibly the procedure would have proved more cumbrous, but the tuition and popular responsibility would have been completer. Instead of which a mere resolution was introduced, secret military courts were created, and the people, not knowing or following what was being done, were absolved from a conception of responsibility. They were not less determined than the Government that rebellion should be suppressed, whatever the cost, but they remained aloof from the actions of Government because their cognizance and consent were not sought at every stage.

No greater disservice could have been done. The intention was honest, of course. That intention was, in a position of very great difficulty, to find quick roads to speedy ends. But the trouble was that the people were not trained, as they needed to be trained, in the conscious, the open-eyed, the deliberate intention of law and order, until such time as their slumbering reflexes, common to all mankind, had been awakened. They were not being educated by experience in order that practice and habit might be formed in them, during a time of exceptional difficulty, when the national youth had just emerged from a desperate war in which it had learned that the rule of law was the rule of the oppressor and the rule of the revolver the hope of liberation, and before industrial reconstruction had begun to absorb them into productive employment.

The Ministry had not only assumed that government in the new condition of affairs in Ireland could be conducted as it was in other countries, but had actually continued the arbitrary, military methods by which British rule had been compelled to sustain itself in the country. The first would have been a grave

miscalculation: the second was, at the best, a blunder of the first class. It gave the people at large no chance of assuming the responsibility the Constitution placed upon them. For even while Ministers were, with obvious sincerity and manifest earnestness, declaring that the people of Ireland were now masters in their own house, the people never had the sense of that mastery. They had not even the delusive sense of that mastery, such as a Ministry, skilled in its craft, may sometimes for a brief space of time create. They therefore have fallen into a strange apathy, which Ministers themselves have recognized without perceiving the cause of it. They are convinced supporters of the Free State; but they cannot be described as convinced supporters of the Free State Government. They abhor and hate the proceedings of the Irregulars; but they have left the Government alone in its handling of that grave problem. And I believe they will finally, when the next General Election comes, throw out both sides of the contest that has brought such ruin to the country.

VI

Such is the position today. It is not an unnatural one. It is not to be explained by reasons of unnatural and peculiar perversity. Rather is it a position to be understood only by looking into the heart of man and reading aright the laws that have ever prompted its action. So far from being extra-human, it is in fact peculiarly, pathetically human; and therefore worthy of dispassionate and loving examination.

Looked at in this way, the situation is rather one of hope than of despair. The further the pendulum is swung in one direction, the further will it inevitably swing back in the other. History proves nothing more certainly than it proves the law of action and reaction.

Ireland has had its period of lawlessness: it will have its period of legal emphasis. It has had its time of strife: it will have its time of detestation of strife, even to detestation of contention. It has had its hour of destruction: it is, I believe, about to enter upon its hour of construction. It will have a General Election during the course of this year; and I shall not be surprised to see very great and deep changes thereafter.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

RECENT BIOLOGY AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

BY VERNON KELLOGG

BIOLOGY is a very generous word. It names a wide field of science, including such special fields as zoölogy and botany and bacteriology and palæontology and anthropology and psychology. In its applications it includes animal and plant breeding, fisheries and forestry and considerable parts of medicine and agriculture. So that any discussion of recent advances in biology and of its present status and its significance in human life can wander justifiably over a wide territory of science, both pure and applied. In fact, the biologist is only with difficulty kept from claiming considerable parts of several of the humanities and social sciences, especially parts of history and sociology. The modern treatment of history in the manner of that popular amateur historian H. G. Wells includes such a discussion of prehistoric man from Pithecanthropus to Cro-Magnon man as has heretofore seemed to the biologist-anthropologist to belong under his copyright. As for the sociologist, he has for a long time tried to make his subject a scientific one by treating it biologically—even if he knew little biology.

However, the laudable modern movement to do away with the artificial distinctions and barriers which we have for altogether too long tried to maintain here and there within the general field of natural science does not work wholly to the advantage of the biologist intent on seizing adjacent territory. For it permits and justifies the physicist and, especially, the chemist to make forays into the biological field, and to stake out generous claims in it. The modern bio-physicists and bio-chemists are arguing very plausibly that much of so-called biology is really chemistry and physics. The so-called "mechanistic school of biology" is in reality a school of bio-physics and bio-chemistry. Its adherents are almost daily analyzing into mere physics and chemistry some familiar vital phenomenon long sacred as a

characteristic peculiar to life. They are redescribing vitalism in terms of chemistry and mechanics.

So the biologist, student of life, sees his field, which he has gradually been extending in one direction into the realm of the humanities and social sciences, invaded from another direction by militant cohorts of physicists and chemists intent on seizing territory that once lay undisputed under his jurisdiction. But he cannot complain, for he has set the example of annexation.

II

Among the more important recent achievements in that very interesting special biological field called human evolution, there are certainly to be ranked as of first importance the numerous additional discoveries of fossils of pre-historic man and near-man in widely separated parts of the world. Most abundantly these finds have been made in Europe, and in those same parts of Europe in which the now classic earlier finds were made, namely, in Western Europe and England. But far away Rhodesia in Africa has yielded an important skull and fragments of another which certainly belong to man of palæolithic time, while North America, from which no really ancient human or anthropoid fossil had ever before been recovered, has made recently its first contribution to the genealogy of earliest man or his anthropoid cousins by uncovering a relic of an ape of unusually interesting character.

It has been for a long time a matter of some wonder to anthropologists that North America has contributed little or nothing to the history of anciently pre-historic, that is, Glacial time, man. From time to time human relics of some respectable age have been uncovered in this country, such as the Calaveras skull, the Lansing man, the Florida man and others, and most recently and perhaps most promisingly the Lagow sand pit man from near Dallas, Texas. But none of these relics has yet succeeded in establishing for itself an age at all comparable with that of the numerous European and English finds. The American relics seem to be only those of extra-early Indians belonging to a period well beyond the last glaciation.

It is very different in Europe. From France we know of a half dozen or more skulls and skeletons which are all of Mid or Late Glacial time. There are similar relics from Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Spain. Then there is the still older Heidelberg jaw. The age of this relic seems certainly no less than 400,000 years. Perhaps no older but perhaps of even more primitive type is the Piltdown man, or "dawn-man", of Sussex, England. Plainly later than these, although still much older than any American relics, are the numerous skeletons and skulls of Cro-Magnon man found in Wales and variously in Central and Western Europe. This man is probably the earliest type of present day *Homo sapiens*, but he lived from twenty to fifty thousand years ago.

Oldest and most primitive of all the human or near human relics are those skull parts, teeth and left femur found in 1891 in Java, and which are the basis for establishing the existence in Upper Pliocene, that is, nearest Pre-Glacial time, of a low ape-man type of creature which is called *Pithecanthropus erectus*. For with all its simian characters of head, the character of its thigh-bone indicates that it carried its hideousness erectly.

To add to the evidence of these indubitable human fossils of indubitable antiquity running back from a score of thousand to a half million years, the anthropologist has still another kind of evidence of man's ancientness on this earth, an evidence much enlarged in recent years. This evidence lies in the existence of the results of early man's handiwork, numerous examples of which have been found in situations and under conditions that clearly prove their varying geological antiquity.

The less ancient of these results of man's work include primitive bone and stone tools—not to refer to such comparatively recent things as the handiwork of the Metal Ages—and various carvings on bits of mammoth ivory and reindeer horn and numerous drawings of wild horses, mammoths, and other extinct mammals, as well as of ancient man himself, on the walls of limestone caves.

The more ancient of these relics of human activity, which have been found abundantly under conditions that show them to be contemporaneous with Glacial time and even earlier, are certain

chipped flints adapted for use as simplest tools and weapons by various types of flaking in ways to produce cutting edges and convenient hand-holds. Some of these flaked flints have been found under conditions that seem to prove them older than any actual human fossils yet discovered. Some have been ascribed not only to Upper Pliocene time but even to older strata. If these oldest flints, called eoliths, are to be accepted as truly man-touched, they prove the existence of Tertiary Man, which is to say, they carry man's antiquity back from Early Glacial time by another half-million or more years.

But a certain discussion, vigorous to acrimony, rages about these oldest chipped flints, a group of scholars holding that they may have been produced by natural causes through rough contacts with each other or other larger flint fragments. However, the Nestor of American palæontologists and anthropologists, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History, is convinced that the so-called Ipswich eoliths of England are the handiwork of Tertiary Man.

Under any circumstances a great advance has been made in recent years in further proving and revealing the general course of the evolution of man. The characteristics of this evolutionary progress toward present day humanness are, as summed up by Lull and referring only to physical changes, an increase in stature and erectness of body, increasing cranial capacity with perfection of the brain especially in that portion of it which is concerned with the higher intellectual faculties and with speech, change in skull conformation, heightening forehead and lessening brow-ridges, reduction of jaw power and dental arch which results in the formation of the chin prominence, and changes in the teeth, such as reduction of canines and loss of diastemata.

As we survey the imposing and revealing array of human fossils now on exhibition before the wondering eyes of modern man running from ape-man Pithecanthropus through Heidelberg and Piltdown dawn-man, on through Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon man up to man of today, we can simply see, plainly before our eyes, man's physical evolution, even as we see that of the horse in the series from little five-toed Eohippus of early Tertiary times, through later and larger four-toed Orohippus and still later and

larger three-toed Mesohippus to one-toed Equus of today. And the possibilities of this exhibition come at the same time that Mr. Bryan and the Fundamentalists are getting louder and louder in their outcry that there is no such thing as evolution, particularly and most certainly, no such thing as the evolution of man!

III

Another special field of biological investigation which has been cultivated with especial assiduity in recent years, and which has yielded results of much special significance to those interested in the ordering of educational and social organization, is that of biological inheritance, or heredity. We have gained a much greater scientific knowledge of heredity in the last sixty years than we had gained in all time before. This "new heredity" starts with the epoch-making work of Francis Galton in England and Gregor Mendel in Austria, both working in the 1850's and 60's, although Mendel's published account of his methods and results lay hidden until 1900 in the obscure journal of the local natural history society of Brünn (Austria). Mendel's work was experimental in character and his remarkable results revealed the precise inheritance behavior of specific structural characters of certain plants through succeeding generations. Galton's work was statistical and his results are expressed in certain generalizations, or "laws", which hold for averages in large series. To Galton also belongs the great merit of making a tangible beginning of a scientific knowledge of mental inheritance.

Before Galton the study of heredity had been of a most casual kind, based on simple observation of special similarities of general physical make-up or special physical characters running in families. Physicians, especially, had been attracted by the repetition of abnormalities or physical defects and the recurrence of disease in family stocks. There was little systematic study of inheritance, even of physical characters, and almost nothing at all of study of mental inheritance.

Galton's attention was attracted by observing a high correlation in mental ability between Oxford brothers and Oxford fathers

and sons as compared with the correlation between Oxonians selected at random. He made therefore a special and elaborate study, using statistical methods, of the inheritance in mental capacity among Oxford students and in distinguished British families. He found that the Oxford son of a distinguished father had about 500 times the chance of becoming distinguished himself as an Oxonian taken at random. But he also found, and expressed in his "law of filial regression", that while children of parents who vary markedly in mental ability from the mean of the population tend to vary in a similar direction, they tend to vary less markedly than their parents. We may take the situation in Galton's own related family, that of Charles Darwin, as an example. Four of the five sons of Charles Darwin have revealed unusual mental ability and reached high standing in scholarship, especially scientific scholarship—but none has been a second Charles.

The study of mental inheritance has been energetically pursued since Galton's time and has resulted in a valuable understanding of the hereditable character and, in some degree, the special manner of inheritance of general mental capacity and various mental traits, especially certain mental defects. It has also led to the development by competent psychologists of ingeniously devised tests for the testing and classifying of various grades of the inherited or innate intelligence of children and adults. These are the more or less familiar "intelligence tests", to a discussion of the validity and usefulness of which much talk and printers' ink are now being devoted.

The intelligence tests have been and constantly are being themselves well tested, and they are, on the whole, coming off with flying colours. Of course they do not test all of an individual's mental baggage: they do not, and do not pretend to, give a measure of a man's whole value. They pretend, as their name implies, simply to test innate or inherited intelligence. They are especially devised to avoid having the responses to the test questions and problems influenced by the individual's acquired information or education. Further, the intelligence testers well realize that the emotions and the temperamental qualities of an individual are an important part of his mental and nervous

make-up, and that the intelligence tests do not test these: nor, again, do they pretend to.

The use of the intelligence tests in primary and secondary schools is resulting in the analysis and classification of school children. The tests are also growing in use in colleges in connection with entrance examinations, special placement examinations and the sectioning of classes. By the use of these tests, in conjunction with the more usual methods of college entrance ratings, it has been found possible, in numerous cases, of prophesying with rather startling accuracy the period during which given students will be able to keep up with the demands of college work and the time when these students will be dropped because of inability to keep up with these demands. What economy of time, attention and money could be made by the colleges and universities if this sort of prophecy can become a general possibility!

The earlier tests were devised especially for use with children, and individually. But the tests devised for use with the army draft during the war made group testing possible, and it was with no great expenditure of time that more than one and a half million officers and drafted privates were tested as to their innate intelligence, with results of great use to the army authorities. The results of these tests have contributed materially also to a new and thoroughly scientific approach to the important problem of racial differences in innate mentality, as there was a large foreign-born contingent in the draft. To anyone especially interested in this latter matter I recommend the careful perusal of a recent book by Professor Carl Brigham of Princeton University, entitled *A Study of American Intelligence*, which presents a penetrating analysis of the results of the army tests.

IV

The intensive study of heredity since the times of Galton and Mendel has led to a great advance in our understanding of the physical basis and mechanism of heredity. The effective combination of experiment and cytological analysis has revealed the amazing complexity and yet faithful orderliness of inheritance

phenomena. And it has thrown much new light on a number of long standing and much discussed problems not only in heredity but in the mechanism and manner and the causal agencies of evolution.

Despite the absolute confidence of all biologists in the reality of evolution, there has always been, and there is today, no such confidence on their part in the validity of the various causal explanations of evolution that have been offered from time to time. Especially has there always raged a lively and sometimes sharp discussion of the two causal explanations which have long stood out as the chief rivals for the position of principal explanation, namely, Lamarckism, based on the inheritance of acquired characters, and Darwinism, based on natural selection.

Now, the recent great advance in the knowledge of the mechanism and manner of heredity have materially weakened the validity of each of these classic causal explanations of evolution. This new knowledge of heredity tells heavily against the reality of any inheritance of acquired characters, and it tells equally heavily against one of the basic assumptions of species-forming by natural selection, which is that the spontaneous small variations that occur among the offspring of all plants and animals are, after selection, inherited, and thus, with repeated selection through repeated similarly varying generations, cumulated so as to produce new species forms. As a matter of fact it is now known that a large part of these variations, called fluctuations, are not directly inherited by the young. On the contrary the young of each succeeding generation tend to return to the general type of the species, the variations simply fluctuating according to the law of probabilities around the mean.

The undermining of these two old rivals for chief place among suggested causes and directors of evolution makes a demand on evolutionists to find other less vulnerable explanations of evolutionary movement. Chief among the recent candidates for this honor are two new explanations, both somewhat related and both derived from the modern study of variation and heredity, but each insisting on first place. These are mutations, or certain rather larger spontaneous variations which may appear among the young produced by any mating, these variations affecting

usually several characters in combination, and undoubtedly directly heritable. Such mutations have been clearly noted in the cases of various plants and a few animals. But so far there is no evidence of the appearance of mutations in that degree of abundance which would be necessary to account for the enormous number and variety of existing plant and animal species. Nor do the mutations observed give any least indication of being adaptive in character. And adaptation is as much and as important a part of evolution as the formation of new species. Species-forming and adaptation are the two fundamental coördinate problems of organic evolution; any satisfactory explanation of evolution must explain both of them.

The other candidate for first place as an evolution explanation may be called Mendelism. It grows out of an assumed more or less abundant fertile hybridization in Nature between closely related kinds (or species) of plants and animals, and the consequent juggling and re-combining of the characters of both parent forms according to the now well-known Mendelian heredity ratios. But this explanation, no more than the mutations explanation, touches the matter of adaptation. Besides, it has very obvious limitations even as a species-forming explanation.

The truth is, the modern biologist has still before him, as a problem no less large and no less unsolved than in older days, the problem of the causes of evolution. The suggestive phrase "the unknown factors of evolution" is quite as pertinent today as when it was first used.

V

Another phase of biological knowledge which has an intimate significance in connection with our every day life and in which some special progress has been made and a great deal of general discussion indulged in recently, is that of the relation of mind to body. This matter is the special concern, as far as investigation goes, of two groups of biological students, namely, the psychologists and the students of fundamental medicine, but it is also the very lively concern of us all, and something concerning which we all seem to have strong ideas and positive conclusions.

The mind of man may not be qualitatively different from that of the lower animals, especially of the other mammals, but it is quantitatively so different that this difference has all the effect, at least all the popular effect, of a qualitative difference. The human mind is the essential producer of humanness as contrasted with beastliness—meaning nothing too derogatory to the beasts. So we are all more interested in the relation of mind to body and in the possible influence or control over body by mind than in any other phase of human biology. The deranged or sick mind just takes humanness right out of the human being. The sane and healthy mind is the very *sine qua non* of being human.

Many years ago, when a student in the Sorbonne, I heard a course of lectures by Pierre Janet, the great student of hysteria. And I attended certain clinics in the Salpêtriére, that great gray building in Paris devoted nearly exclusively to the temporary housing of human beings with sick minds of the type called hysterical. These lectures and Salpêtriére clinics are vividly in my memory today. There was almost no one in the great building with actual lesions or injuries of the nervous system, but almost every one of the many various symptoms which are produced by such lesions were repeated by these hystericals. The behaviour of the various body organs, themselves uninjured, and even with all their voluntary or sympathetic nerves intact, were in many cases just like those of actually injured organs. Such are the possibilities of mind's relation to body.

It was there in Paris that, after Mesmer's time, the art of hypnotism was developed and its science studied. There in Paris under the leadership of Charcot, and also in Nancy under Bernheim, developed that first serious practical therapeutic use of the growing knowledge of the analysis of mind into conscious and unconscious mind (coexistent, of course, and by no means so sharply separable as popularly held) which has led to the extraordinary present day existence of psycho-analysis and the assumption, in its various forms and even religious cults, of mind's control of body.

There is no doubt of the existence of a certain basis of scientific knowledge for the present vogue of the assumption of the importance of mind's influence over body, and of the importance

of the unconscious element in mind. But, of course, this vogue is chiefly the result of extravagant claims unjustified by the facts yet known. These claims are pressed by persons who are not even acquainted with the scientific facts that give any basis at all to them. Too often they are deliberate attempts to exploit the popular interest. In other cases they are not dishonest in intention; only dishonest through careless disregard of the obligation resting on anyone who offers to point the way to health of having scientific fact as a basis for this advice. When I asked M. Coué for some proofs of his claims to be able to do what he thinks—probably quite honestly—he and any of us can do by his methods, he drew from an inner coat pocket a small packet of letters, evidently much used, and handed me one or two to read. Each writer said that she had tried M. Coué's method and had got well. It was a naïve reply on M. Coué's part. The letters might mean everything or nothing with regard to M. Coué's methods. M. Coué considers them to mean everything. I cannot.

I once had a brief conversation in a laboratory with a convinced Christian Scientist. We were discussing a disease which scientists think they have proved to be caused by the parasitic growth in our bodies of certain bacteria. So certain are they of this that they long ago recommended that this disease be fought by medical men and public health officials on a basis of this proved connection between the bacteria and the disease. It is successfully so fought today. But the Christian Scientist declared positively that the disease is not caused by the bacteria because there are no such things as bacteria. I offered to show her some bacteria through my microscope. She didn't care to look. There could be nothing to see.

I am aware that most Christian Scientists do not go thus far. But few of them claim, I believe, to substitute mind and faith cure for surgical treatment in cases of broken legs and fractured skulls, and for the aid of physicians and public health workers in cases of hookworm, trichina or bacterial infection. Their strength lies, and must lie, in making distinction between ills that plainly come from physical lesions and parasitic infection and those which are more or less hysterical in character, using

the word hysterical in the broad sense of meaning mental or nervous maladjustment.

There is no doubt at all that the nervous system is, in a sense, the general manager of the body. But we must not, in our practise on a basis of this understanding, get ahead of our knowledge. In most matters of medicine and human biology our practise lags behind our knowledge, but in this matter of the influence of mind over body we rush ahead, in our proposed therapeutic measures, of our fundamental understanding of this influence.

VI

I have spoken of the nervous system as being the general manager of the other body systems. But modern biological knowledge is revealing that there is another general manager of the body, one that even manages, in some degree, the nervous system. This is the system of ductless glands, the thymus, the thyroid and parathyroids, the pituitary, the adrenals, the pancreas, and the gonads. Some of these glands are very small in size, as the parathyroids and the pituitary, and their secretions are very small in quantity, but they have an extraordinary influence on body growth and development and on its metabolism in general. These secretions, called hormones ("excitants"), have very powerful effects.

Nearly three tons of fresh thyroid gland tissue have to be used to get one ounce of thyroxin, the hormone secreted by the thyroid. But if there is too little thyroxin secreted into the blood by the thyroid gland of a child, this whole gland weighing hardly more than an ounce, that child may become a *cretin*, with not only dreadful physical deformity but with the deformed or incomplete mind of an idiot. If there is a little too much the child may have a goiter, protruding eye-balls, a too rapid heart, and a restless, irritable brain. The pituitary gland weighs one-sixtieth of an ounce, but if it is removed death ensues. If its secretions are too small in amount during childhood, growth is inhibited and a dwarf is produced, usually with psychic derangements; if too large in amount, giantism occurs, often with accompanying imbecility. The secretions (called adrenaline) of the adrenal

glands, two small bodies lying near the kidneys and weighing about one-seventh of an ounce each, have a marked effect on our nervous system, revealed by strong emotional responses to the variation in the amount of the secretions.

The bio-chemists have succeeded in extracting and isolating the basic or active element in the secretions of some of these glands, as thyroxin from the thyroid, adrenaline from the adrenal glands, and insulin from the pancreas, and these extracted elements are now used in medical practice. A large new field in therapeutics has thus been opened, and work in it is being feverishly carried on.

These hormones, small in quantity but powerful and important in effect, remind us of the vitamines, accessory food elements small in quantity but powerful in effect, contained in various vegetable and animal substances used for food, as green leaves, milk, certain fats and carbohydrates, etc. An insufficient supply of these vitamines, of which three or four different ones have been so far recognized—although no one of them has been yet chemically isolated—in our dietary, produces various irregularities in growth and metabolism which may take on the character of specific diseases, as scurvy, beri-beri, rickets and other malnutritional disorders.

This cursory consideration of the great influence which small quantities of certain chemical substances have on the body's structure and functions brings us back again to the reference made at the very beginning of this article to the encroachment that the chemists are making in the general field of biology. As Slosson has said in a recent paper, chemistry is continually gaining ground from biology. Vast areas, which biologists once claimed but had neglected, have now gone over to the chemists. In fact, it seems that whenever a vital process or product has been thoroughly studied and understood, it is found to belong to physics or chemistry. Consequently, the chemist is inclined to regard biology as merely an unexplored province of chemistry.

But after all there is more to the life of organisms than just chemistry. Organisms live and do things and have elaborate relations with each other and with all of Nature. It is indeed this, rather than the chemical constitution and the physical

organization of their tissues and parts, that makes them so interesting. The internal dynamic phenomena of living things may be gradually more and more analyzed into phenomena of chemistry and physics. But the external relations of organisms to their environment and especially to other organisms of the same and different kinds are more than physico-chemical phenomena.

When we come to man it is precisely this relation of human individuals to other living individuals, plant, animal and human, which attracts our keenest interest. It is the biologist's contribution to the subjects of health, heredity, evolution and such major determinants of the fate of human individuals and human society that gives biology its chief importance in the eyes of the general public. Indeed, the biologists themselves find these subjects of study most attractive. The more they study them and the more precise knowledge they acquire about them, and make known to the public, the more the world will realize and pay attention to the significance of biology in everyday life.

VERNON KELLOGG.

CAN WE CONTROL THE BUSINESS CYCLE?

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

THE present discussion of "inflation", the rumor that the Federal Reserve Board may raise the discount rate, such articles as *Are There Any Clouds on the Business Skies?* by Mr. Branting in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, all give added interest to the *Report on Business Cycles and Unemployment* which has recently come from the Government Printing Office. The violent fluctuations from intense industrial activity to the utter depression of "hard times" is of course exceedingly costly to the business community but the effects are at once more widespread and very much more tragic to the wage-earners.

In the midst of the last crisis of unemployment, when the breadwinners of more than four million families were out of work, a committee—Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company, Chairman; Joseph H. Defrees, former President of the United States Chamber of Commerce; Mary Van Kleeck, of the Russell Sage Foundation; Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor; Clarence M. Woolley, President of the American Radiator Company; Edward Eyre Hunt, Secretary of the President's Conference on Unemployment, Secretary—was appointed by the President's Conference on Unemployment to consider "certain suggestions for controlling extremes of the business cycle so as to lessen the losses due to recurrent periods of unemployment" and to make "a thorough study of the business phenomena of booms and slumps" with a view "to advance public knowledge and stimulate thought towards constructive solution."

The committee agreed on certain recommendations of which the chief was to invite attention to and discussion of the problem. Events have played into their hands. Few subjects are being more earnestly discussed in business circles today. Production is increasingly active, wages are on the rise, prices are mounting. Nothing is of more immediate concern to the banker, the manu-

facturer, the merchant, than a correct estimate of future trend. How long is this burst of prosperity to last? Is it growing soundly? Or are we riding for a fall? Is there any way to safeguard our gains—to hold our present high level over a long period—or are we doomed to a brief spurt of over-expansion, to gambling instead of creating—doomed to high pressure inflations till the boiler bursts? These are just the questions the committee asks us to discuss.

What is the Business Cycle? There is a whole chapter on this subject by Wesley C. Mitchell in the supplementary volume prepared for the committee by the National Bureau of Economic Research. It is well worth reading to any one especially interested in the subject, but the matter is more succinctly stated by Mr. Hoover in the Foreword to the Report:

> Broadly, the business cycle is a constant recurrence of irregularly separated booms and slumps. The general conclusion of the Committee is that as the slumps are in the main due to the wastes, extravagance, speculation, inflation, over-expansion, and inefficiency in production developed during the booms, the strategic point of attack, therefore, is the reduction of these evils, mainly through the provision for such current economic information as will show the signs of danger, and its more general understanding and use by producers, distributors, and banks, inducing more constructive and safer policies.

There is no suggestion of regular time intervals between the peaks and troughs of the Business Cycle. It is in no way connected with the "seventeen year locusts" or other pests, which are popularly supposed to return with regularity. In the 110 years for which we have statistics, there have been fifteen slumps, but sometimes they have been seventeen years apart, sometimes only three. The curve of business activity in our history is as angular and irregular as one of Jove's thunderbolts.

Everything the economists have to say about the Business Cycle they wrap around with qualifying phrases. The causes of these irregular movements in "prosperity" are evidently exceedingly complex. It is only recently that the subject has begun to be studied statistically. There are still people who attribute "hard times" to sun spots. New factors which affect the curve are constantly being discovered and on many factors of known effect the figures are not yet available.

But in spite of all these qualifications, there are certain things we do know with fair certainty. For instance, the curve which represents increasing and decreasing activity differs in different industries and groups of industry and also in different localities. Once the peak of prosperity has been passed and the slump sets in, "wholesale prices usually fall faster than retail, the prices of producers' goods faster than that of consumers' goods, and the prices of raw materials faster than those of manufactured products." As compared with the index numbers for the wholesale price of commodities in general, wages and interest or long term loans decline less sharply, while discount rates and stocks tumble abruptly. "The only important group of prices to rise in the face of depression is that of high grade bonds." There are even some industries which prosper in times of general adversity—or at least drag so far behind the general curve as to appear to run counter to it. "Such anomalous results . . . may occur in industries providing cheap wares, which people substitute for better grades when they must economize."

The variation in the Business Cycle of different industries is very strongly emphasized in the Report. For instance, raw silk (Japanese Kansai, No. 1, N. Y.) reached its highest price in January, 1920, with an index number of 366.4 as compared with 100 in 1913. In six months—by July, 1920—the price had dropped 72.9 per cent. Out of a list of sixty-two commodities, eighteen reached their peak after raw silk had hit the bottom. In contrast, newsprint paper (Canadian contract) was the last of this group to reach its peak in March, 1921; the slope of its fall was much less violent, and it was eleven months in hitting the bottom, and fell off only 46.3 per cent in price. India rubber (Para Island, N. Y.) was the most leisurely of all commodities listed. It fell off 66.7 per cent, but there was an interval of twenty-eight months between its highest and lowest quotations.

The Harvard University Committee on Economic Research furnishes some even more interesting figures based on production rather than price. "The dates of the high points of production are less scattered than the dates of peak prices, and they do not overlap upon the dates of lowest production in the way that the price quotations do." Fourteen out of the eighteen industries

in the Harvard study passed their highest point of production before May, 1920, when the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported the peak of wholesale prices. Also, fourteen of them had turned the corner of the slump and were on the upgrade again by July, 1921, when the wholesale price index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics touched its lowest point. Statistics of production are more indicative than those of price and the production curve is generally in advance of the price curve.

The variation in the Business Cycle in different parts of the country has not been studied as much as its importance would suggest, but Lawrence B. Mann has analyzed the sales of department stores as reported by seven of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, eliminating seasonal fluctuations:

> According to these figures, retail business, among department stores at least, did not pass its peak in any district until six months after wholesale prices had culminated, and until after physicial production had begun to decline in all of the manufacturing industries for which we have good data. When the decline in retail sales did begin, it started in the southern sections affected by the fall in cotton prices and in the northwest wheat growing area where another group of farmers had been hard hit by a price drop. Not until four months later did the great cities of the northeast see a similar decline in retail buying.

Also the statisticians have formed the habit of considering the curves of certain basic activities as "barometric". There are several things, like the production of pig iron, bank clearings, stock exchange quotations, rise and fall of prices, which have in the past varied similarly to the general curve of the Business Cycle. Different economists stake their faith on different "barometers", some combine several, but all are agreed that this is a hopeful field of research and are hard at work devising more dependable methods of "barometric" readings. The day may come when business reports will be as valuable in industrial matters as weather reports are to those who go down to the sea in ships.

Before we can consider the committee's recommendations, there is one other qualification that must be made. Not all the risks of industry, not all the fluctuations in trade are caused by the Business Cycle itself. The writers of marine insurance in

England protect themselves from responsibility for losses due to "Acts of God or of the King's Enemies". They insure only against the ordinary or normal risks. The committee recognizes that fluctuations in prosperity are sometimes caused by developments entirely outside the responsibility of business men. We would have had to be a great deal wiser than we have any prospect of becoming to have forecast the business risks of the Great War from a study of trade statistics of the preceding decade. No one could have foreseen six months ago that heavy coal purchases for export, due to decreased production in the Ruhr, would keep up prices in our domestic market.

There is also a meteorological element in our prosperity which can not be estimated from statistics. Our home market is very largely dependent on the welfare and purchasing power of the farmers, and such a terrible drought as has recently devastated Russia might strike us and upset all our calculations.

But wars and serious crop failures have been rare in our history and periods of depression, if irregularly spaced, have been tragically frequent—fifteen major crises in one hundred and ten years. It is with these violent fluctuations in the prosperity curve, which can not be blamed on "Acts of God or the King's Enemies", that the economists, who study the Business Cycle, are concerned.

Can we control the Business Cycle, prevent the dizzy alternation between false prosperity and real disaster—the staggering loss to the business community and the misery beyond calculation to the families of the workers without work? While the committee makes it clear that they have no panacea to offer, they are very definite in the belief that much can be done to eliminate the worst fluctuations.

Their first recommendations are for the improvement of the statistical service. In spite of the great advance of recent years, there are still many blind spots, too many hidden pitfalls. The committee call especial attention to our lack of information about the quantity of commodities in storage warehouses and in transit. When prices are rising, there is great temptation to buy and store on speculation. It is quite impossible to adjust supply and demand, when a large part of the supply is hidden in

warehouses. The report urges increased appropriations for the Government bureaus that gather and distribute statistics.

Secondly, they recommend the more enlightened control of credit by private banks. As long as borrowed money is invested in increased production it adds to the wealth of the community, but when production is at its peak, easy credit generally means that speculation which merely inflates prices and invites a smash.

Some of their recommendations are directed to the Federal Reserve System and have to do with the very intricate matter of currency inflation. The recommendations to bankers are those most likely to cause controversy and to be of most interest to those familiar with the technique of finance.

The next recommendation of the committee is headed, "Control by Business Men of the Expansion of Their Own Industries":

> The Committee has seen numerous instances in which the individual business man, by conducting his business with reference to the business cycle, has avoided dangerous overextension of inventories and fixed capital which in many other instances resulted in unemployment and business failure during the cycle just past. It therefore believes that while the individual can not in any large way influence the general situation or entirely avoid the losses incurred in periods of depression he can in most cases by his foresight keep his business fundamentally sound.
>
> Few subjects in recent years have attracted more attention from business men than the stabilization of business operations. Various devices have been employed with varying success. Many of these have been ineffective because of failure to base the plans upon the fundamental fact that business policies should be determined with full recognition of their relation to the business cycle.
>
> Planning production in advance and with reference to the business cycle, laying out extensions of plant and equipment ahead of immediate requirements with the object of carrying them out in periods of depression and carrying through such construction plans during periods of low prices in conformity with the long-time trend, the accumulation of financial reserves in prosperity in order to mark down inventories at the peak, and the maintenance of a long view of business problems rather than a short view will enable firms to make headway toward stabilization.
>
> The firm which approaches a period of business depression in the strongest financial condition is most likely to be able to give its workers steady employment.

Any one familiar with the compilation of such reports can read into the above a great deal that is not there. Caution won out over the desire to be helpfully specific.

But in the next paragraph, which has to do with the long term planning of public works, the committee was on firmer ground and could proceed more boldly. Here is an opportunity for the Government to help in stabilizing business and saving the taxpayers' money at the same time. The proposal can be explained by discussing one item of public works, such as road building. Although the intervals between crises have varied they have averaged about seven years. Suppose that the Federal Government laid out a ten-year programme for road building, made every year the necessary appropriation, and arranged that one-third of the programme should be carried out regularly, the unspent two-thirds of the available funds going into a reserve to be expended only when a business barometer based on the cost of labor, equipment and raw material for road building, showed that costs were below normal. During the peaks of prosperity the Government would not be competing heavily with private enterprise driving up wages and prices; but when the slump began, the Government would step forward as a heavy buyer, strengthening the market, giving work to those laid off by private industry, placing orders for road building machinery and road material. The effects would extend far beyond the men actually employed by the Government for it would maintain the purchasing power of their families. The policy has been put into actual practice by the Federal Reserve System. They stopped work on the building of their branch banks when construction costs were at the peak.

Every man on the Stock Exchange knows the psychological effect of the sudden appearance of a heavy buyer in a falling market. If the same principle were applied to all public works—to building, to reclamation work, to all large purchases—the saving to the taxpayer in buying near the bottom of the market would be great and the stabilizing effect on business generally most helpful.

But even the most optimistic advocates of long term planning for public works, while believing that it would soften out the

worst angles of the present fluctuations of the Business Cycle, realize that it would not suffice to prevent them.

We can not expect a complete stabilization of prosperity unless the business community in general coöperates on a safe and sane business policy. If by coöperation it would be possible to prevent these disastrous swings of the Business Cycle, it is very obvious that the business community does not coöperate. Is there any reasonable chance that it will?

There are two reasons why it has not done so in the past: (1) Ignorance; (2) The Gambling Instinct. Ignorance can be combated. The work of this committee and the discussion raised by their report can not but have a beneficial influence. Increase in the accuracy, comprehensiveness and speedy distribution of statistical information on the trends of business is all to the good. We will never succeed in finding any substitute for sound business judgment on the part of each executive, but the less he has to guess, the more dependable facts at his disposal, the sounder will be his judgment.

The gambling instinct is harder to deal with. Mr. Branting ends his article in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, to which reference was made above, as follows:

> In conclusion, business in this country is what we make it and its dimensions will be large or small in accordance with our business methods. If we prefer to sacrifice stability for a temporary period of large profits, let us do as some are now doing, buy as much as we can, jack up prices as high as we can—and then pay the piper later on. If, however, we wish to regard our business as an investment from which we hope to derive fair and growing returns year in and year out, let us remember that we are only a part of a large machine, and that the machine will not function properly unless we take care to conserve it properly. Which method he will pursue is a question which every business man will have to decide for himself.

Dr. Henry A. E. Chandler, Economist of the National Bank of Commerce, writes in a recent bulletin: ". . . It is absolutely essential that the ablest business leaders of America join with the bankers in supporting a credit policy strictly in accord with sound business development." Both of these statements sound as sensible as the multiplication table, but neither of these gentlemen would write long arguments to this effect, if they were

not worried over the Old Adam who is sometimes listened to by even the ablest business leaders, and who is always tempting us to take a chance.

What happens when the storm signals are run up in the Port of New York? The captains of the great liners, knowing that they can weather any storm, go on with their plans, undisturbed. The lighter craft shift to more sheltered berths. But some skippers, urged on by the hope of bigger profits in beating their more timid competitors, put to sea with shortened sail and take a chance. The weather man, who runs up the black ball, has no way to force any one to heed the warning.

And so it is in the business world. Almost everybody in the forecasting trade is running up danger signals. The same symptoms which have been noted when previous booms approached the peak are now visible. Unless present unsound tendencies are stopped, we shall have another crash. Unfortunately there is no way of foretelling the exact date when the peak will be reached and the decline begin, and it is in the last phase of the upward swing of the Cycle that prices are highest and the prospect of spectacular profits most alluring. Just at the period when there is the greatest need of caution, there is the greatest temptation toward gambling.

Something undoubtedly can be done, along the lines suggested by the committee, to mitigate the worst evils of these cyclical fluctuations in business, but the complete control of the Business Cycle depends on a degree of common sense and devotion to the general welfare which is at least problematic. Barring "Acts of God and the King's Enemies" there is no reason why we should not maintain our present wave of prosperity a long time—except our well known "human nature". The danger signals are up on the semaphores of every observatory. Have we enough sense to heed them?

ARTHUR BULLARD.

HUMANIZING THE IMMIGRATION LAW

BY FRANCES KELLOR

I

WHAT is to be the future of the Immigration Percentage Law? Any answer to this question necessitates an examination of the fundamental qualities of its leading provisions, and a consideration of the circumstances of the present control of quotas in Europe.

The Act stipulates that but three per cent of the number of the foreign born persons of any nationality in the United States, according to the 1910 census, may be admitted in a fiscal year; that the monthly rate of entry shall not exceed 20 per cent of the total permissible; that nationalities shall be determined by countries of birth; that all alien relatives of American citizens or declarants shall be chargeable to quotas, but that preference is to be given to certain specified classes; that certain transient and other types of aliens are exempted, but not children over eighteen years of age; and that others, including resident aliens temporarily visiting their native country, are to be counted in the quota until it is exhausted, and may then enter irrespective of quota.

In what way precisely did these provisions differ from those of all previous immigration laws? They repudiated the sanctity of the family as a basis of organized society, for they compelled husbands and wives, fathers, mothers, and their children to separate whenever the quotas were full for any country in which any one of them had been born; and intimated that a child over eighteen years of age occupied a different filial relationship from one a few months younger. In this respect the Act disregarded natural law, and outraged the canons of civilized society.

They disregarded established filial and economic relationships existing between foreign born citizens in America and their people in Europe except wives and minor children, and all relationships

between declarants and aliens in the United States and their families in Europe. For the Act compelled those who, in good faith, had obtained visas before the law went into operation, to be subject to the jurisdiction of the law upon arrival. The monthly rate of entry made it impossible for immigrants *en route* to follow the schedules arranged by their relatives in the United States. So they frequently failed to connect with their remittances, instructions, or with friends sent to meet them, which connections were of the very essence of life to them. In this respect, the Act disregarded the feelings of our own citizens and was utterly contemptuous of the family responsibilities of declarants for citizenship, and of law abiding aliens. This Act suspended the normal operation of economic law that had always governed immigrations of people, for it established a political or artificial selection. In this way it excluded the kind of immigration to which this country was accustomed, and prevented its selection according to the needs of the country.

It further deliberately ignored the results of the war in the creation of new boundaries which the President of the United States helped to establish, for it based the quotas upon the 1910 census. As twelve new States had been created and a dozen other countries had suffered changes in boundaries and populations, the apportionment of quotas to certain countries had to be "estimated", and were unscientifically computed; which fact increased the difficulties of enforcement.

But the methods of enforcing this Act were also a departure from those used in previous immigration laws. It was pointed out to Congress before the passage of the Act that the control of quotas must take place in Europe, if American harbors were not to be flooded with miserable human beings, and that adequate time must be allowed to organize machinery for this purpose. Congress refused to listen to these suggestions, but insisted that the law take effect within fifteen days. This allowed American officials but a few days to compile quotas, and prepare instructions which reached consular agents and steamship lines but one day before the law became effective.

But in addition to this incredibly short notice whereby transit conditions and human welfare were upset in forty-four States of

the world, no provision for enforcing the Act was made, other than to refuse admission to aliens after their arrival in American ports or upon its borders. But it was perfectly clear, with the introduction of a numerical test, that immense confusion and great hardships could be prevented only by the installation of a highly competent technical organization, equipped to collect, compile and transmit information concerning total quotas, admissions, monthly allowances, deductions, and balances, with constant corrections and adjustments, from America to European centers where immigrants were to be booked.

There was not the shadow of a doubt about the necessity for such a system to control the departure of emigrants from Europe; but dispute arose as to who should be responsible for its initiation and maintenance. The Department of Labor took the position that it could take cognizance only of arrivals, and prepare quotas, and issue regulations enforceable only in the United States, and that it would issue from time to time reports as to its action. The Department of State, when urged to instruct consular agents to limit visas to the quotas, intimated that it had no intention of performing the work of the Department of Labor, and refused to issue such instructions.

Steamship lines pointed out that they were common carriers whose business it was to transport all passengers, with steamship tickets, and whose papers were in order, who applied to them for passage; and that in case the alien was rejected they were under obligation to return him. They contended that they had neither facilities nor authority to stop or to hold such passengers in Europe.

The emigrant, caught in the net of confusion and uncertainty, was powerless, without advice, to go forward, to retrace his steps, or even stay where the Act had stopped him. European State governments were as befuddled as the emigrant and were afraid that any action on their part taken to relieve the situation might be misinterpreted in the United States.

Here, then, was a law that revised American tradition and established a new policy; that separated families and disrupted relations between American citizens and their relatives in Europe; that substituted artificial selection for the operation of economic

law; that created injustice among people living under new geographical conditions; and that upset the normal progress of travel throughout the world, with no one willing or competent at the moment to undertake a humanitarian enforcement of its provisions.

But while this dispute waged, and the deadlock in authority continued, enough immigrants were on the ocean, or were waiting on American borders, or were embarking at European ports—some having sailed before the law was passed in entire ignorance of what awaited them—to exceed far the first months' quota.

II

A way had to be found to land-lock the exhibition of human suffering in Europe where the sympathetic American public would not become excited about the plight of arriving immigrants. But it was difficult to stop emigrants in Europe, especially those in possession of American visas. No one knew who had these visas or where they were. They might be still at home settling up their affairs, on board trains, at European borders, detained in disinfection plants, waiting at points of embarkation, or *en route* on board ship or waiting to cross the Mexican or Canadian borders. Or again, they might be ill, or may have died, or become stranded in strange places waiting for additional money from America. Consuls had no record of unused visas, and steamship agents had not kept in touch with immigrants holding tickets. Local governments had few officials authorized to help and protect emigrants. Telegraph and mail communications were disorganized and many messages never arrived, and remittances were delayed or remained undelivered. To get word to emigrants immediately to await instructions as to sailing was almost impossible, and to get them to obey the instruction when it was received was equally so. Many of the remittances of money sent from America had been sent to ports of embarkation to await their arrival and they feared to lose it if they did not press forward. The possession of an American visa seemed to them a charm against all evil conse-

quences; and wherever anyone tried to stop them they thought it was some trick to exploit them and pressed on even more eagerly.

Steamship lines were in a grave dilemna. If they refused to forward passengers, whose tickets and papers entitled them to sail, they violated the laws of various European countries and ran the risk of losing their right to carry on business. On the other hand, if they embarked these passengers, quotas were likely to be exceeded, but by how many no one knew, as no one line was advised concerning the lists of other lines, they therefore permitted many to sail, in the belief that excesses would be charged to the quotas of subsequent months, after the situation was under better control.

But emigrants who had not yet obtained American visas were in an equally desperate plight in the interior of Europe. They had received money from America to purchase tickets, had sold their effects and uprooted their homes and were on the way to centers where passports and visas were obtainable. No one knew when they would arrive. Others were waiting at these centers. These people were halted wherever they were whenever they could be reached. These unexpected delays soon exhausted their resources. They had to have additional funds from America or starve. They frequently pawned their steamship tickets, they begged for work, their children became ill and died; young girls were left unprotected, families became separated. State governments, impoverished and disorganized by war, were as unprepared to meet this crisis as were the emigrants, so restraint was difficult and relief for all of them impossible. Had not charitable societies and steamship lines come to the rescue, these people, whom American citizens were cherishing and assisting, through this hasty legislation must have suffered more cruelly and died in far greater numbers.

III

To make right a law that was so fundamentally wrong, and to render wholly humane an act so essentially uncivilized, was impossible. But to avert some of the hardships arising

was feasible; and this responsibility the steamship lines finally undertook. But not without protest. They still believed that the control of quotas in Europe was the duty of the American Government. So they renewed the request, made before the Act was passed, to have the State Department voluntarily instruct consuls to limit the number of visas per month to the monthly 20 per cent quotas, and to make allowances for unused visas. But when consuls received annual quota figures and instructions the day before the law went into effect on June 3, 1921, this essential matter was not covered. They were authorized to say that the American visa gave no assurance that the emigrant could enter the United States. This was in the nature of an excuse for the Government instead of an assumption of responsibility.

Also, they received instructions when it became evident that visas were being exhausted, that the applicant must be warned of liability to exclusion and strongly advised against obtaining a visa. Whether the interpretation of "strongly advised" meant that obstructions and delays might be freely used in the granting of visas is not clear from the practices adopted; nor does it appear just what constituted evidence of exhaustion of quotas, since adequate provision was not made for furnishing consuls with information. Not only were there delays in reports on balances of quotas reaching consuls from Washington, but there was no direct exchange of information among consuls. Thus, the consul at Bucharest, to whom was allotted the Roumanian quota, was not directly advised by other consuls when they issued visas to Roumanians domiciled in their countries. Also when consuls at ports of embarkation undertook to correct or issue visas to enable emigrants from interior countries to sail, objections were sometimes made that they were usurping the authority of the consuls in the native countries; although the object of such correction was obviously to relieve the emigrant from returning to his native land for a valid visa.

But as these instructions of June 2 dealt only with annual quotas, consuls were left to their own discretion in determining the rate at which visas were to be issued, and concerning practices to be followed with exempted and preferred classes. Each one

therefore put his own interpretation upon the meaning of the Act, and proceeded to regulate the issuing of visas after his own fashion.

For instance, in Budapest the June quota was deducted and the balance applicable to Hungary was divided into twelve equal parts. Although the law clearly stated that the full quota was entitled to enter within five months, this consul distributed the total over twelve months, and arbitrarily added several months' delay at an enormous cost and sacrifice to people entitled to earlier sailings.

In Yugoslavia, the consuls at Belgrade and Zagreb could not agree on an interpretation, so they agreed to differ. They divided the quota, one third to Serbia and two thirds to the rest of Yugoslavia. In Belgrade, the June quota was deducted and visas were issued at the rate of twenty per cent a month; but in Zagreb the remaining quota was divided into twelve equal parts. Therefore, emigrants in Eastern Yugoslavia were permitted to sail much earlier than those in Western Yugoslavia, the hardships and delays in the latter case being due to the consul's different interpretation of the Act.

In Constantinople the consul paid little attention to the quota, alleging that he had nothing to do with it, had received no specific instructions concerning it, and issued visas as before.

In Bucharest, the consul appeared to be under the impression that there was some "urgent emergency practice" in the State Department that consuls could invoke, and he was therefore using his discretion in granting visas, on the theory that the three per cent law dealt with such an emergency. He seems to have gone so far as to close his office for three weeks, refusing all visas, because of some difference of opinion with the local government. Incidentally, in applying this "urgent emergency practice", this same consul had received no official monthly quota figures, so he had made up a chart of averages of his own covering a period of twelve months. Not until August 8, 1921, did he receive official figures for July on which he had hoped to base the number of visas for that month; and by September 26, no figures for August and September had been received to advise him what remained of the Roumanian quota. Under such circumstances he thought

it wise to withhold visas from waiting applicants, in order to provide for preferred classes that might apply later.

Apparently, the consul in Warsaw acted under a similar impression of an existing emergency, for he anticipated the passage of the law by six months. In January, 1921, he limited the issuing of visas to 600 per week. Also, before the passage of the Act, for a time visas were refused to Russians, although the United States was not, nor had been at war with Russia. This action explains somewhat the congestion observed in Poland which has been so graphically described as a "horde of people ready to invade America in defiance of law"; but really was composed of passengers delayed for several months by the use of regulations concerning which they were not advised.

But in addition to various interpretations as to the rate of issuing visas, some consuls assumed that they had the right to provide for preferred classes, and began to withhold visas from waiting people on the ground that when some of these preferred classes applied later, visas must be ready for them. In other words, actual applicants, apparently entitled at that moment to visas because of unfilled quotas, were denied them to provide for relatives of citizens, that had not and might never appear. Then again, consuls granted visas to certain persons whom they considered to be exempt. But as their decision was not final, the Department of Labor upon the aliens' arrival might find them chargeable to a quota and possibly in excess of it.

It appears therefore that instead of one uniform interpretation of the quota provisions of the Act, there were several. Consuls were under the impression that their duty was to keep as many immigrants as possible out of the United States, and that wide discretion was permissible in the choice of methods. But matters that seemed of little consequence to a consul often meant the whole of life to the emigrant. For it made a vast difference to people with small resources whether they received a visa at once, or had to wait on a five months' division, or on a twelve months' division of the total. It was highly important to them to know if outstanding visas were to have preference; or if unheard of persons in preferred classes that might appear months later were to be favored ahead of them. The arbitrary limitation to certain

days or alternate weeks when a consulate was open to give visas was sometimes sufficient to ruin the emigrant's chances of sailing that month and the disappearance of the small margin of funds sometimes made that disappointment permanent.

IV

This was the situation in Europe at the end of the first month's experience with this Act. In the United States several thousand immigrants had arrived in excess of quota; and decision had been made that excesses could not be charged against the quotas for subsequent months. Ports of embarkation and centers where visas were obtainable and Ellis Island were alike congested. No one in Europe apparently had authority or a method either to stop emigrants, or systematically to forward them in accordance with monthly quotas. This indecision and confusion made it possible for grafters in both the United States and Europe to exploit the emigrants, as well as their friends in America, and promise them assistance in getting to the United States.

In this intolerable situation, the steamship lines realized there was none but themselves to shoulder the responsibility for controlling the quota in Europe and protecting the emigrant. There was no altruism whatever in their decision; it was made for the sole purpose of saving money and protecting themselves from undue criticism in a situation they were as yet unable to control. They held a meeting in July, 1921, and proposed the establishment of registration offices where all purchasers of tickets should be registered and forwarded as the monthly quotas permitted. But the operation of such a system in Europe presented staggering difficulties. Success depended upon the cooperation of all the continental lines, and this was not obtainable. Some insisted it was not their business; others objected to the expense involved; while some nationalist lines receiving subsidies were afraid their governments might object. But the real difficulty lay in the fact that business was bad and the lines were in ruthless competition with one another and objected to pooling information concerning third class business, which such a registration system required.

The matter was referred to the Conferences, at that time chiefly concerned with rates. But the work of these various conferences was not coördinated. In the United States, the Pacific lines had no conference; the Atlantic lines had several New York Conferences; the coastwise lines had a separate association; and the Canadian lines had a Montreal Conference. All of these conference lines carried passengers chargeable to the quotas but no arrangement was possible to consolidate or exchange their reports. In Europe the situation was similar. The Italian lines had one Conference; the Mediterranean lines had another Conference; the British lines were in the North Atlantic Conference; and the Continental lines were in the Atlantic Conference. While some lines were in all conferences, the conferences themselves were independent. But certain lines like the Greek and Ottoman, carrying emigrants from the Black Sea region, were not members of any European Conference, though they were members of the various New York Conferences. They refused to coöperate in the proposed registration system in Europe, though they later participated in the activities of the New York Conferences on quota matters. The Italian and some of the French lines took a similar position.

Notwithstanding these defections and obstacles, lines represented in the Atlantic Conference at Liverpool established registration offices early in July, 1921, in the countries where quotas were most likely to be exceeded. One was located at Prague for Czechoslovakia; another in Zagreb for Yugoslavs; a third in Bucharest for Roumanians; and a fourth in Warsaw for Poles. The instructions issued to these registration officers provided that the passenger must book in the country of which he was a citizen and must receive from that officer permission to travel. This meant for instance that a Roumanian outside of Roumania must receive by telegram, wherever he was, a number from the Registration Officer in Bucharest. About 40 per cent of all Roumanian passengers registered were outside Roumanian territory. They received a number only after they had obtained a passport, American visa, and steamship ticket and had to remain at their domicile until their number was called up for sailing. Registration was based on the departure date of the emigrant from his coun-

try and not from the port of embarkation; to obviate cost and delay if for any reason it was found later he could not sail. Those exempted were charged against the registration numbers, and had to have "exempted" stamped on their tickets. The lines apportioned the quota for the month, and made provision for reporting any rejections or short shipments; and vacancies occurring were filled in chronological order. Registration officers were authorized to call meetings of the agents in their locality to facilitate the work of the registration offices. A balance of three to four per cent of the monthly twenty per cent quota was left unfilled by registration officers to cover the carryings of lines not identified with the system, and to provide for emigrants admitted at other places than Atlantic ports, and for any unforseen conditions over which the lines had no control.

Obviously, the work of these offices would be futile unless information could be obtained promptly from America concerning the total quotas for each nationality, and the exact balances remaining from day to day, after arrival of vessels and decisions by immigration authorities. These balances were necessary as a basis for making up sailing estimates to be used by registration officers to call up passengers for the month to which they were assigned. But here indeed was a difficulty; for the Bureau of Immigration had allotted quotas to the various ports and had arranged for weekly reports by mail from these various officials, intending to issue monthly, or more often if necessary, revised lists of quotas. Obviously this would never answer the purpose, so arrangements were made first for a weekly and then daily statement covering annual quota, monthly quota, amount used and balance remaining.

But the Government received its reports from many different sources and there were delays and errors that necessitated a checking system. So the lines arranged to have every vessel on arrival at American ports report by wireless as to the number of each nationality on board chargeable to the quota. An almost daily cable service embodying these two sets of data—one from Washington, and another from the lines—was operated between New York and Liverpool and the information relayed to registration officers. In this way, through endless verifications, cor-

rections and adjustments, fairly reliable information was obtained and sailings per month were regulated on the basis of the remaining unused quotas.

But this system was far from being effective. While information was available for all nationalities, control through registration was exercised over but four nationalities. Lines that had refused to come into the registration system brought to the United States excesses over quotas, bringing into disrepute all lines, including those in the registration system. Some of the countries sympathized with the efforts of the lines to control quotas and facilitate their efforts; others did not and obstructed them. Some consuls were coöperative and made possible an adjustment between registration and visa numbers; others were not and worked at cross purposes.

But the chief difficulty was with the Canadian and Mexican borders of the United States. Immigrants destined to these neighboring countries were not registered and later when they applied for and were admitted to the United States, they upset all of the estimates for immediate sailings; and as this information often arrived after vessels had sailed from Europe, excess quotas were unavoidable.

In each of the countries where the lines attempted to control immigration to conform to quotas they were in a delicate position. If they assumed too much right to delay or instruct passengers, they were subject to reprimand if not penalties; if they did too little they were blamed by the American Government. And about this time as a result of the new problems created by the Percentage Act, and due to stimulation from the International Labor Office, European governments began to pass new laws, and create bureaus to regulate emigrant traffic and protect their own emigrants.

While this was in process, lines were expected to solve many of the collateral problems that were aggravated, if not created, in Europe by the Percentage Act. One was to establish morale among the helpless emigrants, to help them connect with their remittances, and furnish protection for them at points where they were suddenly halted. This was not easy. Governments that had allowed free transit, now became apprehensive and held

emigrants on frontiers in the belief that they might become refugees if not allowed to proceed to America. Hotels had to be built in cities and ports to take care of them. The prevention of disease became acute because of the unexpected congestion. But the most serious question was the protection of passengers at the points of delay or of obstruction, for representatives of the lines had neither authority nor facilities to undertake these new duties. Some governments required the lines to do this work or at least to pay for it, while others forbade them to do so. Enormous sums were spent on hotels, disinfection plants and detention houses, and to furnish convoys on trains and at stations. And when passengers pawned their steamship tickets, or became ill from exposure and delay under crowded living conditions, or found themselves in difficulties due to the unfamiliar life of the cities, a new set of problems arose which the lines, in the absence of any other agency able to act, were expected to solve.

Other tasks imposed by the new Act were the selection of the few from among the many who had purchased tickets, that were to be forwarded; the refund of passage money to those who could not go; and the return of such people to their homes. No one wanted his money back, and would-be emigrants frequently complained to their native government if they were among those not selected for forwarding. This necessity for selection and deductions from passage money for services already rendered or expenses incurred led to irritation between governments, the lines, and the emigrant. As many emigrants had no homes to which to return, various adjustments were required to care for them, and many attempts quite simply failed.

Early in September it became apparent that the lines could not control the situation if American consuls continued to issue visas when the quotas were well nigh exhausted. The Secretary of State then permitted instructions to be issued to the effect that when it was evident that quotas were being exhausted consuls should refuse to issue visas. About the same time observers from the Department of Labor were attached to Consular offices in important emigration countries. These instructions concerning annual quotas, together with the system established by the lines to regulate monthly quotas, brought the matter under par-

tial control, so that excess quotas were confined largely to non-registration office lines and countries.

V

As the Percentage Act was enacted for one year, the lines considered these offices to be a temporary affair. But when it became apparent that the Act was to be continued, the lines held a meeting in Brussels on May 5, 1922, and decided to continue and extend their registration system in order that the hardships emigrants encountered in 1921 should not be repeated. Their decision and plan was embodied in a cablegram sent to the New York Conferences. At the same time the Brussels Conference transmitted to the New York Conferences certain suggestions for improving the administration of the law. These were sent to the Chairman of the House Committee under date of May 19 from the New York Conferences before the reënactment of the Act and proposed the following:

That quotas be controlled by departures from European ports of embarkation, through United States Government authorities whose duties shall be defined in the law, instead of by time of arrivals; that inspectors be placed abroad to pass upon the admissibility of aliens; that certificates be issued by American consuls to aliens that will serve for indentification and other purposes; that consuls indicate on the passport if aliens are exempt from the quota; that the principle of international law and custom be followed whereby the nationality of the wife and minor children follow that of the father and be chargeable to the country of his birth, or if the father is dead that children be charged to the country of birth of the mother. This last amendment was proposed to prevent the separation of families.

The law was reënacted, however, to be in force until June 30, 1923, without any of these recommendations being adopted, and the lines had to carry on their registration as before in a greater number of countries. That this registration system is chiefly responsible for preventing excesses in quotas in 1922 is evident from the fact that most of the excesses have been brought by lines that have refused to coöperate or from areas like Constanti-

nople where it has not been practicable to establish control offices.

VI

But the proposal to make this Act permanent and to have the percentage principle become the future policy of this country, without making the necessary provision for its administration, is a grave mistake. The control of quotas in Europe is not a matter for private business to regulate. The present system is a makeshift and rests upon the most insecure foundations. Its continuance depends upon the steamship lines holding together and coöperating in conferences, and this relationship is subjected to very severe strain that is increasing with tension in Europe. A rate war or a withdrawal by one of the big lines, is enough to destroy its existence at once. The fact that certain of the most important lines remain out of the registration system makes it at best an imperfect instrument for the purpose.

But the continuance of the registration system depends also upon the good will of countries in which offices are established and already resentment is in evidence. It is not to be expected, as political tension increases, that German lines will regard with favor registration offices by which French lines profit. The changes in Constantinople have made the establishment of a registration office impossible in that area to control Near East immigration. The Greek and Ottoman lines have been driven out and a rapprochement between the Russians, Turks and French has made it possible for a French line, not in the registration system, to bring more than five hundred Russians to the United States *via* the Black Sea without their being registered through the machinery set up for the purpose.

But it is also true that the situation has become so complicated that only governments possessing authority can deal with it. The Russian situation furnishes an illustration. Because of the original restrictions against Russians and the fact that American Consuls do not operate in Russia, persons born there and intending to sail for the United States have had to cross the long Russian border into adjacent countries to have their passports viséd. Russians have, accordingly, found themselves in a number of

other countries without proper visas and without registration numbers. To meet this situation the lines register Russians in seven countries: at Bucharest, Warsaw, Riga, Kovno, Brussels, Paris, and Berlin. When the annual quotas of Russians were exhausted, two lines that were not in the registration system and had never previously carried Russians, unexpectedly brought in a large number of that nationality. And from the Pacific Coast came a report that a few hundred Russians were expected to arrive there from Siberia. At the same time, it was found that, although according to the number registered there were still available several thousand numbers, the Consul in one of these cities suddenly greatly reduced the number of visas issued daily. Prospective passengers who were moving out of Russia, in all directions, and were awaiting registration in other countries, apparently well within the quota, were suddenly stopped and will be compelled to wait until the next fiscal year.

I have indicated in the limits of this article but some of the problems that make it unwise and difficult for steamship lines to undertake to control quotas in Europe, in order to prevent grave abuses under the Act. The only possible humane administration of this Act rests upon the control of monthly quotas through the issuing of visas, thus placing the responsibility for excess in quotas squarely upon the consular service. The new immigration law makes no such provision and should not be permitted to pass without it. And I can not but believe that Congress would be well advised to make a thorough investigation into the present methods of control through visas in Europe; if the administration of this law is to be practicable and humane.

That the Percentage Act can ever be fundamentally sound or humane is impossible, since it attacks the foundations of civilized society. But that its administration may possess integrity and efficiency is feasible, and thus its hardships may be minimized. But this is only attainable when the American Government assumes the full responsibility for the humane administration of its own Act through the responsible State Department, which alone can deal with the control of quotas at the source of immigration.

FRANCES KELLOR.

A MADISON LETTER AND SOME DIGRESSIONS

BY EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

President of the University of Virginia

THE University of Virginia has a pardonable pride in the fact that in 1817 Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe were at the same time members of its governing body, known as the Rector and Visitors of the University. Mr. Monroe was actually President of the United States at the time; and these three men, without intermission, directed the government of the young nation for nearly a quarter of a century. This unusual situation is thus quaintly attested by a brief minute upon the records of the Visitors:

> Resolved that Thomas Jefferson and John H. Cocke be a committee on the part of the Visitors with authority jointly or severally to advise and sanction all plans and the application of monies for executing them, which may be within the purview and functions of the Proctor for the time being.
>
> May 5, 1817.
>
> TH. JEFFERSON
> JAMES MONROE
> JAMES MADISON
> J. H. COCKE.

James Madison bequeathed his library to the University of Virginia, and one of the noblest buildings of that institution bears his name. Mr. Morris Schaff, the distinguished historian of West Point and of certain aspects of the decline and fall of the Southern Confederacy, recently found, among the Madison papers in the State Department at Washington, a very interesting letter, a copy of which he kindly sent to the University Library. The letter, hitherto unpublished, affords such a striking and amusing contrast to the present fiscal relations of France and the United States, such testimony to certain characteristics of the human family of whatever race or nation, such proof of the moral

slump likely to follow great enterprises or great emotions, and contains, in addition, such a rare compliment to Virginia, and such an unconscious tribute to the moral dignity of that Commonwealth, that I desire to use THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW to share its contents, not only with Virginians, but with thoughtful citizens everywhere, interested in the good name of their country and its founders.

Mr. William Short, the writer of the letter, was a young Virginian, then twenty-eight years of age, a graduate of the College of William and Mary, and, at the time of writing, Secretary of the Legation at Paris where Mr. Jefferson was serving as Minister. Mr. Short lived to achieve honorable distinction in diplomacy at The Hague and Madrid, and died in Philadelphia in 1849. The letter, as will be seen, was written from Paris and bears date May 7, 1787. Two days before Mr. Short's letter was written, Mr. Jefferson, who was absent on a long trip through Southern France, whither he had been sent by his surgeon to recuperate from the effects of a dislocated wrist unsuccessfully set, wrote the following letter to Martha Jefferson, his young daughter, then in school at a convent in Paris:

MARSEILLES, May 5th, 1787.

My dear Patsy—I got back to Aix the day before yesterday, and found there your letter of the 9th of April—from which I presume you to be well, though you do not say so. In order to exercise your geography, I will give you a detail of my journey. You must therefore take your map and trace out the following places: Dijon, Lyons, Pont St. Esprit, Nismes, Arles, St. Remis, Aix, Marseilles, Toulon, Hières, Fréjus, Antibes, Nice, Col de Tende, Coni, Turin, Vercelli, Milan, Pavia, Tortona, Novi, Genoa, by sea to Albenga, by land to Monaco, Nice, Antibes, Fréjus, Brignolles, Aix, and Marseilles. The day after tomorrow, I set out hence for Aix, Avignon, Pont du Gard, Nismes, Montpellier, Narbonne, along the Canal of Languedoc to Toulouse, Bordeaux, Rochefort, Rochelle, Nantes, L'Orient, Nantes, Tours, Orléans, and Paris—where I shall arrive about the middle of June, after having travelled something upwards of a thousand leagues.

From Genoa to Aix was very fatiguing—the first two days having been at sea, and mortally sick—two more clambering the cliffs of the Apennines, sometimes on foot, sometimes on a mule, according as the path was more or less difficult—and two others travelling through the night as well as day without sleep. I am not yet rested, and shall therefore shortly give you rest by closing my letter, after mentioning that I have received a letter from your sister,

which, though a year old, gave me great pleasure. I inclose it for your perusal, as I think it will be pleasing for you also. But take care of it, and return it to me when I shall get back to Paris, for trifling as it seems, it is precious to me.

When I left Paris, I wrote to London to desire that your harpsichord might be sent during the months of April and May, so that I am in hopes it will arrive a little before I shall, and give me an opportunity of judging whether you have got the better of that want of industry which I began to fear would be the rock on which you would split. Determine never to be idle. No person will have occasion to complain of the want of time who never loses any. It is wonderful how much may be done if we are always doing. And that you may be always doing good, my dear, is the ardent prayer of, yours affectionately,

TH. JEFFERSON.

This letter to his serious-minded young daughter orients Mr. Jefferson so nicely at the time, and is so characteristic of his didactic habit with young people, that its insertion in this article is, I think, justified. I am further tempted to digress from the main purpose of this paper by reminding the reader that the letter describes the famous journey which probably enriched Mr. Jefferson's mind more than any other experience of his life in matters artistic and architectural. He had always been a student of the Fine Arts and knew his Palladio with great precision; but it was upon this memorable trip that there streamed in upon him the impressions which afterwards flowered in such results as the Capitol at Richmond and his general reputation throughout America as a sort of arbiter of good taste and correct procedure in monumental building. I love to think that some of the antique architectural distinction of the University of Virginia is related to this spring voyage of its great founder along La Côte d'Azur and through the sunny plains of Provence.

In the early summer of 1914, all unconscious of the great explosion preparing underneath the smiling surface of the world, it was my own fortune, if I may be pardoned another and a personal digression, to motor over a part of the same general ground covered in a more leisurely fashion by Mr. Jefferson one hundred and twenty-seven years before. I had a particular obsession of curiosity to see the little temple at Nîmes, the Maison Carrée, or Quarrée, as Mr. Jefferson more archaically spells it, for I held in mind the remembrance that the sight of that ancient, flawless

little building had brought forth perhaps the sprightliest letter of Mr. Jefferson's vast correspondence. When the restrained and measured beauty of the temple fell under my gaze, I quite appreciated the lyrical quality in Mr. Jefferson's glowing epistle to Madame La Comtesse de Tesse, the aunt of Madame La Fayette. Before I saw the temple, I confess I had secretly suspected a gentler and more palpable source of Mr. Jefferson's enthusiasm, not in reference to the Comtesse de Tesse herself, who was an old and intimate friend, but to the whole world of womankind. His touching constancy to his wife's memory, which lasted through life, and the inherent elevation of his mind, eliminated the trivial or superficial in his social relations; but certain human considerations sometimes escape us in dealing with demigods generally, and especially with Mr. Jefferson's residence in Paris in the fateful years lying between 1785 and 1787. He was not then the venerable philosopher of democracy. He was a young widower of forty-two years of age, myriad-minded, clear-eyed, gifted in conversation and imagination, interested in everybody and everything under the sun, and bearing with great charm and distinction the stigmata of a fresh and heroic new world. La Fayette was a youngster of thirty. Paris was the world's capital of fashion and social distinction. Marie Antoinette was the Queen of France, and there revolved about her and the Court, pitifully unaware of the vast tragedy lying in wait, all that glamour and glory which were afterwards to captivate so completely the gorgeous imagination of Edmund Burke. In fact, it was difficult to account for such high sentiment, such fine rhapsody, on the basis of a mere nineteen-hundred-year-old temple, or even "delicious morsels of sculpture" here and there. My romantic suspicions, however, fell to pieces before the Maison Carrée itself, set like a gem in the midst of prosaic stores and busy streets. Here was, indeed, a thing to love, and one realized the veracity of Mr. Jefferson's artistic passion. In proof of this, I am again led to commit digression by inserting in full this charming letter. Walter Page could and probably would have written such a letter, but the gift, alas, does not generally go with ministers and ambassadors, whose talents run rather more to conversations than to correspondence:

NISMES, March 20, 1787.

Here I am, Madam, gazing whole hours at the Maison Quarrée, like a lover at his mistress. The stocking weavers and silk spinners around it consider me a hypochondriac Englishman, about to write with a pistol the last chapter of his history. This is the second time I have been in love since I left Paris. The first was with a Diana at the Chateau de Laye-Epinaye in Beaujolois, a delicious morsel of sculpture, by M. A. Slodtz. This, you will say, was in rule, to fall in love with a female beauty; but with a house! it is out of all precedent. No, Madam, it is not without a precedent in my own history. While in Paris, I was violently smitten with the Hotel de Salm, and used to go to the Tuileries almost daily, to look at it. The *loueuse des chaises*, inattentive to my passion, never had the complaisance to place a chair there, so that, sitting on the parapet, and twisting my neck round to see the object of my admiration, I generally left it with a *torti-colli*.

From Lyons to Nismes I have been nourished with the remains of Roman grandeur. They have always brought you to my mind, because I know your affection for whatever is Roman and noble. At Vienna I thought of you. But I am glad you were not there; for you would have seen me more angry than, I hope, you will ever see me. The Prætorian Palace, as it is called, comparable, for its fine proportions, to the Maison Quarrée, defaced by the barbarians who have converted it to its present purpose, its beautiful fluted Corinthian columns cut out, in part, to make space for Gothic windows, and hewed down, in the residue, to the plane of the building, was enough, you must admit, to disturb my composure. At Orange, too, I thought of you. I was sure you had seen with pleasure the sublime triumphal arch of Marius at the entrance of the city. I went then to the Arenæ. Would you believe, Madam, that in this eighteenth century, in France, under the reign of Louis XVI., they are at this moment pulling down the circular wall of this superb remain, to pave a road? And that, too, from a hill which is itself an entire mass of stone, just as fit, and more accessible? A former intendant, a M. de Basville, has rendered his memory dear to the traveller and amateur, by the pains he took to preserve and restore these monuments of antiquity. The present one (I do not know who he is) is demolishing the object, to make a good road to it. I thought of you again, and I was then in great good humor, at the Pont du Gard, a sublime antiquity, and well preserved. But most of all here, where Roman taste, genius, and magnificence, excite ideas analogous to yours at every step. I could no longer oppose the inclination to avail myself of your permission to write to you, a permission given with too much complaisance by you, and used by me with too much indiscretion. Madame de Tott did me the same honor. But she, being only the descendant of some of those puny heroes who boiled their own kettles before the walls of Troy, I shall write to her from a Grecian, rather than a Roman canton; when I shall find myself, for example, among her Phocæan relations at Marseilles.

Loving as you do, Madam, the precious remains of antiquity, loving archi-

tecture, gardening, a warm sun and a clear sky, I wonder you have never thought of moving Chaville to Nismes. This, as you know, has not always been deemed impracticable; and, therefore, the next time a *Sur-intendant des batiments du roi*, after the example of M. Colbert, sends persons to Nismes to move the Maison Quarrée to Paris, that they may not come empty handed, desire them to bring Chaville with them, to replace it. À propos of Paris. I have now been three weeks from there, without knowing anything of what has passed. I suppose I shall meet it all at Aix, where I have directed my letters to be lodged, *poste restante*. My journey has given me leisure to reflect on this *Assemblée des Notables*. Under a good and a young King, as the present, I think good may be made of it. I would have the Deputies then, by all means, so conduct themselves as to encourage him to repeat the calls of this Assembly. Their first step should be, to get themselves divided into two Chambers instead of seven; the Noblesse and the Commons separately. The second, to persuade the King, instead of choosing the Deputies of the Commons himself, to summon those chosen by the people for the Provincial administrations. The third, as the Noblesse is too numerous to be all of the *Assemblée*, to obtain permission for that body to choose its own Deputies. Two Houses, so elected, would contain a mass of wisdom which would make the people happy, and the King great; would place him in history where no other act can possibly place him. They would thus put themselves in the track of the best guide they can follow; they would soon overtake it, become its guide in turn, and lead to the wholesome modifications wanting in that model, and necessary to constitute a rational government. Should they attempt more than the established habits of the people are ripe for, they may lose all, and retard indefinitely the ultimate object of their aim. These, Madam, are my opinions; but I wish to know yours, which, I am sure, will be better.

From a correspondent at Nismes, you will not expect news. Were I to attempt to give you news, I should tell you stories one thousand years old. I should detail to you the intrigues of the courts of the Cæsars, how they affect us here, the oppressions of their prætors, prefects, etc. I am immersed in antiquities from morning to night. For me, the city of Rome is actually existing in all the splendor of its empire. I am filled with alarms for the event of the irruptions daily making on us, by the Goths, the Visigoths, Ostrogoths, and Vandals, lest they should re-conquer us to our original barbarism. If I am sometimes induced to look forward to the eighteenth century, it is only when recalled to it by the recollection of your goodness and friendship, and by those sentiments of sincere esteem and respect with which I have the honor to be, Madam, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

TH. JEFFERSON.

Madame La Comtesse de Tesse.

And now I return to our unpublished Madison letter, written at so notable a moment in modern history. Over in France,

Louis XVI had just assembled, for the first time since Henry IV, the Assembly of Notables, a body composed chiefly of great lords and prelates, and they were diligently proving themselves miserable counsellors and thus predetermining the coming together of the States General and the outburst of the Revolution. In America the Thirteen States had won independence gloriously, but had ingloriously failed to win union or power. Each State was a law unto itself as to economic and fiscal obligations, and many of them were quarreling about boundary lines, commerce and trade. Virginia had just behaved with singular greatness of spirit in dedicating, without haggling, her vast northwest territory for the common good, and with the same nicety of honor was paying her bills and caring for her financial honor. Fifty-five gentlemen were making ready their horses and coaches, and faring forth to Philadelphia to bring forth in the Federal Constitution the greatest political achievement of democratic society. The convention assembled just eighteen days after the writing of this letter, under the presidency of Washington, and completed its task three months and a trifle over three weeks later, on September 17, 1787. Even though this convention included among its members Alexander Hamilton, with his air of a Cæsar and his undoubted genius; Benjamin Franklin, with his amazing experience; and Washington himself, with his godlike common sense; and an unequalled group of men, whom we may precisely describe as aristo-democrats, and may be pardoned for longing for more and more of the likes of them in these later days, it contained no member more useful to the great end sought than James Madison, rich in profound learning, lucid, dispassionate and judicial in manner and reasoning. I have a feeling that this letter both stimulated the purpose of the quiet young scholar and nourished his pride as he set out upon the great adventure of framing the Constitution which, it may be justly claimed, finally represented his theory of government more than that of any other man:

PARIS, May 7, 1787.

Dear Sir:

One imprudence frequently begets a second, and I feel that it is the liberty I took in writing to you by the last packet which emboldens me in some meas-

ure in writing this. Mr. Crevecœur, the French Consul at New York, and who sails in the present Packet for that place, tells me he will not leave me until I put him in some way of being introduced to your acquaintance when he shall arrive there—this favor he intends to have asked of Mr. Jefferson, but in his absence addresses himself to me. You may well suppose, Sir, that my pride would not permit me to let M. de Crevecœur or anybody here believe that I was not well enough acquainted with you to give a letter of introduction. If you have read the Article *Etats-Unis* in the new Encyclopædia, you will not be surprised either at Mr. Crevecœur's earnestness to cultivate your acquaintance or my unwillingness not to contribute to it. There is nobody whom I would introduce to you more readily, Sir, than M. de Crevecœur, because there is nobody more capable of explaining to you the present ideas of France with respect to America—because there is nobody who understands more perfectly the interests of the two countries as they relate to each other, and none more zealous to promote them mutually, as he has uniformly manifested during his late residence in Paris. You will find him an indefatigable searcher after useful knowledge, an enthusiast for improvements in the useful arts, and well acquainted with all which have taken place in this part of Europe during his stay here. Such a man cannot fail being agreeable and useful to you, Sir, at New York, whether considered as a member of the federal head or as a private philosopher. This I hope, Sir, will induce you to excuse the liberty I have taken, and to which I confess I have been impelled by a mixture of vanity with the desire to oblige M. de Crevecœur.

He will be able to give you so particular an account of everything passing in this country that it would be impertinent for me to trouble you with it; yet I must add, what relates to America more particularly, that her credit is treated with contempt in the *Assemblée des Notables*. The Marquis de La Fayette exerts every nerve to prevent the present unfavorable ideas from increasing—and he is reproached every day with the want of faith, if not the *bankruptcy* of America. Their want of money makes them feel too sensibly at present our want of punctuality. It is in vain that the Marquis tells them they ought not to be surprised at the deranged finances of a young country, just rising from the devastations of war, since so old a government as France, and that in time of peace, should find itself in its present situation. Arguments like this, Sir, are of little avail except with a few thinking men, and will not be able to counteract the ill effects of the clamors of those foreign officers disposed in every part of the kingdom; who served in America, and who think themselves ruined by Congress because the interest of their pay is not furnished them,—nor of the murmurs of the Treasury here because they have not received the annual interest and a part of the principal of the American debt. How glorious would it be for our country, my dear Sir, if we could stop the mouths of all these people by the interest and the whole of the principal of all their debts! It is base in New York to be alone in preventing it—the impost once well established and there would be no difficulty in borrowing

in Holland a sufficient sum for this purpose. Shall I add also what makes an unfavorable impression of our punctuality in the discharge of our foreign debts? It is the ordinances of Congress on several occasions—such as that for establishing a mint and for the raising of troops. Here Congress *would* not give themselves the trouble of establishing a mint and fixing the salaries of its officers. Congress *could* not raise troops if they had not money—and if they have why not pay either the principal or interest of debts long ago contracted and already due?

These are the opinions of our federal circumstances—that the circumstances of the States taken individually make a very different impression—and of no State more than Virginia. It is but just to mention it to you, Sir, who have contributed so much by your exertions in the Legislature, to the fame she has acquired in every part of Europe—even in England where all ranks of people from the Crown to the shopkeeper may be considered as in a state of war with whatever is American. The Act representing Kentucky—that on religion, and the almost unanimous refusal either to emit a paper currency or meddle with the certificates of public credit—have acquired our State, Sir, a degree of *éclat* and of honor of which it is difficult to form an idea. The *Philosophical legislation* of Virginia is in the mouths of all the learned of this place, and quoted by all of the advocates of the *lumieres de la Philosophie*. The pleasure I derive from this would be multiplied twelvefold if the rest of the States would show the same dispositions towards a liberality of conduct, and a scrupulous preservation of public faith. I beg pardon, Sir, for having so long interrupted your attention to more important objects. I will do it no longer than to tell you that Mr. Jefferson has passed the Alps—penetrated as far as Genoa, and is now on his return from thence—and that I am with those sentiments which you never fail, Sir, to inspire.

Your friend and servant,

W. SHORT.

Mr. MADISON.

Mr. Short's letter, in its literary aspects, is almost a model of eighteenth-century good taste, with its stilted formalities and its Oriental gestures of respect, and yet its tenor and contents strangely unite the past and present and illumine the obscurity of a far-off time as a bit of sunlight picks out the outlines of a darkened chamber. The letter reveals handsomely the sensitiveness of Virginia to her financial credit, which cropped out again after the Civil War in her grim resolve not to stain her name with repudiation in any form. "The Philosophical Legislation" of Virginia refers evidently to the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, the abolition of the law of entail, and the pro-

visions for popular education. All of these revolutionary measures were fathered by Jefferson, who was the great enlightened Radical of his time, at war with existing conditions, and in these basic laws striking at the very roots of the social order with a view of inaugurating a new era of opportunity and spiritual, economic and intellectual freedom.

In order that the contrasts suggested by this letter may stand out more vividly, I offer a statement of American service and cooperation in the great catastrophe of 1914, omitting the national expenditures for actual American participation constituting a burden for many generations. None of these debts has been paid, though Great Britain, true to her character, has just completed satisfactory arrangements for the discharge of her huge indebtedness. None of the other nations involved is suggesting payment. There is not only no responsible criticism of them in America for this delinquency, but there are even influential voices urging that they be cancelled entirely if any assurance can be given that the moneys thus kept at home shall not be used for militaristic or imperial purposes. Even the costs of military occupation of the American sector of the Rhineland, about $255,000,000, have not been refunded to the United States, though France and England have recouped themselves through German reparations. And yet one sometimes hears that Americans are not popular abroad and are esteemed lightly for their love of gain.

There are now due to the United States Treasury, as a result of our association with our Allies in the World War, the following principal sums with accrued interest approximated:

Due from Great Britain	$4,747,000,000
" " France	3,771,000,000
" " Italy	1,891,000,000
" " Belgium	428,000,000
" " Russia	222,000,000
" " Other Nations	460,000,000
Total	$11,519,000,000

During the war and the post-war period, nearly one hundred American organizations were established as agencies for the relief of European peoples. The administration of this aid was

carried out in Europe chiefly by three organizations: the Commission for the Relief of Belgium, the American Red Cross, and the American Relief Administration.

The Commission for the Relief of Belgium, organized in November, 1914, raised approximately $50,000,000 by private subscription. The operations of the American Red Cross involved an expenditure of not less than $200,000,000, and the organization administered aid to twenty million people, exclusive of American soldiers. The American Relief Administration, organized immediately after the Armistice, has collected from private sources a sum aggregating $60,000,000.

The total expenditures of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium and the American Relief Administration have approximated, for each organization, about one billion dollars. The greater portion of this amount was in the form of advances made by the American Government to the various countries in Europe, and is charged as a part of their indebtedness to the United States in the table shown above. But the timeliness of these loans was a factor of incalculable aid to the destitute populations of Europe. Thus the appropriation by the Congress of the United States in 1918 of the sum of $100,000,000 made possible the organization of the American Relief Administration which, during the four years of its existence, has provided food relief, for a longer or shorter period, for one hundred million persons. At one time 4,000,000 Russians were being fed daily through American agencies.

In this general connection, it is interesting to note the disposition made of the surplus fund of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium. In the liquidation of its assets, after the Armistice in 1918, the Commission appropriated large sums to four leading Belgian universities, at Brussels, Louvain, Ghent, and Liège. Grants were also made to the School of Mines at Mons and to the Colonial School at Antwerp. The Commission, furthermore, endowed the Belgian *Fondation Universitaire*, an institution for scientific research, and created an Educational Foundation which maintains a system of exchange university fellows and visiting professors between Belgium and the United States.

I venture to close this story of a simple letter written *currente calamo* so long ago by a young Virginian attaché, with these three queries: Has not this Republic the right to be proud of its conduct and spirit in the Great War and in the Peace, even if a certain collapse of moral purpose has marked its course since 1918? Has there ever been in human history in a period of one hundred and thirty-six years so great a transformation as the change from the Continental Confederacy of 1787 to the American Republic of 1923, with its majestic weight of power, wealth, political significance and world responsibility? Does not this huge fact constitute the epic of democracy and provide the test of its right to prevail as the ultimate form of government among men?

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN.

PAN ADOLESCENT

BY THEDA KENYON

A silver silence held the deep-leaved glen:
The squirrel cocked a swift-attentive ear;
Even the birds had ceased their twittering
And waited, on the boughs, with drooping wing;
A little breeze paused tiptoe, as to hear
Lithe music . . . but the earth was dumb. . . . And then
Madly, the leaves went tripping on their way;
The squirrel leaped in dainty ecstasies;
The birds flung forth gay challenge, and the breeze
Pranced vibrant; Earth was stirred with harmonies;
Pan woke . . . and piped the soul into the day!

Pan of the topaz eyes, where the brook lights glimmer,
Pan of the sharp-curved brows, and the song-tuned lips,
Pan of the heart like Spring, where the wild flowers shimmer,
Raises the cup of his life . . . and reluctantly sips!

Over the moss-starred bank slips a joyous Nereid
Sleek with the sweep of youth from her breast to her thigh,
Gold with the gleam of the sun on her water-bright body—
Waves her glad greeting to Pan, with one slim arm flung high. . . .

Pipe, Pan, pipe! What undertone brings you this discord?
See . . . the young breeze has cringed back, and the startled birds flee—
The squirrel has paused, and the rustle of leaves is arrested—
Pipe, for the chained old Earth would again be free!

Look! On the edge of the brook, like a master-carved opal,
Stands the Nereid afraid . . . yet not daring to move . . .
What has she heard in your song, Pan of magical piping?
What has she seen in your eyes—is it madness . . . or love?

Pan of the topaz eyes where Desire is a-glimmer,
Pan of the eager hands, and the burning lips,
Pan of the heart of man, where the god-lights shimmer,
Raises the cup of his life . . . and exultantly sips!

A leaden silence holds the deep-leaved glen:
A weighty silence, dead, unlistening—
The little wood-things shiver from the place,
The breeze moves heavy footed, void of grace,
The heavy dew has lost its glistening;
Nothing can ever be the same again. . . .
Pipe, Pan, pipe! . . . yet will you be deserted!
Nymphs and Nereids flee from the lure of your lay.
Pipe, Pan, pipe! Alas, you have lost your enchantment!
You have found that the world holds tears: they have stolen your May!

TWO POEMS

BY NORA B. CUNNINGHAM

STRANGENESS

When youth and joy still walked with me,
And death's great awe and terror made
A somber stir, a solemn hush,
My soul was sore afraid. . . .

But now I see with calmer eyes
An ended life, a life begun,
For death is not more strange than birth
And life's more strange than either one.

DESERT

There is neither tree nor cloud to break
The waste of sand and sky.
How small the shadow that I make
In this immensity. . . .

Here there are neither joys nor dreams—
The spent soul wavereth—
How small a thing my own life seems
Stark, between Life and Death.

TWO WALKS

BY STARK YOUNG

It was the beginning of June when I came to Tivoli. Around the town with the grey, dark stone of its houses and streets spread the yellow country of the harvest. It stretched away over the plains, past Hadrian's villa, toward the Campagna and Rome and the hills beyond. Only here and there rose the black points of cypresses and clumps of ilex and the verdure winding sometimes along beside a stream. It was a wide, clear world of light, a golden expanse from which the hill arose, with its woods and their cataracts, and the grey town, with the Cardinal d'Este's villa on one side the slope.

In my mind, as I went along on my way to the Villa d'Este, I carried the utmost idea of romantic gardens, of sombre and splendid avenues of trees, and ancient marbles and now and then a ruined fountain; a dream of past splendor and half-forgotten courts. In my mind's eye I had that picture that one sees everywhere in houses and in shops, of the stone table with the two benches and, stretching away behind them, an aisle with dark cypresses on either side. But the truth was that I was translating these qualities into my own conceptions of them; and now, when I arrived at the villa, the translation of my romantic and sombrely poetic idea back again into these Italian meanings was to be sudden and illuminating. For in that light of afternoon the first thing that shot across my mind when I saw the d'Este garden was how much less obviously romantic it was than I had thought. The table and the benches were near the villa itself; the wide paved promenade ran in front of the windows and led by stairs here and there to lower levels, where the cypress walk began. And this walk was neither very romantically long nor mysterious. The d'Este garden was romantic, it had its mystery and possibility, but not in the sense that I had thought. It was more open, more supported by idea.

Yet after all one may set down only the mood of this place. Form is impossible to describe, it alone can describe itself; and half the d'Este garden is formal. What those varying planes and levels are cannot be expressed; nor the nuances of the diverse heights to which the trees and plantations ascend; nor those stairs leading up and down, those patterns of walks and hedges, those arbors, that rondel of cypresses around a basin of water, those sudden on-comings where vistas lead out from the garden lines to the country that spreads away in a shining and soft transparency of summer air. The abstraction of pure form underlies this garden. The lines of natural things and of paths and plots of flowers and earth and shapes of water, are made to compose a pattern beyond themselves, something independent of them, a luminous geometry of pure idea. Abstract design underlies the garden as it does great music or painting.

In this garden there were trees; there was infinite water coming down from the hillside above and led everywhere to a hundred jets and falls. There were rococo caverns with statues of deities, baroque gods and goddesses whose grottoes and caverns were filled with green shadows and streams and cascades and the drip and splash and rumor of unending water. There were pseudo ruins in stone and rococo antiquities. I saw a statue lying in two parts, as if despoiled by centuries, half buried in the ground. I saw the Diana of the Ephesians, colossal in sandstone, with the hundred breasts that nourished the world. At the end of a fading flight of steps, as if some acropolis had to be reached there, I saw the miniature conceit of an ancient classical city, scattered on a little terrace, temples, theatres and monuments done in stone and cement. I could hear at every step some unseen splashing of water and a steady murmur of streams of water falling in the cascades, the fountains and the tiny cataracts in the grottoes of those ornamental and redundant deities. The water of these was invisible, but on the aspect of the things in the garden lay its fantasy and sweetness. I came again and again to see that famous stairway that all artists sketch but none ever expresses, with its great jet of water rising into the air, its ivy, its two flights and their balustrade, descending with such gracious and incredible suavity and beauty

to the terrace below. Three square pools, raised two feet and more from the ground, stretched in a line parallel with the villa's façade; they were lifted like mirrors above the level of the walks, and above them the boughs of the ilex trees hung down and lightly touched the water. The d'Este garden was first of all a majestic, sophisticated place done by a knowing hand. It was first grave and then ornate. The mind behind this art was beautiful; it was tragic; it was mature with a passion of knowledge and rich choice.

For hours I walked, through lanes of ilex and laurel, and paths that led through copses and thickets smelling of pine and bay and oleanders, and down avenues of cypress trees. I seemed to be in the midst of a living silence. There was in the garden a kind of vivacity of quiet. Over by the wall nearest the town a group of workmen with a mandolin were laughing and talking and breaking out now and then into snatches of songs. A long plane of late golden light crept under the lowest boughs of the trees. The late twilight was drawing on.

As the light grew less and less a completeness came over the d'Este garden around me. Now that the details of the grounds faded and the surrounding country and sky receded and grew dim, the garden seemed more to be one thing, the larger masses gathered all into themselves, the order and design of the place stood out. Night came on and gradual darkness. There was no moon but an early starlight showed above the trees and through the vistas opening out beneath. In the darkness the glint of the walks appeared and the lines of the balustrades. The unstirred surface of the raised pools was like dim glass. A low wind stirred the long shapes of the cypresses, and in the laurels and oleanders made a hushed rustling. In the heavy shade of the ilexes the nightingales were singing. And from everywhere, among the leaves and through the avenues and paths, there came the eternal sound of water.

The quality of this place was mournful and rich and elegiac. It satisfied the tragic beauty that is the soul of the mind. The involved and extravagant elegance of this garden and its design, and the eloquence of its use of the natural resources of water and verdure and light and earth, were touched with the languor

of a culture that has grown old. The luxury of this beauty was haunted with an old knowledge of the end of things. The garden of the Villa d'Este was warm and intellectual, remote and passionate. It was like a dark and grandiose and poignant music rising up; and more poignant because of the elaborate despair of its art and because of its wistful magnificence.

And then that night, some hours later, when I was sitting in my room at the hotel, another picture arose in my mind. Coming after the Villa d'Este it was like the thought of a simple and very single melody in the midst of an orchestra. I could see that line of trees nearby the stream, that stretch of English green, that quiet, that aspect of peace, Addison's Walk. On the fine old trunks of the trees, the verdant spaces, the trodden path, as I saw them now, the lights and shadows were not very clearly defined, the tone of them was mild and faint. I thought of Addison's Walk with the gentle morning on it, the soft grey perhaps, the English thing. And did we not like it after all, I wondered, better than this garden of that sixteenth century Italian, the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este? Did it not steal further and more gently into the heart and the affections? There are many people of English blood who would tell you that it did.

How pleasant it would be, I thought, to fall back on such a preference! The quality of that English scene was sweet and familiar, it was gentle and beloved of me. A man might run back to the memory of it as a child runs to its mother's knee when the wind, the sun, the noise and light and sound and fire of the world become too great for him. And yet I knew that all this proved nothing. I could not make my escape by so easy a position. This English scene could give me no more, really, than I might get from things that obviously had nothing to do with art at all. What it could give me I had had once when I came to England after a long stay in Sicily and heard at Folkstone in the dusk of the evening the children's voices speaking our English tongue. I had had this tremor of love and pleasure when I heard across the street in an old town a wretched village choir singing execrable hymns in a vulgar church. I had even had it from Christmas cards, the kind of card where there is a cross within the frame of which are pictured green pastures and

sheep, and around which cluster white narcissus and forget-me-nots; all very Victorian, silly and soft and bad, but dear to me with an old, sweet memory of childhood and scrapbooks. And that kind of association, as I knew very well, the reminder of something gently remembered and loved, was what must remain the only source of appeal of much English art. But what had that to do with a discussion of the d'Este garden and Addison's Walk as art, as creations that express human experience?

Addison's Walk, I sat there that night thinking, was complete and good enough in itself. But art, as Plato said, is the name signifying every cause whereby anything proceeds from that which is not into that which is. Art is a translation by which the material is stated in terms of something else and something is added which was not there before. Addison's Walk, then, like so many English gardens, is scarcely art at all. It is admirable as nature if you like. As nature it makes quite another discussion. And it exercises one's taste in accidental landscape. But that too is another matter.

The garden of the Villa d'Este commits human nature to a full expression. It takes the natural world and uses it to express an idea. Like a painter with his colors it uses the resources of the earth out of which it creates. It deals with space and with light, with contrasting stone and earth, with straight lines and curves, with varying levels and rhythms of ascent and descent. It arranges, it takes into account the stars shining down, the sunlight, the surface of water and the boughs above their shadows. It runs the gamut of visual form, of intellectual conceit in pattern and design, and of a mystery of spirit. In it nature and art together are translated into one complete art. It is a garden and not nature. It is the mind and the spirit, the idea and the mood, in terms of out-of-doors. And that you prefer the Addison's Walk to it may mean several things. It may mean that you have little depth and range of life in you to be expressed and so have no need of any complex and profound art to express it. It may mean that your life is deep and rich but incapable of any consummation in forms of any kind. Or it may mean that you have a deep and rich life but have never learned to read the dialect of art, or of this art of gardens, and so do not

look there for the expression of life or understand what is there expressed. You may like what you choose, but the test of a thing as art does not depend on what you bring to it. It depends rather on the extent to which this thing expresses with power and beauty the depth and complexity of life.

And then suddenly as I sat there letting these thoughts take their will with me, an appalling recollection sprang to my brain. In Siena once we were speaking of poetry, and a lady, a dottoressa, very much read in European letters, said to me,

"I am a devotee of your poetry, Signor. I read English poetry to rest me."

"To rest you?" I said.

"After our literature English poetry is so simple. How very direct the mind there is. It is not complicated like ours. There is so little analysis. It is like a child. I read it to rest me."

How well I remembered that remark. It had been one of those things that knock the walls down about your ears.

For, by one of those foolish generalizations that races like to make about one another, I had gone on thinking that there was to the mind in Italian poetry a certain vivid and direct power. It achieved certain large outlines. I had believed, as most English peoples believe, that fortune had reserved for our English poetry the power to probe the last reaches and shadows in the soul; to move deeply and quietly through the depths of experience. I had thought of Italian poetry as something of a refuge from the troubling of the Anglo-Saxon conscience, from the details of our meditations and quiet ways. I had even spoken of the large and vivid simplicity of Italian.

But when the dottoressa made her remark I knew at once that I had never really thought all this. I had, at least unconsciously, known all along that such theories of simplicity could not apply to Italian poetry; from the other arts I knew it if not from poetry. The constant analysis, the energy of mind, the subtle insight and abundant invention of the Italian make-up, I had always known. And what I had imagined myself thinking so superficially about Italian poetry was the mere left-overs from impressions of Sicilian acting and from the eyes of a tourist before he learns the language or the country. But even in such a change in my

opinion of Italian poetry there was nothing to keep English poetry from being deeper than any other. And to be told by an Italian that she read English poetry for a rest was a shock.

Addison's Walk was not of course so elaborate as many English gardens, but in a simpler way its characteristic excellence was the same as theirs. What then, I thought, if there should be the same difference between English and Italian poetry as there was between the Cardinal's walk and Addison's? In music our ears tell us that we have nothing so great as a score of Continentals. In painting our eyes know that we have no Titian or El Greco or Botticelli or Velasquez. In architecture we have no Michelangelo. But in poetry we have always felt that we were of the modern races supreme. We have liked Dante and Tasso and others, but we have been sure that our English poetry was above all. We have even had a way of saying that the French had no really great poetry, strictly speaking!

I sat there thinking, defensively. Poetry, after all, is an invisible art. Its medium is words, mere symbols of sense and sound that in themselves are nothing. And how much does the judgment of poetry depend on what one thinks, or one's race or one's generation thinks, to be the nature of the poetic! There can be no doubt, surely, that with us during the last century the idea of the poetic has moved very much away from form and away from a shining and controlling mentality. The average Anglo-Saxon likes to think of poetry as inundated by feeling. He is unduly impressed and led on by mere mentions of infinity, implications of eternity, soul and other more or less indeterminate and vague, though dear, conceptions. He has associated the poetic with the chaotic, the individual, and the spontaneous. He thinks the subject of poetry must never be mere thoughts or mere arrangements of those radiances that the mind gives off, but almost entirely one's feelings about nature, virtue, love, God, or rebellion. But what if we should come to think otherwise? What if we came to think that poetic quality might arise from a fine order, a profound poise, a subtlety that comes not of suggestions of the unknown or the infinite but of combinations of exact expressions of thought and renderings of experience? What if, in

sum, we came to think of poetry as a social and radiantly definite and communicable art as well as a beautiful spiritual solitude?

Fortunately, I reflected, the matter cannot be settled. Music and pictures pass easily from country to country; neither the medium nor the language is in any way local. Poetry is more untranslatable into another race and country. Dante I knew somewhat, and I knew that he had a kind of vividness, something concrete and poignant, a penetration of the image with the emotion and idea, that is like nothing in our poetry. Leopardi's style rises to a white, marble-like openness and perfection that in English is impossible. And I knew Carducci and Pascoli and something of the Quattrocento. But what were such fragmentary raids when it comes to knowing Italian poetry? And we shall never know Italian poetry, for it has a different language from ours and a different life.

On the other hand there was Shelley, with a quality that could never be in Italian; the very accent of that tongue is against it. He has at his best, when he is not foolish and loose, an ethereal, shimmering world, a translucent and majestic and aspiring beauty. Wordsworth has his revelation of man in the natural world. Spenser, for all his inability to get a unity and a larger pattern into his work and thought, has a marvellous abundance of resource and an intricate and prophetic music to the very top of the English language. What poet anywhere has so diaphanous and so tireless a realm of forms and ideas? And last of all, there was Shakespeare in the *Sonnets*, like all the Renaissance, I knew, but beyond them, I liked to believe, in profundity and character and diffused passion of mind and body. And in *Othello* Shakespeare has the ordered intelligence and elaboration, if you look for that; and in *Macbeth* an ancient, primitive terror, a morality out of the earth, dreams from desolate and haunted moors, a shudder at once more tragic and more cerebral than in any other literature.

Neither does it follow, I reflected, consolingly, that because a race has a gift for one art it has the same amount of capacity for all. The Italian painting may be better than the English. Their music may be infinitely superior. But that need not prove that their poetry is superior to ours. And the truth

may very well be that poetry is the art most apt to express our northern race. It may be that in this invisible art of poetry the hidden force and impact and delicate dreams of our life can most completely express themselves. Perhaps poetry is the art most able to express our diffused passion and tenderness. Perhaps the greatness of Italian living is best said in painting or acting or music or cities; and the greatness of Anglo-Saxon living in poetry. And perhaps not. What if after all, I thought, as I sat there in the town of the Villa d'Este, the art of poetry in Italy and that in England should be like these two walks? What if, in this unseen region that poetry is of our own selves and of the Italians, we jump too easily at superior conclusions? What if we have assumed too much? I wondered.

STARK YOUNG.

A LIVING THEATRE

BY THOMAS MOULT

I

THE history of the theatre, since its far-away beginnings when choruses were sung in circular dancing places to the glory of the Greek gods, has been the history of a great encounter. The aristocracy of emotion, intellect, and imagination expressed through the drama is confronted by the democracy of a normal intelligence, an average, half-developed sensibility, expressing itself as the audience. The playhouse is the ground of their common meeting. The dramatist employs with great reluctance the theatrical symbols by which his vision may be interpreted for the popular understanding. By the time the encounter is suspended, if the dramatist's purpose be true, the purpose of art, he will have resisted with much stubbornness any undue emphasis or materialization of his particular form of symbolism, which is of necessity super-imposed upon the literary symbolism which has been used during the process of artistic creation, the symbolism of words.

In the fact that for the full satisfaction of his creative impulse the dramatist must descend to that encounter in the playhouse, lies the difference between the drama and all other forms of art except music. In poetry or painting the symbolism ends with the last stroke of the pen or brush; the audience is only a human detail. Often the poet or the painter has no audience at all, yet he goes on writing verses or making pictures. One admits, of course, that the great music-composer whom we personally prefer to regard as the greatest composer who has ever lived might conceivably be claimed as a candidate for the title had his compositions never been played at all. Whichever of the great dramatists we prefer personally to believe is the greatest dramatist who has ever lived might still be claimed as a candidate for the title

had his dramas never been acted. Great drama, as a host of authorities have informed us, is great drama whether it is acted or not; it speaks, they say, with the same voice in solitude as in crowds. One admits this, and yet, with all diffidence, qualifies it. The dramatist has every right, if he so wishes, to regard the audience as a human detail, not as an artistic detail. He has every right, if he wishes, to rely upon the effect which a reading of his drama has upon the imagination of the average cultured man. By doing so he avoids the heat and compromise that inevitably take place whenever a representation is given on the stage. The aristocracy of emotion, intellect, and imagination remains, in his case, uncompromised. And yet by standing aloof the dramatist is in peril of being likened to a hoarder of his loose jewel who misses the substantial and appropriate setting which might fittingly have brought out its radiance.

It is possible that in the history of the theatre there have been periods when no setting would be worthy of the jewel, when no encounter was tolerable. But if the drama is created during, say, the period one fervently trusts we are now about to enter upon, the dramatist must choose between the most strikingly obvious alternatives. Either he will place his faith in the vagrant imagination which the average cultured reader brings to his printed text, or he will place it in the combined theatrical imaginations of those whose idealism made possible the International Theatre Exhibition of 1922—of Mr. Gordon Craig and M. Adolphe Appia, Madame Eleanora Duse and, perhaps, Sir John Martin Harvey, *plus* all the other workers in the playhouse operating in combination upon that particular dramatic creation as a theatrical production. If, believing that the drama is independent of the theatre, he relies entirely on the reader of the printed text, he is to be envied for the possession of an æsthetic nature so easily satisfied. Certainly he is finding his satisfaction in a far readier fashion than was his great forerunner, William Shakespeare. For Shakespeare was wont to rely upon the combined theatrical imaginations of his day more than seems to have been acknowledged. The variations of text in the different folios tempt one to believe (however little one's belief may be based on actual fact) that in Shakespeare's lodgings—dare we say?—above

the French hairdresser's shop at the corner of Silver Street and Mountjoy Street in London city (while, incidentally, confronting him whenever he lifted his eyes from the manuscript was a churchyard of which a corner still exists), the man from Stratford made the first drafts, the first drafts only, of the plays written between 1598 and 1604. A careful reading of the plays, as modernist commentators are now emphasizing, leads to the conviction that their completion was not reached while Shakespeare remained in his study.

We see him issuing forth, the manuscript in his possession, from Christopher Mountjoy's shop, winding his way along the tortuous byways into Cheapside. We see him crossing that historic thoroughfare in the direction of the river, and, avoiding for once the Mermaid Tavern, which is directly in his path, eventually arriving at one of the Thames-side wharves. We see him chartering a boat to the Globe Theatre on Bankside, opposite to his starting-place. We see him in the company of the manager of the theatre and the actors. Being men of much native excellence, especially at improvization (someone has well said that they were the predecessors of our own best music-hall comedians), these people of the Elizabethan stage add and subtract, at rehearsal and during performances, until the play has grown to something like reasonable perfection. Then, finally, we see Shakespeare receiving the manuscript back into his own charge, with its corrections, additions, and cuts, made (as we might find if only we could do what several centuries of people have vainly sighed for—that is, get a peep at them) in several handwritings. And, once again returning to the solitude of his lodgings opposite St. Olave's churchyard, he polishes and repolishes the text until the whole play reads as we have it in the early folios to this day.

II

Thus, alongside our dramatist who, by writing merely for the reader, is content to remain above the battle of the theatre, we are able to set at least one considerable dramatist who did not seek to avoid the rough-and-ready encounter with the democracy that is the audience of a normal intelligence, an average, half-

developed sensibility. And Shakespeare, admittedly, was a giant among the nobility of emotion, intellect, and imagination. If we were to pursue an investigation among other dramatists of unchallengeable worth, we would most likely find that they were generally of the same mind as he. They entered the theatrical arena zestfully, on every possible occasion. And whenever such a dramatist has evoked from his audience a fitting and noble reaction, he has achieved the greatest triumph to which he can aspire. For when the drama triumphs, a masterpiece like *Hamlet* comes to life. The triumph may be said to have something of compromise in it, if for an aristocracy to acknowledge that the democracy has any rights whatsoever is a compromise! But the triumphant dramatist's compromise is always on the honorable side. His dramatic vision is not cheapened, the expression of that vision is adapted as slightly as needs be to produce an exalted response from the democracy. The dramatist has resisted with much stubbornness what in the theatre might be an undue emphasis on the additional symbolism invented to convey his meaning. He has prevented any belittlement or misinterpretation of his purpose at the hands of others.

But there are times, one may say many, many times, when the dramatist does not triumph. There is a kind of compromise in which the dramatic vision is cheapened, a compromise which results in a play of the type of, say, Herr Sudermann's. When the encounter ends in the actual defeat of the dramatist, with democracy merely exhibiting itself as an applauding, gesticulating mob, encouraged and abetted by a gang of shoddy-minded craftsmen, the result is *The Way of an Eagle* or *The Sign of the Cross*.

The International Theatre Exhibition is a declaration by theatrical craftsmen of many lands that there is no longer any necessity during the great encounter for the humiliation of the aristocratic spirit of drama, nor for the descent to shoddy-mindedness of the servants in the playhouse, no necessity for any degradation of the audience. Give into our care the workings of the playhouse, they have said in effect, and we guarantee that the encounter between the aristocracy of the dramatist and the democracy of his audience shall be ennobled: that is, the lofty

vision of the creator of drama shall be preserved in all its power and splendour, and the reaction of the people with whom the dramatist finds in the playhouse his common meeting-ground a reaction at its most exalted. So convincing did this declaration, this promise of a living theatre sound when it was made in Amsterdam in January 1922, so convincing did it sound when made in London six months afterwards, that one's emotion at hearing it was of entire disbelief that the theatre as it has been known in the recent past was ever in existence at all! A foolish and irrational emotion, indeed: especially as the theatre in which both the aristocracy and democracy are forever being humiliated and degraded in one way or another is persisting, if hardly anywhere is it thriving. Brazenly persisting, we might well describe it, in face of the magnificent mass attack now being made under the generalship of Mr. Gordon Craig. For at this actual moment somewhere or other up-country (most likely in the principal theatre of an ambitious town), *Peggy—the Next-Worst-Thing* is being performed, and Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and Ibsen are not.

Or there is some dismal play in three slices of actual life. Slice one, measuring forty minutes exactly, problem stated, with real imitation roses on trellises to match; slice two, measuring forty minutes exactly, problem complicated, the setting being conspicuous with a real imitation door on which you may see the actual graining of the timber, and which opens and closes emphatically better than the doors in most houses; slice three, measuring forty minutes exactly, with a real imitation moon lighting up in the backcloth as chaste, beautiful emphasis just when the characters are successfully proving to the audience that human existence is quite worthless, that human beings are truly and entirely vile—problem solved. . . . !

If by chance a play with artistic pretensions is being performed at some commercial theatre, the acting-manager, with the same bland impertinence that he possessed long since, in the days when Mr. Bernard Shaw overheard him and told *The Saturday Review* readers about it, is whispering to a member of the cast who has been cursed with a conscience: "Get the long speeches over as fast as possible, old chap."

III

The present condition of the theatre has evolved out of a particular way of life. The encounter between the creator, thinking of himself, and the interpreter (as we might roughly classify any of those concerned in a theatrical production outside the dramatist himself), thinking from all standpoints except that of the creator, has become woefully one-sided, with the advantage on the side of the interpreter, who has pursued it to the limit. The theatre-goer is suffering from an overdose of materialism, far removed from reality in the æsthetic sense. That materialism has come as a consequence of the almost complete commercializing of the theatre, probably hastened, though not caused, by the fact that the majority of New York and London playhouses fell among theatre magnates and monopolists during the war, and so far no Good Samaritan has had the power to rescue them. The magnates and monopolists are commercial syndicates and nothing else, so that, as Mr. William Poel has stated in his brochure, *What is Wrong with the Stage?* the ultimate decision on what plays should be produced is determined, not as on the Continent, by men of the theatre, but by members of Wall Street and the London Stock Exchange. The facilities for raising money for plays of artistic merit have, on the other hand, been practically non-existent. Simply because members of the Stock Exchanges, *as* members of the Stock Exchanges, stand in relation to artistic drama exactly as a certain tourist in the Mediterranean stood in relation to beauty when, chafing that the steamer had slowed down almost to a standstill for one reason or another, a fellow-passenger suggested that there might be compensation for the delay in the beautiful scenery. "Hang it, sir, what have I to do with beauty!" was the tourist's angry retort: and his fellow-passenger frankly admitted, after looking him up and down, that he hadn't much. "Hang it sir, what have I to do with the artistic drama!" the speculator exclaims, and, incredible though it may seem, the plays which have been produced on our stage of recent years are sometimes not even read by those who find the money for their performance. The name of a popular, house-filling actor or actress, the nature of the particular sensation,

bedroom or otherwise, to be exploited during the play—these are the entire surety the theatre speculator has required.

The commercial producer did not quite realize, however, what a task lay before him as a purveyor of actualism on the stage. It is an insidious form of dope, and the public have sought ever bigger doses, bigger thrills. Everyday life itself has already glutted the public appetite for most of the familiar sensations, so that a race began on the part of the producer to keep ahead of everyday life. And even as he imagines he is keeping ahead he is steadily falling behind; at last, swiftly, surely, the public are turning impatiently away from the commercialized theatre.

Is it not significant that the most genuine success the London stage has experienced in recent years is that of *The Beggar's Opera?* Not for a long time has there been such an emphatic harking-back to quietness, simplicity, and undiluted fancy. The setting of *The Beggar's Opera* is the apotheosis, surely, of the late Claud Lovat Fraser's enterprise, suffused with the light that never was on land or sea.

IV

That the dramatist himself should have been influenced in a direct manner by the commercializing of the English stage, by the degeneration into extreme actualism (both of which are unfriendly to art at any time or in any phase), is a matter for no surprise. He would not be human were it otherwise, and he has followed one of two courses. Angered and smarting from a sense of the sordidness of the whole concern, he has written his play with every other aspect subordinated to that of its intellectual appeal—for curiously enough, there is an audience for the intellectual play before there is one for the imaginative play—or he has written cynically, for money. Only here and there can we find the dramatist who has persisted in expressing his aristocracy of emotion and imagination in addition to that of intellect, his æsthetic vision: and there has been no place for him on the stage since the war. On him, none the less, must be concentrated our hope for the future so far as the aristocracy of the theatre is concerned. It is not unreasonable to assume that he is as frequently

to be found, if we search in the right quarter for him, as he has been in any previous decade. Possibly he will be working in some remote part of the land, lacking only the experience that the encounter in the playhouse would give him, an experience resulting in an adequate stage technique.

The work of such men is already being produced under private or semi-private conditions in London and the English provinces. Mr. William Poel's students and Mr. John Masefield's "Village Players" have done much in the way of encouragement, and the Norwich Players, the Unnamed Society of Manchester, and the Stockport Garrick Society are other institutions with a similar purpose, whose activities one hears about and follows with unqualified admiration. That the majority are situated outside the capital is itself a good augury: decentralization, the breaking-down of the West London monopoly, would have a sociological basis. There is no reason at all why every city street and every village should not have a group of players, producing only the best drama in the humblest manner, for love of the drama and the theatre alone. Here would the young dramatist learn his craft most readily, although too much importance must not be attached to such institutions as giving birth to young genius. The failure of the "Little Theatre" of America in this regard is before us; an extraordinary enthusiasm in and out of these "little theatres" has coincided with an extraordinary dearth of distinctive new work.

V

Anxious attention has been given for long enough to the development of what is the equivalent in the professional theatre of the private or semi-private societies just referred to. Very fluctuating, so far, have been the fortunes of what may roughly be defined as a group of theatres where the system prevails of retaining a stock company of actors, so that artistic plays may be produced irrespective of financial or commercial considerations. It would seem that an attitude of unprejudiced meliorism is about the wisest course we can adopt with regard to the system at present. The interest and support of idealists generally might well be drawn to the movement because of its essential differ-

ence from the ordinary commercial theatre. It is, indeed, the "uncommercial" theatre in practice, existing not by the investment of returnable money, but by virtue of the funds which, given as subscriptions or donations, are, unless something marvellous happens, gone forever.

Only when the theatre is linked up in every phase with some movement whose fundamental principle is production for communal use, will come anything approximating to real freedom for its artists and craftsmen. It is because these repertory theatres, established though they are on a basis of shareholding, are not liable to render unto the capitalist the things which are usually the only concern of capital, that so many people have come to base on the repertory movement so much hope for dramatic art. The possibilities are unique as well as obvious. So different are these possibilities from those of the ordinary theatre that if they end in success they may lead to that best theatre of all—the properly governed, properly worked municipal theatre, which is the real hope for theatrical craftsmen of enterprise and ideals, especially those whose work is represented in the already mentioned Theatre Exhibition. And if they end in failure they are not just an ordinary, isolated failure. They may, indeed, easily be tragedy.

Hitherto the tragedy, where it has taken place, has been that of well-meaning. Sincerity and earnestness are so apparent in the undertakings of the ordinary repertory house as to be unquestioned. The fault is that the organizers do not sufficiently keep in mind that the qualities of sincerity and earnestness are only a part of the battle for art. The principle of all worthy effort in the theatre must be an artistic principle exclusively. But there has been too much attempt to give the public what is considered good for it rather than what the public wants. The consequences are either that the repertory theatre has become a place for the gathering of what are unfairly and contemptuously referred to as "high-brows", or it has drifted into that situation from which every other art or phase of art has long since been extricated—it has become a place of propaganda. To such an extreme in certain cases has the promoters' fervor led them that the productions are not merely plays with a moral:

in a complete and overwhelming way they are morals with a play in them!

It is a question if any play in which art is subservient to other motives has been at all effective in the purpose for which it was written or produced. A time may come when the people—these organizations all claim to be for the "people"—will bring their whole mental and spiritual equipment with them into the theatre: thus far they only bring a rather impoverished emotional quality. The emotional drama and the drama of ideas alike are therefore able to send only a limited appeal across the footlights, an appeal lacking too many of the qualities with which the propagandist ought to work if he would make any really lasting or worthy impression. There can be, for example, no particular achievement in persuading an audience to applaud an out-of-work who lies in his garret-bed and flings defiance at capitalism, as Mr. Galsworthy persuades it during *The Silver Box*, or to hiss an aristocrat when he reproaches the heroine for being a washerwoman, as we are told has been done in Paris during the performance of *Madame Sans-Gêne*. But it is a definite triumph for an audience to depart exalted in heart, and with mind re-vitalized from an atmosphere of imaginative beauty that has a purpose neither specifically "moral" nor of empty amusement.

The irony of the position is that the bibulously cheerful indecencies of the thoroughgoing commercial theatres of London are often much nearer in their relationship to a genuinely artistic theatre than are the dismal ethics of the propagandist and lofty-browed theorist who would usurp the proper function of the drama without a scruple. "Perhaps we are too altruistic to be artistic," said Oscar Wilde; perhaps we are too little of either to appreciate the altruism of art.

VI

Towards suggestion and poetic reality, and away from actuality and *factuality:* this, must be the general tendency of the theatre with which the idealist has any concern. Why the ambition of the scenic artist and producer should ever have been directed in the past towards naturalistic settings, towards the

literal reproduction of everyday existence, is difficult to explain. For the actual action and dialogue of even the most "real" play have never, for their part, had the remotest resemblance to everyday existence. In this sense Mr. Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, for example, is not more actualistic than *Macbeth*. The scenes in which the young officer steals the money of a fellow-guest at a country house and meets with the tragic consequences are the carefully selected, concentrated and heightened essence of Mr. Galsworthy's knowledge of life, and could no more take place in the haphazard of actual existence than would a barbarous Scottish king carry on a conversation with his wife at the supper table in blank verse.

It is a commonplace of the other arts that all facts are drawn upon during the process of creation without any fact being retained as a fact, the reality having been perceived behind the appearance rather than the reality *in* the appearance. Why should the dramatist be expected to abrogate this elemental right of the artist? Why should the interpreter, the theatrical craftsman, be permitted to neutralize the dramatist's symbolistic methods by treating the mere appearance as reality itself, by making concrete objects of what the dramatist wishes to retain, as far as possible, as suggestive symbols? Life, as presented by the creative artist, possesses an essential unity, and the dramatist, being a creative artist, attempts to preserve this essential unity; but the inferior artist, the mere interpreter, who is not creative in any true sense, seems to be dissatisfied if he has not destroyed that unity. Symbols can never be effectively materialized. The theatrical craftsmen who have enlisted under the banner of Mr. Gordon Craig or M. Adolphe Appia or any of the pioneering æstheticians in the modern theatre would seem to stand or fall by their gift of super-symbolizing rather than materializing the symbols of the dramatist. Their success is assured if they are able to evoke what Mr. Rutherston has called a "decorative suggestion" which does not disavow relationship with the actor and the audience, giving a sense of the tragic or the gay, of breadth, height, space, depth, or the reverse, by means of contrast and implication and not by any attempt at imitation. The vital consequence would be that the dramatist's vision is thereby pre-

served, living and lovely in spite of the encounter at the theatre, and creating a life of loveliness that becomes a part of its own.

The cry of "impracticability" which has already been raised against men like Craig and Appia must, in face of the irresistible argument for symbolism against actualism, lose any significance which might have been given to it by the standing of those who have raised it. "I think," states Mr. Craig to the present writer, "that out of more than two hundred designs I have no more than thirty which I could not carry out on the existing stage." Stanislawsky, Wyspiansky, Craig, Reinhardt—all the great producers except Appia and Bakst—are trained actors who have acted, stage-managers who have practised. Wyspiansky and Craig have been writers on the theatre and also done dramatic work themselves; and they, with Appia and Bakst are all practising designers for the theatre. Thus, even if we take the trouble to meet the objection on its own plane, we will not fail to show that in considering the idealists of the modern theatre during our survey of its prospects we are not dealing with impossibilists, but with practical men.

Such gifts as Mr. Craig, M. Appia and M. Bakst and half a dozen others have brought to the great plays which have drawn from them an æsthetic response—such gifts are not insignificant ones. They have crystallized the glory of drama: they have taken so many loose jewels and given them the substantial and appropriate settings (to paraphrase an illustration used by George Jean Nathan in his valuable book on *The Critic and the Drama*) which have fittingly brought out their radiance. In this, already an inspiring fact of contemporary theatrical history, resides the greater hope of a living theatre in our own time. By such a hope is cancelled the half of those fears which were increased to a mountain's height while the "practical" man, so called, were in possession of the playhouse with no better warranty than that their first cousins were operating in Wall Street, members of the Stock Exchange.

THOMAS MOULT.

MIDDAY PAUSE

BY MURIEL HARRIS

It is not only in the cathedral towns of France that high noon has its celebrants. But it is there perhaps that the midday quiet, which in big towns and villages alike is almost a rite, makes itself most felt. For centuries the wheels of the heavy wooden carts have ceased their rumbling over the cobbles; the little shop retires from its cream cheeses and Brussels sprouts into the recess behind; a rusty black figure ceases its labors at midday and steals into the great cathedral to kneel for a few moments on the stone pavement, coloured by the sunlight through the jewelled, thirteenth-century glass. Even the black cat composes itself anew upon a window-sill which dates back to St. Louis, as generations of black cats have composed themselves before in its sunny corners. The world is asleep—no, not asleep, merely celebrating high noon, just as other countries celebrate the dewy morn or the return from the plough, the classic movements of mankind.

And this is the habit of perhaps the most hard-working race in the world, to cease deliberately for two hours in the middle of the day from all work, in the interests of—well—food, perhaps sleep, perhaps the *petit verre* in the *café*, a game of draughts or the click of the billiard ball; certainly of much conversation, the high price of living, taxation, whether potatoes will keep this winter or whether it is safe to buy them only in small quantities, whether the price of wine will go still lower, how those countries can really exist where no wine is— but *really* no wine; this last accompanied by a wink or a finger laid flat upon the nose. For when your Frenchman disbelieves, he likes to make quite sure that you register his disbelief, that you recognize him to be as knowing as he would like to be. It is two hours of nothing in particular and everything in general; two hours of relaxation from the drill of life; two hours which, taken at high noon, make inroads on the morning sleep, the evening leisure, prevent the sharp differentia-

tion of work and play; express, in fact, a philosophy quite other than that generally recognized by the Anglo-Saxon nations.

It is perhaps this sharp differentiation between work and play which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon from the Latin nations. The Anglo-Saxon works because he has to; because he wants to get somewhere; because he hopes that some day he may not have to work; because he may make a great deal of money by means of which he may do other things than work; may have power, possessions; sometimes indeed because he enjoys the sheer piling up of money, the movement, the prestige, the thrills—for again he may always lose it. And thus when he works he has little time for anything else; he cannot linger by the wayside to pick a flower and savor the joy, not of making but of being. And, as times change, he does this faster and faster until all his joy is in incessant movement and he looks back to the slow centuries and wonders how anybody before him ever existed at all. In all his work there is the ulterior motive, another reason than that of the work itself. He calls it money very often, and here again is the curious paradox that in actual fact he is not really as fond of money as is the Frenchman, who makes it sou by sou, who would rather save one sou than spend two in order to make four, who works long hours for sous and accumulates them with affectionate pains and trouble in order to hand them on to his children, who in their turn will also work for sous. And yet the Frenchman stays to celebrate high noon, while the Anglo-Saxon presses on to finish his work and have done with it once for all.

For the Frenchman looks on work as part of life, not as a disagreeable part of the day which must be got over with the greatest dispatch, in order to enjoy a part which is not disagreeable. Work and play; play and work; he does not divide them into two water-tight compartments, into a mutual antagonism; does not adopt a manner for one and a manner for the other; does not take up an attitude in the one, in order the better to relax in the other. The little shops which have always closed at high noon in peace or war, under autocracies and under republics, disregarding both as not being of the real things of life, which throw their handkerchiefs over their faces and pretend that they are dozing and must by no means be awakened, are not really asleep at all.

Far from it. They have been living all the morning with their neighbours, have discussed the events of the day, the habits of households, the illness of the children, have stopped in the middle of weighing out the beans or the potatoes or the quarter of a pound of ham to make a bag of newspaper—for good paper must never be wasted; have made out problematical accounts on odd corners of these bags, which nobody can possibly read but themselves but which nevertheless are sharply checked by good housekeepers who, whether they can read or not, were born knowing how to count sous.

But at high noon they begin to live for themselves. Father and mother and little Ninette, who have all been working in the little shop, very often getting in each other's way, now spiritually come together. They congratulate each other on a good morning's work; complain of the woman who always *will* handle the cooked artichokes and then go away without buying them, of the woman who always declares that the eggs are stale and tries to get them taken back, when it is well known that she did not buy them there at all. At high noon they can live that secular family life which has been lived by their fathers and their grandfathers, expand over the soup, grow confidential over the omelette, and by the time the coffee is reached have achieved a stage of well-being which not all the theorists and physicians and mental healers and optimists and sectarians can produce in a month of Sundays. And then to work again till eight o'clock or more, while Marcel, tucked up in a corner of the shop, does his homework, clad in his black pinafore, and Ninette fits in stenography in the intervals of selling yard-long loaves, or Madame X. calls for her cooked veal, pays her five sous and bears it sizzling in a cloth down the street for dinner. And then to bed and early rising and so round to high noon again.

High noon is old—old as human beings. The little shops have always been there—there when the faithful, chanting, tugged the great blocks of stone to build the cathedral for the greater glory of God; there while the workmen reset the jewelled glass, carried away for safety during the Great War. Generations of children have come home at high noon, twittering like so many blackbirds. There are the creamery and the grocery and

the oilshop and the butcher, with their goods displayed on the pavement as well as in the shop, and the coalman with his shop painted to represent neatly cut logs of wood and his insistence on your buying coal now or the price will surely go up. And the gay awnings shade the shops, and the neighbors know each other to a hair, and their children have always gone to school together and will remain together in town or village, unless perchance they take the plunge and marry elsewhere. The parents have worked from eight to eight and collected sous, and the children, brought up with the same intensive frugality, collect sous too and keep them with the same tenacity, and the curé has christened and confirmed them and they have made their first communion together and slandered each other and been jealous and still stayed on next door because there is no reason why they shouldn't. And within the frame of this stability, there has been time—time for everything, time amid hard toil to agree upon the quietude of noon, to concentrate on superlative cooking, to think, to philosophize. The ready wits of the French people of whatever kind have not their roots in a rush, in a sustained effort to get something over which is tiresome and takes a lot of time. The philosophy, even the excellent diction found in surprising places, is not the result of work or of play, but of a whole, complete mode of life, which contemplates them both alike and makes of both together a little cosmos.

For just as the Frenchman is an artist at his dinner, so he makes the worst parcels in the world just because he is an artist and cannot conform to regulation standards. His work is hard, but he actually likes it hard—carries it so far as to do it in the hardest way, even to make work. Not for him are modern conveniences and contrivances; not for him are gas and telephone and electricity and washing-machines. He likes the labour of his hands; would rather contrive a charcoal fire than turn a tap. Nor is this merely an affair of provincials. In the great towns, in Paris itself, where the banks and other institutions close at high noon and there are four tides daily on the subways and busses, there is the same hard and leisured work. If you want a banking account, you apply in due time for a cheque-book, and are asked to call for it a few days later. No, it will not take you too

much time; it is not the custom, either, to send it by post; some time, when you are enjoying a pleasant promenade along the boulevards, you will think of your cheque-book and then you will call for it and finally, with due formality, it will be placed in your hands. The getting of money by its means is another matter. Here come in interesting *formulæ* concerning your genealogy, your status, your bank number and anything else that adds to the interest of the transaction. You do not go to the bank, even, merely to draw out or pay in money. You go as part of a philosophy, neither after twelve, nor before two. It is almost a rite as you sit on a backless bench and wait until your number is called. And you go away feeling that money is a privilege, a responsibility, almost as though you had been to church.

And if you have anything to do with the police—and they are your official confidants—there is nothing that they cannot turn up after due deliberation concerning you and your papa and mamma, and with all solemnity and circumstance these interesting details are copied out five times by hand—no typewriter shall desecrate them—and then the stamp is set and you have the feeling that it is just and right to go. Even washing-day has its own particular rites and celebrations, and there are preparations and considerations and anxieties and at the end the eternal question "Is it *bien blanc?*" and of course it is or your washerwoman would break her heart. Labour is not merely labour; in every case, in town or village, it has its attendant ceremony, its regalia, almost. With pleasure the care and concentration are the same. The Frenchman works hard for his pleasure, although he takes it lightly. There are his clothes; there is his kitchen, for he never neglects his food; there are the little gala touches—the coffee, the liqueur. And while he will wait for hours in order to go second class in an omnibus rather than pay the extra first, yet he will never stint in the touches which for him signify ceremony, the taking of Madame into a café to sip a sirop, the hat of Madame, even the small choker of Mademoiselle. Pleasure indeed is perhaps the most serious occupation of all.

For the Frenchman has a sense of the proportion of things. He knows their values, and whether they be the same values as

yours or mine is beside the point. While his work is important, so also is his play. Neither is at the expense of the other; rather are they complements one of another, both to be savoured slowly and enjoyed. Perhaps it is because he is so many centuries old that he has so little of the "getting-on" instinct in the Anglo-Saxon sense. If he wants to collect sous, he does not burn to change his station. On the contrary, he is more often wedded to the spot, the conditions of which have made his life. One French village may know nothing of the next, but it knows every inch of the ground, just how many dozen linen sheets its neighbors possess, knows every relationship and inter-relationship, and this attachment to a locality, this concentrated form of patriotism, gives the Frenchman special characteristics, which come out in his face, his gesture, which make of him a very complete individual, far less dependent upon mob tendencies than any other nation.

To the foreigner the Frenchman often seems like a character in a play. He has a pronounced make-up, he says a witty thing a minute, he has the knack of being a type. Probably his ambitions centre in the well-being of his family, on his inheritance, on the possession some day of a little *proprieté* with a horrible little villa in excruciating taste which will represent to him the apotheosis of his material and spiritual welfare. Instead of being thus part of a mass, he is a unit, distinctive, clear-cut as a crystal, having clear-cut likes and dislikes and opinions, witty, but also comic, by reason of his definition and the naturalness of his self-expression. As you travel from country to country and newly catch the type of each nationality, you will find the Frenchman perhaps the least enslaved by type, while being the most typical.

High noon is observed in Germany today, because of economic conditions, to save personnel, because shopkeepers don't really want to sell goods which are so much more valuable than any money. In England the smaller shops are taking on the habit of shutting for the midday dinner, but that again is not the custom of the country. It has come in since the war. In both countries the tendency is for hours to be shorter and for the worker to "escape" from his work rather earlier than later. There is

a movement in France to introduce what is called the English day; that is, the day which forgoes the noontide pause and allows the factory-workers to finish up their work once for all and get back to their homes. If it succeeds, it will probably be confined to the factories alone, where life, even in France, tends to systematize the individual out of his individuality.

For the Frenchman has discovered how to live and let live. It is true that he lives within a circumscription of place and time which larger and newer countries would find irksome. But he on his side would find irksome the village of the New World, which is never there any more because it has either faded out of existence or become the important town it always meant to be. He would find that the swift changes of occupation, of place, of friends, of home—the becoming, in short, instead of the being—were so many interruptions to his real inward life. His real life is in doing and conducting things,—whether he is selling wine or bad matches or postage stamps, or whether he is discussing or bragging in his café,—not in changing them, or in spiritual earthquakes, whereby he obtains a superficial view of a great many things. He is not so much interested in selling as in the way of doing it, in the demeanour and circumstances of his neighbours, and not only in the actual facts of their existence but in what they think and how they think it. And the midday pause, in the full tide of affairs, lends itself to this inner life in which the gesture counts and the phrase, in which the stout, broad waistcoated Frenchman, who lives in a little shop most of his time and the rest of his time behind the little shop, has a grace, a humanity, denied to his more practical brethren. It implies control, the ability to stop, a sense of direction. It is the envisaging of life from more than the one side, an acknowledgment that man is human, however little he wants as a rule to admit it. Probably the arrangement is thoroughly uneconomic; France is uneconomic. Probably it is thoroughly illogical; the logical Frenchman is a hopeless muddler who can't manage a crowd, can't organize a meeting, and hasn't yet learnt how to direct traffic. But it does leave time for the things-that-don't-matter, which are the things that matter most of all. It does leave time for the apprecia-

tions. It conserves the aroma of the past with which to scent the actualities of the present; and that charm of the French people, which friends and enemies alike have to acknowledge, the charm of the little town and big town alike, the liberal atmosphere and tolerance of general principles and little details by an essentially conservative people, is not the result of a chance. It is the result of the recognition of the needs of the body and the spirit together. At noon the Frenchman is not worn out by his day's work. He is not too stupid, too sleepy, too much wrapt up in routine ever to be able to think of other things. Moreover he takes naturally and in the ordinary course of events those things for which the Anglo-Saxon makes special and precise provision. In order to have some outside life beyond his daily vocations, he does not really need to go outside life. In his noontide pause he can stretch himself legitimately if he so desires, and stretching is necessary to us all, even to the black cat on the thirteenth-century window-ledge.

High noon is not for younger nations, with their rushing activities, their overwhelming mountains of material facts. It is a growth through centuries of readjustment, through war and pestilence and religious ecstacy, through generations of pleasures and griefs and countless ledgers of little business transactions which make up the human relationship. It is the thread upon which they are strung, one of the age-long customs which have no beginning. And thus the restraint of it is habitual with the Frenchman and he does not chafe and fret and long to be doing something different. That part of life is taken for granted by him. He pays for it, too. The Human Comedy holds good today in Provincial France, in the heavy weight of habit and custom which this gayest of nations has taken upon itself; perhaps as a counterpoise, perhaps to balance up a quickness of thought beyond the possibilities. The small tyrannies which attend the intensely personal aspect of things are at their highest point. The man who sits in his café and holds forth is also giving his neighbour weapons against himself; the dependence upon the familiar, the reverence for the customary, makes of mistakes a crime, where in younger countries

they would be laudable experiments. Human activity is undoubtedly fettered and some human beings have too much power over other human beings. That is the result of all formalism, of all organizing of life toward a general custom with the consequent avoidance of the friction of individual desire.

It depends upon what you want; whether it be force and experiment without much direction, action just for the joy of action; physical as opposed to mental achievement. In the older countries the facts have been pretty well used up and life is rather a commentary on fact. France is a bible of facts, bound up and treasured and ready for the commentator. And moreover, each fact has so much more meaning in proportion to its own context of other facts. If you want to be free to produce facts, France and its ancient traditions and customs is a tyranny. If you want to be emancipated from facts, then the habitual round, the fixed points, the easy leisureliness of high noon which is not the affair of class or possession, make this emancipation possible. Perhaps you imprison the body to prevent it from interfering with the spirit. Perhaps you conserve a summary of human custom, lest too many human customs should make for friction and mere noise. Whatever it is, the tyrannies, the stationariness, the round of unchanging vocations, do give the Frenchman, all and sundry, a charm and liveliness and, withal, reserve, which are unequaled. He is one of the *hors d'œuvres* of life while other nations are the bread and butter. He knows *how* to do things, which is so very much more difficult than doing them. And so in his benighted country, high noon obtains, and the little shop is shut and he sits expansively in his café under the striped awnings with his blue siphon and his *petit verre* and at least the bottom button of his waistcoat undone, sunning himself in the thought that he is alive in that little fixed spot in the universe which he has spent centuries in reclaiming from the eternal loneliness. And the black cat suns itself.

MURIEL HARRIS.

WHAT IS ART?

BY MATAICHI MIYA

THE thing that looks Art to a person who thinks that it is Art, is Art. There are many ways of looking at it from different angles—those of the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated, the child and the grown-up. Art belongs to everybody who looks for it. There is not a human who does not admire Art. Art and you will be more friendly when you are at peace; when you have no trouble on your mind, no sickness in your family, nothing to worry over, then you can enjoy Art. Then Art will love you and you in turn will love Art.

There are a few who cannot forget Art even for a minute, but they are exceptional.

Art is very wide. Art is not only what you see with your eye, but it is within your mind also. There are many things beside art objects in art galleries. You may find Art almost anywhere, anytime, if you have the eye to see it. In your home good housekeeping is Art; so are harmonious decorations and the arrangement of flowers; so are cooking, eating, sleeping and dressing; so is talking; so are movements and manners—yes, so is love—there is Art in all. You may find a great sculptor in the barber shop, or in a tailor shop. A master hand—that is Art. No matter where we find it.

Think of some of the subjects which from olden days until now artists have painted as expressions of thought, as Degas has been moved to do after seeing the wonderful movements and the grace of dancers. Beautiful flowers, together with butterflies, as by the Sung master Li-Ti. A group of monkeys by Sosen. You may be reminded of Whistler by a bridge in the distance on a misty morning, or a peaceful sunset. You may recall a farmer returning in the dimness of evening, by Millet; or a bright sunset in an open field, by George Inness. Snow, the moon and rain, by Hiroshige. Rocky mountains and pine trees, by Shirkui.

An old beggar, by the illustrious Rembrandt. Lifelike Greek statues, spiritful Gothic figures of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and impressive Buddhistic images of T'ang and Six Dynasties.

There is no end of subjects or of artists, from the days of old until today, giving pleasure to those who admire, and to us all giving the chance to appreciate great artists better when we look at natural things. There are many things done beyond nature or model, which is work done by the power of imagination. For example, *The Thinker*, by Rodin. I do not believe anyone knows what that thinker is thinking. There was a man, I know, who knew all about it, but he is no more in this world.

Yet, there is a still greater quality in Art, in Buddhist art and in Christian art, whether of sculptor or of painter; the artists try to put impressive and worshipable spirits into the objects produced, to help the Buddhistic or the Christian or any other religion by Art; and in doing so, they have also helped Art.

There is no standard form, no original example exists, but ideal after ideal, copy after copy, work after work. Today you have complete forms, but those forms are not original, in Buddhism. Those forms were built by the great priests and artists under the T'ang Dynasty by the order of the Buddhistic power. No one ever saw Buddha or Kuan-yin or Jesus, for portraiture, but the artists built them from imagination of what they looked like—what they should have looked like according to history and tradition and worship. So Buddhist art, or religious art, is spiritual art. Take for example Kano Hogai's *Fudo-myōwō*, a painting formerly in the Fenellosa Collection, now in Japan—what wonderful power of Fudo, how different from others, what a mighty conception, what a great spirit Hogai had for Fudo!

Art knows no twins, has no two alike; one artist cannot paint two pictures exactly the same. One is better than the other. Therefore great Art is a very precious treasure. Do not confuse "valuable" with value, "rarity" with rare, archæology or antiquity with works of art. Price has nothing to do with the value of Art, which is not quantity but quality. The spirit of Art is in simplicity. Simplicity is higher Art than is implied in the words magnificent, gorgeous or wonderful. Simplicity has charm and

delicacy and everlasting thought. Artists paint for the love of Art; many of them sacrifice their lives for the love of Art, as you may recollect; collectors fight in competition and pay for the love of Art. Yet Art has no price. An object at a thousand dollars is cheap, yet a dollar may be too much. In his philosophy of art collecting someone said: "I have regretted my economy; I am happy in my extravagance." What tremendous value Art has!

Do not forget the love of nature that the artist puts into the art object. Great Art pleases you all the time if it is around you, and the art object will remind you of its model and will tell a pleasing story and will refresh your mind; but you must have an eye to see. There are many things which you cannot see, yet Art will draw a picture of them in your mind. Music, or song by human or insect or bird, will give us the inspiration of a picture. Listening to sound, one can dream a picture in his way, and another in another way—each of different sort.

There was a song about a crow. As those who live in the country no doubt know, the crow sings the first thing in the morning, which is very annoying to some people and awakens them. One lover said:

> Kill all the crows in the world, for I want to sleep enough with my love.

Another lover said:

> I would like to sleep enough with my love together with all the crows in the world.

One looked for trouble and the other for peace to satisfy his love.

There is Art in literature, in prose and in poetry. The Japanese poet, Basho, produced a masterpiece: "Old pond—frog jump in—water sound." That means nothing if you are not familiar with it. But the translation of his thought into the picture: A little cottage near the old pond, where the palms grow in the garden of green moss—the stone lantern and the simple gate.

One rainy day in spring, Basho seated himself in front of his desk, looking through a round window toward the pond, and meditated. Suddenly, he heard a sound of splashing water, then he saw a frog swimming, and Basho jumped and in ecstasy he

called out, for there was inspiration and he started his poem. "Old pond—frog jump in—water sound." He composed his poem, unconsciously, dreamlike; what a wonderful inspiration that was. The poem contains seventeen "Hirakana" syllables, according to the Japanese rule of Five-Seven-Five. No artist can illumine a picture so vividly in so few words. It is spiritual art. It is most difficult in Art to inscribe a picture in so few strokes, so few words. A friend told me of a letter from a father to son, which said: "My dear son, I am very busy today so I will write you a long letter."

There are many directions in Art. One cannot appreciate all of wonderful Art. But you can understand and admire some of it, if you love Art. Art belongs to humanity and to the development of human culture. Art belongs to the whole nation, so the art museum is a wonderful gift to the nation, for the benefit of the seeing, and to be well kept for the next generation. Of collectors of Art one collects for his love, another for show, another for making money—and others collect for gifts to the nation. All have good principles, but individual art collectors should not corner the works of an individual artist, or the same kind of things. There are many others who love Art as much as you do.

Are you proud or ashamed to own fifty Rembrandts, or one hundred works of Degas, or a roomful of black hawthorn or peachbloom porcelains, or of Rodin sculptures? Yes, if you are going to give them to the nation then you can be proud; but if you are going to keep them yourself, you should change your mind. We humans cannot live long—as Art is long—but good will with works of Art may persist forever. The individual collector should collect all kinds of Art to be a real art collector.

In Japan and China art collecting is done on a broader scale, and the collection is equal in class. Also, Japan has Art showing and using Art, and also has Art in looking and admiring. A Japanese house is decorated with one painting, and one vase with flowers and few other things; and that is all, in one room. It may look bare, but if you are invited often you see different decorations, according to the season, in assortment and harmony. In a Western home everything is exposed at one time and you know what is in the home the first visit.

The Japanese way of showing Art is admirable because the Japanese select objects according to the taste of the guest and also according to the season. The decoration consists of pictures, flowers, a harmonious selection of dishes and bowls, and choice foods and drinks of tea or sake, Art with nature and nature with Art; you talk about the garden, and talk about Art all the time; Art together with nature. That is the Eastern way; they have plenty of time for admiring Art. Art is very important—next to life. Life without Art is no life. So there is not one who has no taste. They have good or bad, to start with; to cultivate your natural gift or Art is your duty, and it will make your life happier.

And you will be more happy if you are able to create or discover or appreciate a masterpiece through your own knowledge. Who discovers is a great master, also. How can anyone tell that it is a masterpiece? When you see an object and at first glance are hypnotized by the spirit of Art in its workmanship. It takes your breath away. Your expression changes. You are robbed of your soul and spirit. Then in a little while your spirit returns to normal; but you never can forget the great power, and it will stay with your spirit forever. If you have that masterpiece near you and in your sight at all times you are drawn to it more strongly with every look.

So any masterpiece is beyond your expectation, the happening of something which you do not expect in your life. An incident of joy or sorrow which may occur in your life is an accident; this accident happens in Art—that incident of discovering a masterpiece. Ten persons have ten different thoughts. One may love what he likes best; never mind the others. But try always to improve your gift of taste.

"Higher they will rise who strive for the highest."

MATAICHI MIYA.

THE POET IN PAPINI

BY RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS

In the spring of 1904, William James was at Rome attending some philosophical gathering, and wrote to his family with his usual gusto about an afternoon spent with Giovanni Papini and his little band of young Florentine pragmatists (Papini then was only twenty-three); he was astonished and touched to learn that the "very serious philosophic movement" which they were carrying on "with an enthusiasm and also a literary swing and activity that I know nothing of in our own land," was largely inspired by himself. He kept close track thereafter of Papini's writings, and two years later was exclaiming in a letter to his friend and brother-pragmatist, Schiller of Oxford: "Papini is a jewel! To think of that little Dago putting himself ahead of every one of us at a single stride! And what a writer! and what fecundity! and what courage (careless of nicknames, for it is so easy to call him now the Cyrano de Bergerac of philosophy)! and what humor, and what truth!" It is long now since Papini was a pragmatist; he has been several things since then, including now, as it appears, a gospel Christian, but James's characterization of the writer still holds good: "what fecundity, what courage, what humor, what truth!" Only he should have added, "and what ferocity!"

It is painful to an admirer of Papini, who is trying to reproduce and communicate the effect he has left upon one mind, to remember how he affects to despise the art of criticism. "If I have spoken well," he exclaims, "why do you have to come and say it over after me—less well? Why try to make people understand what I have said, instead of kindling your own spirit to outdo and destroy me?" If one sought to remind Papini that after all a bulky share of his own four-and-twenty volumes are works of criticism, he could truly reply that he seeks only to outdo and destroy, and is little concerned with trying to make

the world understand what any other writer means. We are absolved, at any rate, from trying to be fair to Papini, for he bothers his head not at all about being fair to others. In the article, for instance, which he amiably entitles *The Imbecilities of Croce*, he tears out of their context not only single sentences, but half-sentences, tail-ends of sentences, and sets them all alone on a page, with a number attached and surrounded by wide spaces of white paper; and it must be confessed that the famous Neapolitan does not survive this treatment with any great dignity.

The new psychology, whatever its gifts to humanity and to our knowledge of ourselves, has certainly impoverished our speech. It has made us afraid, for example, to use the word genius any more. By explaining away some of the differences between men and disparaging others, it has taught us to believe that genius is a politer synonym for either a lunatic or a cheated lover. Yet the word remains a convenient symbol to describe a certain overflowing kind of nature, which has more of all the human gifts than others have, and has them more intensely; and Papini, irritating, challenging, teasing, provocative, aggravating spirit that he is, whom his elders especially would be glad to ignore or laugh out of court for his bad manners, it is yet difficult not to call a man of genius. It is the only thing we could call him, we may be sure, that he himself would not take offense at.

Papini's story of his inner life he relegates among his works of fiction, and this transparent evasion is probably the only act of his which could ever have been called ingenuous. *Un uomo finito*, a title which its author repents of and repudiates in the closing chapters (as well he might, being then only thirty-one), might have been called *The Making of a Man of Genius*. He has that power of recollecting his own life, for one thing, which Robert Louis Stevenson believed the one indispensable gift of the literary creator. He has the Gargantuan appetite for life and learning, which gave him at the age of ten (when the only library to which he had access was some hundred torn and mismatched volumes tumbled into an old hamper in the garret of his meager home) the simple ambition to know everything—*tutto*—and started him at fifteen upon the enterprise of writing

an encyclopædia which, unlike all the others, should be complete. Then he has the ferocious individualism,—"there was I," he says, "and there was the Universe," antagonists, rivals, and not, as he seems to have felt, unequal,—together with a kind of excess, exaggeration, emphasis, exuberance, which make every human experience more new, more interesting, when it happens to him. Even when he is scolding at life most angrily, he still communicates the sense of life intensely. And he has always, whatever mood or truth masters him at the moment, (and he is, as one writer has said, "the kind of man who will take up a view that appeals to him, give it a full rhetorical working-out, and then, perhaps, forget all about it,") he has always, as Victor Hugo had, and every other genius, the serene security of being right. And he is ever and always an evangelist. When his lust for universality made him as a boy desire *tout simplement* to know everything, he conceived his Encyclopædia (as Dante long ago his *Convivio*) so as to put that knowledge at the disposal of all men; later, when his ambition soared still higher, and he aspired to all moral as well as intellectual superiority, when he set out to be God, to *indiarsi*, in Dante's word, he determined and strove to raise up all men with him, willy-nilly, cauterizing and scarifying as his mission might require; at last, when disenchantment caught him, and he conceived a sudden loathing of human life, he set himself just as diligently to communicate his sickness and nausea to all mankind, to spread in all seriousness the gospel of universal suicide.

An excessive man, but thorough! A man all impatience and irritability, who enjoys his loves less than his hates. His hates are for Benedetto Croce, all professors and academies, the self-styled poetry of Guido Mazzoni, the historical drama, Sem Benelli, and patriotic verse. His loves are less warm. Dante and Leonardo and Michael Angelo he always has a good word for, Carducci nearly always, D'Annunzio seldom; he has a true feeling for the sensitive lyricism of Pascoli; and, lest he be accused, as indeed he accuses D'Annunzio, of being unable to praise any but the dead, and of the dead preferably those who have been so the longest, he speaks with sincere admiration of Panzini and Ardengo Soffici, of Palazzeschi and Guido Gozzano.

It is superfluous to criticise Papini's faults, for he has pointed them out himself first; it is part of that omniscience, which he recognized at the outset to be his province, that he shall be unaware of nothing that we could possibly tell him. So to accuse his want of fairness will be no surprise to him. "There is not an impartial page in this book," he says in the preface to one volume; "These essays are all passionate, partial and subjective," in the preface to another. It would be easy to point out contradictions in his pages, but here again he has forestalled us. I contradict myself? he says in effect with Emerson; very well, I contradict myself. Thus while he is, like Bernard Shaw, a man who frankly revels in being all brain, yet he pretends, at least, to value action above thought, and disparages the Renaissance as a time when the sword gave way to the pen, the builder to the humanist, creative power to the resurrection and imitation of the past. By patronizing the past, he seeks to aggrandize the present, strike off its fetters of tradition, yet he is himself a man of erudition, heavily in debt to the centuries. Of his good qualities he is equally well aware. Two he has whose frequent absence from Italian literature the foreigner must lament,—that irony which plays like an initiated smile just under the surface of French prose, and the rich humane humour of the English essay,—yet before one can set down one's gratitude to Papini for these very gifts, he has taken the words out of one's mouth; in the preface to *Buffonate* he writes that "in a country where humour is not understood, and wit comes at second hand from Paris", he hopes to offer his ideas and problems "clothed with humour *in the English sense*".

But with no wish to argue with him or convict him (which would indeed be rash), it is the poet we are looking for at present, in this man of truculence and erudition. That erudition is not the foe of lyricism, Dante and Leopardi are quick to prove, but can truculence and polemics, insolence and defiance, and shameless exultation over routed adversaries, combine to make a lyric poet? Papini, so free with the history of his mind, conceals the story of his emotions, yet emotion is the very food and flesh of poetry; he likes best to puzzle and shock, not to be divined and loved, yet to write lyric verse is to bare the soul. For Papini to

write it, is for the deadliest of stone-throwers to move into a glass house.

As for style, Papini's prose sounds oftenest like the conversation of a brilliant man in a terrible hurry; he is richly allusive, leaving his pages strewn with the most unexpected and apposite phrases snatched from all the poets, which he never pauses to encircle with quotation marks. But we must not be deceived by the appearance of haste. Papini's intelligence is exquisitely conscious, and he is an artist to the marrow of his bones; depend upon it, though he seem to flash along his road like a shooting star, as luminous and as headlong, every negligent coruscation has been calculated to a nicety of candlepower. He makes bold to condemn over-emphasis in others, but himself speaks nearly always at the top of his voice, with a heaped-up, abounding, overflowing vocabulary which is anything but unemphatic, and frequently not a little coarse. "No delicacy, I warn you, gentlemen," he remarks somewhere, "will ever slip from my pen as it runs across the page." His native woodnote is a wild, triumphant cackle. He can be on occasion as Rabelaisian as a Renaissance Italian or a contemporary Irishman, and the modern muse of criticism, wonted to the polite sobrieties of academic speech, must feel as embarrassed at times by the language Papini puts into her mouth, as the refined patient coming out from under the influence of the anæsthetic, who finds herself uttering words which surprise her. We cannot imagine such a *prosateur* wielding the poet's pen—or any pen. It must be the office typewriter, the one which evidently invented the title of Ardengo Soffici's best-known book (*Bïf§zf+18*), that we hear spitting and clattering away in Papini's deafening staccato.

Yet now and then even in his polemic prose we come upon a page of beautiful eloquence, as when he tenderly champions a misunderstood genius like Nietszche, or an unappreciated one like Alfredo Oriani, or pays a tribute of affection to a dead soldier of letters, like Renato Serra.

The truth is, of course, that the cackle expresses only half of Papini, that the controversialist, the "terrible infant," the peril of the serious-minded, is *doublé* with a poet, and as usual he is beforehand with us in drawing attention to the fact. In *Un*

uomo finito, which he refers to elsewhere as "the most intense and most important of my books" (a phrase he would today reserve, no doubt, for the *Storia di Cristo*), he analyzes himself and his double: "I am at moments a poor sentimentalist, ready to shed tears at the first notes of a Viennese waltz coming from behind closed shutters out of a tortured pianoforte, or a child, overflowing with affection. . . . At others, I become the wild wolf of Hobbes, with fangs eager to bite and tear. . . . I am both lyrical and cynical, a fantastic and a sceptic, a destroyer and a poet."

All of these personages reveal themselves in his prose, especially in the short stories and tales, those imaginative and original inventions in the realm of fantastic psychology, from the lady novelist in *Parole e sangue*, who was fatally constrained to live out in her own person all the vicissitudes of her unhappy heroines, until the death of the last one carried her off, or the man in the *Pilota cieco* who accomplished his suicide by a mere act of will, to the scientist in *Buffonate* who is to rid mankind of its wasteful and ridiculous habit, or rather malady, of sleep.

And there are still several other things to be learned of Papini the poet before we leave his prose. First, we know that for him poetry means the lyric, "that poetry which is absolutely poetic and intimately alive". Even Shakespeare he believes will not long survive our growing distaste for dramatic verse, there is not enough pure lyricism in him to outsoar the puerilities of story-telling. Then, from the balanced arrangement of even his controversial writings, we may deduce an extreme consciousness of form; we have to go back to the *Vita Nuova* to find such symmetry in prose. Having set out upon his polemics with his famous *Four and Twenty Minds*, the studies in the two related volumes, *Stroncature* and *Testimonianze*, must likewise number twenty-four each; *Un uomo finito* is divided into half a hundred papers, grouped into six movements like a monster symphony—*andante*, *appassionato*, *tempestoso*, *solenne*, *lentissimo*, *allegretto*. From the paper in which he flays alive poor Guido Mazzoni, professor and bibliographer, for having ventured to call a volume of his *Poesie*, we learn what poetry must not be; it must not be imitative, derivative, "literary", it dare not be

mediocre, and it must avoid like the pestilence those conventional counters of poetic diction which always appear in couples like tedious pairs of Siamese twins,—the "noble steed", the "starry vault", the "flowery meadow", the "pallid moon",—which were old to the oldest of the Arcadians; while from the one on Soffici we see what Papini would like it to be: "sound, colour, form, mood, a complex reflected image, an immense net of suggestions and reminiscences".

But it is time to look at Papini's own poetry. The volumes he groups under *Lirica* are three: *Opera prima*, which, whatever he may have meant by the title, was far from being his first work; *Cento pagine di poesia* (in prose); and *Giorni di festa*, so-called, as the author explains in a rare moment of goodwill, because poetry, whatever it cost him in labour and pain, is always a *festa* to the poet. These books were all published, and mostly written, in war-time, during "the years of Mars and Tubalcain"; but there is no whir of an airplane's wing to be heard in them, no rumble of a distant drum.

The *Opera prima*, which was not the first of them, consists of exactly twenty lyrics in rhyme, and twenty minute discourses in prose which state a definite theory of poetry. The theory can be reduced almost to one word, the word Papini calls the key to real and vital Futurism as distinguished from mere faddishness, the word "originality". By this he does not mean any easy novelty of subject-matter to be inexpensively achieved by substituting in verse dynamos for waterfalls, a café for a mountain-top, an electric sign for the moon, nor yet the still cheaper novelty of externals, such as anarchy of syntax or eccentricities of print. Such oddities he feels only mask an inward emptiness and nullity, a want of real originality; true liberty achieves power only within limits, like the wild waters of the cascade within the pipes of the hydro-electric plant. The originality Papini desires is one which *conveys a sensibility*, intellectual, moral or emotional, *by means of a renewed poetic vocabulary*. The poet's only subject-matter is the human soul; logic and narration are alike impertinence, the external world enters only as it accompanies, expresses or embellishes a state of mind. Since verse must by its very nature and origin be musical, Papini has no doubt that regular metre helps

to make it so, and rhyme—rhyme, which comes to him, so he says, of itself, and often compels unexpected felicities and novelties of diction. And diction, in a certain sense, is all of poetry.

But since nearly all words have unfortunately been used before, originality of diction becomes almost impossible. The ideal would be that every new poet should have a new language entirely to himself; failing this, he must create one, if not altogether new at least unusual and unworn, and for achieving it Papini lays down a set of rules definite enough to recall the *De Volgari Eloquentia* or the *Deffense et Illustration.* The poet should choose: common words, but taken in a sense that is uncommon; common words rendered almost unrecognizable by unexpected prefixes or suffixes, new words, that is, fabricated out of old elements; obsolete words; and (this would be in accord with De Amicis's *Idioma gentile,* which Croce sought to demolish) words drawn from foreign tongues, dialects geographical and social, slang, and the various jargons of the arts and trades; then he should reverse the present proportion of usual to unusual words, and use as few of the former as possible. If the poetry written on this system is understood by few, that does not signify for Papini, because true poetry, even that composed with the commonest words, is rarely understood by more.

The last sentence of this diminutive treatise, while assuring us that in the twenty lyrics which precede it there is not a word or a phrase without its rigorous meaning, maliciously suggests that the reader turn back to Page 1 and reread the first poem. The foreigner, at any rate, must do so, not once but several times, dictionary in hand; then certain of the poems will reward him by yielding up their mood with beauty, others will remain obscure, awaiting their destined few. Nearly all of them defy translation by reason of their strained vocabulary full of neologisms.

The other two volumes of Papini's *Lirica* seem to have no connection with the twenty small discourses, but to have been written in accordance with a more liberal poetic theory, in accordance, perhaps, with this fine description of the poet's calling, to be found in the much-quoted *Uomo finito:* "In a world where everybody is thinking only of eating and earning, of amusing

himself and giving orders to others, there ought to be every now and then somebody to renew our vision of things, to make us feel the mystery within their banality, the beauty in the ashes, the extraordinary in the ordinary."

In the first place, all but one of these pieces are in prose. Then the vocabulary, like a good uncle in a story-book, is rich but not eccentric, and the subject-matter includes persons and places as well as states of mind. *Giorni di festa* is an assemblage of small meditative paragraphs something on the order of *Trivia;* the *Hundred Pages of Poetry* are frankly personal, about the poet's house, his wife, his children, his tastes. His retreat in the Tuscan hills is described almost in the spirit of the *Santa verde;* like Govoni's poetical solitary, Papini flees the life of towns and the society of men, to take refuge in the country and the companionship of friendly beasts. He sounds almost simple, almost kind. Then he tells us what the creatures are that he prefers to his fellow-Florentines; they are a snake, a frog, and a scorpion, and we catch the *fiorentino spirito bizzaro* flashing his malign smile at us from between the lines, although he does not say a word.

But many of the prose poems in these two books are not at all demonic, and certainly few poems in either prose or verse could more beautifully "reveal the mystery within banality, the extraordinary within the ordinary", than Papini's page of prose which he calls *My River*, and which describes the Arno where it flows through his city of Florence on its way from the Casentino to the islands of Capraia and Gorgona:

To come into town from the country is like shutting oneself up in the house again after a couple of hours in the open air, stirred and freshened by the wind. And indeed the city is like a huge house, crossed and cut through by uncovered corridors, whose ceilings are a little higher than those of the rooms where we eat and sleep, and change their tints at the pleasure of sun and cloud. The whole city is a house, it smells stuffy and reeks tremendously of human life. It is a great encampment, grown old and petrified, a molehill of rocks and bricks wickedly laid upon the deserted free spaces of the fields. Inside it, even the trees, tranquil within their garden-walls and courtyards, seem copied from those we see in the wings of the theatres; the flowers in the city parks which survive the winter have a hardness of form and colour like those painted tin ones which hang upon the gravestones of "excellent fathers snatched from us by cruel illness".

The only bit of natural nature left in the city is the river. To emerge from some dubious alley or elegant avenue upon the Lungarno is like coming out of doors again; one finds a wider stretch of sky and a dark mountain unspotted by white houses. Yet even the river has suffered on its passage through the town. Along its banks of good earth, where the frogs used to snap off the soft purple stems of the daisies, there once flourished grasses and osiers, reeds and poplars. Now they have imprisoned it between two long walls like a wild creature, lest it overflow its banks and frighten the shopkeepers and wet the ladies' skirts. There are no more gulfs or inlets or curves. As long as it is passing through the city, among well-bred worthy folk, the river must keep to a straight path, like a truant boy held fast by his master's iron wrist. And in recompense, we augment its waters by pouring into them all the offscourings from our drains, all the subterranean filth and secret refuse of the town, and at night we kindle lights from one end of it to the other, lest it miss its road in the dark.

Yet despite all these offenses, straitjacketings and soilings, a river is always a river, that water is real water, it comes from the mountains and the heavens and goes towards the sea. In spite of all we can do, this great current . . . which unites across the fearsome dullness of the plain that which is loftiest with that which is deepest, the mountains with the sea, can still give us a sense of freshness, of power, of liberty.

By writing the *Hundred Pages of Poetry*, Papini has delivered a kind of critical judgment upon the *Opera prima*, and for once an unconscious and involuntary one. For if he writes what most poetry-lovers will feel to be better poetry when he is not thinking about his theory, that fact must teach us to give the theory a doubtful welcome.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS.

THE GOOD TASTE OF AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

BY CLARENCE H. GAINES

If in attempting to estimate the work of a critic not especially remarkable for novelty of opinion or for any special parade of susceptibility to literary effects, one finds oneself, like Taine in his chapter upon Dr. Johnson ("the respectable, the unbearable Samuel Johnson") chiefly engaged in trying to discover the cause of his popularity, the reason is doubtless to be found in a certain change that has taken place in the time-spirit since 1884, the publication date of *Obiter Dicta*. This change may be summed up as a decline in the sentiment of reverence toward literature, coincident with an intensification of that skeptical and experimental spirit which literature has absorbed from science. Good taste is no longer a touchstone. The very words are almost unacceptable, like the word *refined* as applied to a lady. How can a generation which has been constrained (by force of genius) to regard Mr. Masefield as a great poet think with Matthew Arnold that taste is a criterion? The scientists first challenged the traditional idea of culture, the realists defied it, and the bold speculators who succeeded them simply tore the tradition to rags and tatters. Is it possible that we who have learned to gibe with Bernard Shaw (a very different thing, by the way, from gibing with Jonathan Swift) and with H. G. Wells to conceive of God as a tired and perplexed old man experimenting with protoplasm in a musty, dusty laboratory—is it possible that we should retain a sentiment of reverence for literature? One would like—how much one would like!—to enjoy in proportionate measure Wells and Thomas Carlyle, Masefield and Cowper. But no, the thing is impossible! Such catholicity implies genius.

All of which must be the apology of a person just old enough to remember the time when the second series of *Obiter Dicta* was a comparatively recent book, for inquiring into the cause of Mr.

Birrell's continued popularity. All things considered, it strikes one as surprising.

The success of this literary essayist, the permanence of his appeal amid the conflicting interests of a much agitated world, are solid facts. One recalls dimly an early impression of (probably) his second collection, as a book of comments exact, witty, un-professorial, yet charmingly authoritative. No wonder the English reading public insisted that Mr. Birrell should continue to write! No other man of letters succeeded in being so delightfully bookish and at the same time so sensible and so easy to read. His first book, anonymously published, was widely and favourably reviewed. "Headmasters of public schools," he tells us, "quoted *Obiter Dicta* in their sermons in the school chapel, and as Jowett's *Life* subsequently revealed, it was read with pleasure in the Master's lodge at Balliol, and attributed to a single lady living at Clifton!" In short, there arose a demand for his writings—a demand gratifying alike in its critical quality and in its very considerable quantity. For nearly forty years, Mr. Birrell has engaged in essay-writing as an avocation, and recently his whole output has been published in three substantial volumes.[1]

After reading through somewhat less than a hundred essays—by no means a tedious task, though they were never meant to be devoured thus summarily and consecutively—one finds an early impression confirmed, with a difference. Mr. Birrell's wit no longer affects one as striking. His stylistic daring seldom goes beyond such a poignant violation of unity as may be illustrated in this sentence: "Pope's life has been described as a succession of petty secrets and third-rate problems, but there seems to be no doubt that it began on May 21st, 1688, in Lombard Street, in the City of London." An allusiveness, apt and inconspicuous enough, adds a charm especially to the earlier essays. "It was not unfitting," he remarks in the essay on Pope, "that so quarrelsome a man should have been the occasion of so much quarrelsomeness in others." Certainly we cannot withhold the title of gentleman and scholar from one who so quietly assumes that we know our Shakespeare! If the purple patches are few,

[1] *The Collected Essays and Addresses of Augustine Birrell.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1923.

there is nevertheless throughout these essays a kind of demure brilliance, closely related to modesty and good sense.

Not least, indeed, among Mr. Birrell's merits is the fact that all his essays are written for people presumed to be interested in literature. No apostle of culture, like Matthew Arnold, no propagandist or sly insinuator of culture, like some of our modern instructors, he makes the gigantic assumption that most of his readers are moderately familiar with the authors of whom he writes! His is not a technical or professional criticism, the criticism of the Universities—an unofficial work of university *extension;* it is not like Addison's criticism, the views of the Town, of a set; it impresses one as the criticism of a wide literary circle, broadened, democratized. And of course it found a welcome, though it makes no concessions to the half-culture of those "who like better to read about an author than to read him".

It may also be counted unto Birrell as a virtue that he refuses to *speculate* beyond what is plainly profitable. Certainly, as regards religious speculations and political speculations and many other sorts of wanderings of thought, one could find great comfort in complete agreement with Mr. Birrell's view—which is essentially the view of Samuel Johnson and of Charles Lamb—that the main things in life are the solidly human things, and that "nothing so much tends to blur moral distinctions and to obliterate plain duties as the free indulgence of speculative habits." If we should concur heartily in all this, should we not also admit that the attitude best in life is also best in literature and in criticism? This indifference to speculation is, however, the real crux of the whole problem involved in the attempt to estimate Mr. Birrell's work as a critic.

As bearing on such an attempt, the fact that the excellencies just noted do not appear, on the whole, to be those most in demand at present, rather thrusts itself upon one's notice. With one side of our natures we appear nowadays to crave an opinionative and highly seasoned criticism. We rejoiced because the editor of Fielding called *Tom Jones* a "buxom book"—all the more "buxom", presumably, because of its sexual amorality—and because the doctrine that "young ravens must have food" is frankly set forth. In this connection what is said in derogation

of Richardson pleases us also. But if a later critic praises Richardson to the skies, this may be equally acceptable, provided he draws a sufficiently striking contrast between Richardson's old-maidish proclivities and his astounding genius! There is a taste, it would seem, for a criticism of extremes. Even Swinburne's amazing tirades have been accepted as "penetrating admirations". Our more modern critics are not less temperamental, if more restrained.

Another side of us seems to crave the professional type of writing about books—the handbooks that tell one "how to know" this author or that: a recent volume essays to popularize the Bible, not for children, but for adults. With both tastes is combined a distaste for whatever is stiff and dogmatic—and common sense is often dogmatic!

Birrell does not give us this sort of thing. Just what is it, then, that he does give us? Analysis finds this question unexpectedly hard to answer. The essays on Cowper, on Charles Lamb, and on Samuel Richardson are deeply understanding and sympathetic—almost profound. These are, perhaps, Birrell's best work. It seems, however, a little disappointing that so sound a critic should have thought of nothing better to say about Lord Chesterfield than that his wisdom is the wisdom of Mr. Worldly Wiseman. Perhaps there is, after all, nothing better to be said about Chesterfield, yet this dictum does not strike one as a discovery. The account of Carlyle, which emphasizes as the "principal marks or notes" of that sage, "mysticism in thought, realism in description, and humour in both," is but an apt and judicious summing-up of the obvious. There are, then, plain limitations. To be frank, Mr. Birrell's literary philosophy sometimes appears shallow. His essay on Emerson is, for example, a curiously inadequate comment. His conception of history as primarily narrative will not satisfy, at any rate, the enthusiastic readers of Mr. Wells's *Outline*. Finally, in his essay on taste, he presents a very humdrum sort of answer to a question deeply implied in his whole system of thought. The fact is that Mr. Birrell has never been a "truth-hunter", and that he has really little affection for the kind. Although he eloquently acknowledges the high claims of those whom he calls "nympho-

lepts of truth", it is really with relief that he shuts them out of his pages and turns to his Johnson, his Lamb, his Richardson, and his Cowper. The result is that while in three or four of his essays he has written what may fairly be called great criticism, he has mainly produced not great criticism but fine criticism.

Modern literary criticism is, at its best, a mode of thought half way between common sense and philosophy. It is semi-scientific, it seeks aid from psychology, it impinges upon ethics at every turn; it in effect preaches a sort of literary gospel. Seeking to interpret life, it is often highly speculative, or at least suggestive of speculations. Its chief defect is perhaps that in striving to join hands with life, it gets too far from literature. But it is performing a necessary function.

Mr. Birrell, however, appeals to a large part of the British and of the American reading public, not because he is modern in the way just defined, but rather because he has certain qualities in common with Samuel Johnson—among which is his non-speculative bent. To us he is far from "unbearable", much more than tolerable—witty, improving, altogether delightful. Emphatically he does not lose his hold on literature when he stretches out his hand to life. Always he is a man of books; this is a large part of his power. When he wrote of Cowper and Richardson and some few others, his sympathy led him to the discovery of fundamental traits. He did not always do so well; but even those essays in which there is no such realization of essentials have high value. The quality that distills from these writings is humanism, decorum, *good taste*. It is this which, when our religion is clouded, our philosophy weak, and our morals out of gear, tells us how to think and feel. Whatever it is, it is of the very essence of our civilization. It is this quality which Mr. Birrell appears to separate from the flux and to stress in all his writings, for *good taste* is his, though he makes a poor job of defining it. After all, one need not define either taste or beauty or good health.

If these things are so, the fact that Mr. Birrell has had and still has a considerable following is of no small significance.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE President defined with admirable clearness his attitude toward the International Court of Justice and, incidentally, toward the League of Nations; with the calm resolution of a deliberate mind. Briefly stated, he was in favour of our entering the one, and as strongly opposed to our entering the other whether, as he pithily expressed it, "by the side door, the back door, or the cellar door." His utterance on the subject had been awaited, we were told, with eagerness, curiosity and speculation, though it would be difficult to give any adequate reason for such feelings toward it, or for surprise at its character. For, truth to tell, one cannot see, logically and morally, how he could have said anything other than he did. He in fact reaffirmed what he had said with vast popular approval nearly three years before. It really did not need his lucid recapitulation—though it was well worth his making—to remind us that there is scarcely a principle in international affairs to which the United States is more firmly committed than that of participation in an international court of justice, or that of not entangling itself in European politics. Both those principles were conceived, formulated, enunciated, and adopted by this nation more than a century and a quarter ago. If anybody in 1923 wishes to reverse the policies of Washington and Jefferson, of Franklin and Hamilton, it obviously is not Warren G. Harding.

The only feature of the international court project which gives pretext—I will not say cause—for uncertainty or controversy is the question of our ability to enter the Court without entangling ourselves with the League, seeing that a certain relationship exists between the two. Such uncertainty is, however, more imaginary or factitious than real. It has been greatly exaggerated by extremists on both sides, who—it is difficult not to suspect,

for ulterior motives—insist that it is impossible to have anything to do with the Court without irretrievably committing ourselves to the League; those on the one side regarding that as a convincing reason for staying out of the Court, and on the other as an equally strong reason for going in. It may not at the beginning have been obvious to the cursory observer just how we were to do the one thing without also doing the other. But those who were unwilling to take the possibility of it on faith, because of the President's unhesitating confidence, can no longer be excused for doubting after reading the authentic and convincing demonstrations of it which have been made by Secretary Hughes and ex-Secretary Root, whose addresses complemented the President's and impregnably established the case for the traditional American policy. It is not for a moment to be believed that the American nation is to be restrained from the course of duty, of honour and of righteousness by the mere figment of a fear. It will not withhold its hand from justice because of the bogy of politics. It is of course for this nation, itself and for itself, to prescribe the method and conditions of its participation in the Court, as it has always determined its own course in all international affairs; and it will do so in the serene confidence that, as hitherto, its prescription will be accepted without demur by the other Powers.

The marriage of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was invested with an exceptional degree of that human nature which makes the whole world kin, and with something more. It was a noteworthy reminder of the radical contrast between royalty in Great Britain and in some other lands; for example, the States of Germany under the monarchical *régime*. In one of the latter such a marriage would have been impossible; it would have had to be morganatic, the wife forever doomed to a rank inferior to her husband's and her children debarred from the succession. In Great Britain, though one of the oldest and proudest monarchies in the world, it was not only possible but also was not even regarded as extraordinary, and it was as complete and valid as though the bride had been of royal blood. Before the wedding a subject and a commoner, instantly after that ceremony she was a "royal highness", standing in direct and close

succession to the throne as the wife of the heir presumptive. The fine tribute to womanhood was obvious, and no less so was the demonstration of the essential unity between sovereign and people. The best American democrats, who justly boast that any native citizen may become President, must appreciate a kingdom in which a subject and commoner may become Queen and the son of a commoner may become King and Emperor.

The movement of the Government for closing certain so-called Sugar Exchanges gave no cause for surprise, and if its grounds for it are proved will be regarded with approval. The gravamen of the accusation is that the concerns in question have not been serving as exchanges in the legitimate sense of the term, that is, places for the conduct and facilitation of trade, but have been too much given to forms of speculation which have caused unwarranted increase in the cost of sugar to the consumers. If that be proved true, the public will be benefited and gratified by the stoppage of such performances. There is a vast difference between trading in and gambling in the necessary supplies of life; and the same supreme principle of public welfare which sanctions government action for the protection of the one prescribes like action for the suppression of the other. The necessary operations of production, transportation and distribution make the food of the people sufficiently expensive without imposing the profits of wanton and sordid gambling. The evil effects of gambling in important commodities were disclosed a few years ago, when "corners" and what not on the Cotton Exchange caused widespread and serious economic disturbances in the foreign countries dependent upon us for their supplies, and moved the governments of several of them to take action upon an extensive scale for the development of their own supplies in their colonial possessions. Thus speculation for speculation's sake—in brief, gambling—not only proved detrimental to the public but also threatened with ruinous loss the very industry that was its subject.

The controversy which has been raging for some time over the writing or rewriting of histories has led to the interesting proposal

that the work shall be performed under the direction of the League of Nations; which contains, if I may so describe it, a spirit of good in a body of evil. There can be no doubt that the history of every important country should be written from a certain international point of view. That is because the history of each country involves to a greater or less degree the history of one or more other countries. The history of America cannot be written without including much of the history of England beginning at least as far back as John Lackland; and it would be absurd to write the history of England without covering for a thousand years much of the history of France. Doubtless there might be much profit in voluntary international conferences or institutes of history; such as one that is soon actually to be held at one of our foremost colleges. But I should gravely doubt if nations would ever accept as authoritative histories of themselves prepared under the direction of an alien body, even an international body. They may appreciate and voluntarily accept histories written by aliens. Lord Charnwood's historical study of Lincoln is probably the best in existence; so is Motley's history of the Netherlands. But that is a very different matter from having histories written to order for us, and by the order not of ourselves but of an alien super-state. Note the practical impossibility of interesting the nations generally in a "universal language". Convenient as such a medium would certainly be, there is not a thought of any nation's adopting one to the abandonment of its own. Note, too, the slow progress of even so eminently practical and desirable a thing as the universal adoption of uniform weights and measures in the metric system. A nation's language is scarcely a more intimate and vital part of its intellectual furniture than its conceptions of history; and while it may and should form those conceptions from a point of view comprising and appreciating other nations, it is likely to insist that that point shall be of its own selection and on its own ground.

It has often been complained that old-fashioned histories were too much written from a military or a dynastic point of view, concerning themselves chiefly with sovereigns and their wars. We have since had histories of peoples, histories of governments,

histories of civilization, histories of intellectual development, histories with an economic interpretation, histories religious, histories industrial, histories sociological, and what not. With due humility, I should like to venture the suggestion that it might not be unprofitable to write some histories from the historical point of view.

The horrors of Herrin and Mer Rouge find hideous sequels in the peonage and chain-gang systems of some States. Florida has recently been much in the spotlight with such deviltries, though it is probably no worse than others. A sheriff is reported to have admitted receiving a bonus from a lumber company for every "convict" that he delivered to it for slavery; though he most virtuously denied that he and the county judge were in a conspiracy to fill contracts for slave labour by getting men drunk, condemning them as disorderly characters, and rushing them to the lumber camps before they had time to get sober. It seems indisputable that members of these convict gangs have actually been flogged to death, as brutally as in the crimes imputed in realistic romance to Simon Legree. The whole business is a damned spot that will not out from American civilization through the mere conviction of a sheriff or a judge here and there, but can be effaced only by abolition of the penal system under which these infamies occur. Lincoln truly said that no man in the world was good enough to own another. It is scarcely less true that no man is safely to be entrusted with such arbitrary and unsupervised control over others as the heads of contract convict camps possess over the hapless wretches who are delivered to them as slaves. It must be that public sentiment in the States where these things occur is revolted against them no less than in the rest of the Union. But there is little virtue in revolt unless it makes itself effective.

Wholly admirable is the act of Mrs. H. P. Davison in founding a number of scholarships for the education of young men from the great English universities at three of the foremost American seats of higher learning; its merit not being lessened by the fact that she is thus executing a design which had been cherished by her

husband before his internationally useful career was closed by death. Affection and honor could wish no better memorial of him. Nor is there any detraction in the circumstance that it is measurably a counterpart of the act of Cecil Rhodes, many years ago; but rather the not too common merit of appreciating a great work and emulating it. What are called exchange professorships have been familiar to us for years, and they have doubtless been useful in promoting better international understanding; though there is fear that in some cases they have been prostituted to the base uses of mischievous propaganda. Far more surely useful, and far more free from suspicion or danger of misuse, are these exchange scholarships. I am inclined to believe that a single American student, spending several years at Oxford or Cambridge, or a single English student spending such time at Harvard, Yale or Princeton, will receive an appreciative impress of the country he thus visits deeper and more valuable for subsequent influence toward international understanding and amity, than the collective impresses received by a thousand students who stay in their own country and listen to the lectures of a visiting professor from abroad.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

LIFE OF CHRIST. By Giovanni Papini. Translated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Extreme simplicity, a superfluity of exposition, overstrained rhetoric, a species of denunciation marked by the excesses of a kind of childish passion that can hardly pass current as "unworldliness", violent figures of speech (the Deluge is called "a baptism of annihilation"), passages of exalted or over-exalted poetry filled with real yearning; now and then an affirmation strikingly clear, candid, and courageous—these are traits that mark Papini's *Life of Christ* as perhaps the most remarkable literary phenomenon of recent years, and as the book, of all recent books, the most difficult to estimate.

What shall one say of a writer who thus alternates flamboyance with naïveté, rhetoric with intuition, fustian with faith? Papini writes:

> Who will refuse to be like God? *Dii éstis.* Divinity is in us; animality hampers and constricts it, stunting our growth. Who would not wish to be God? Oh, men, are you in very truth content to be only men? Men as you are today, half men, half beasts? Centaurs without robustness, sirens without sweetness, demons with fauns' muzzles and goats' feet? Are you so satisfied with your bastard and imperfect humanity, with your animality scarcely held in leash, taking no step to win holiness save to desire it?

He is on the platform (scarcely in the pulpit) and he will rant in this manner sometimes for several pages at a time. His book is really a sermon addressed to the Age as he conceives it. But what a comment it is upon our modern civilization if men are stirred by this sort of thing, though unmoved by the simple admonition, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect"! In passage after passage, Papini, with a sincerity almost smothered in rhetoric, a poetry almost choked with words, pours out vehement special pleading in the best of all possible causes. It seems as if he imagined himself addressing humanity as a jury on behalf of Christianity, and were striving to outdo the eloquence of the Devil's Advocate in that personage's best style.

But a few pages further on he forgets his rôle of advocate and writes with a full heart and with a perfect mental sobriety consonant with his subject:

> Jesus proposes His experiment, the only remaining possibility, the experiment of love, that experiment which no one has made, which few have attempted (and that for only a few moments of their lives), the most arduous, the most contrary to our instincts, but the only one which can give what it promises.

This is accurate and just—a fundamental truth bravely uttered. It is felt as a home thrust, a shot aimed at the essential weakness of human nature and striking between wind and water.

But is it intuition also which speaks in the following passage?

> Among the unclean things which men have manufactured to defile the earth and defile themselves, money is perhaps the most unclean. These counters of coined metal which pass and repass every day among hands still soiled with sweat or blood, worn by the rapacious fingers of thieves, of merchants, of misers; this round and viscid sputum of the Mint, desired by all, sought for, stolen, envied, loved more than love and often more than life; these ugly pieces of stamped matter, which the assassin gives to the cutthroat, the usurer to the hungry, the enemy to the traitor, the swindler to his partner, the simonist to the barterer in religious offices . . . these foul vehicles of evil which persuade the son to kill his father, the wife to betray her husband, the brother to defraud his brother. . . .

All this is Papini's embroidery of the saying, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." One may pass over with slight remark the fact that in this and similar utterances zeal appears in some degree to outrun logic. One does not quite see, for example, why contact with *sweat* should in any figurative sense make money vile, any more than one can gather from the context of a previously quoted passage why humanity, however imperfect, should be called "bastard". But does Papini here speak with that moral penetration which he manifests in some other parts of his work and which one would like to find everywhere in it? On the contrary, the passage in question strikes one as an unconvincing digression. One is reminded, moreover, of the curious and striking words with which the introduction to this *Life of Christ* begins: "For five hundred years those who call themselves free spirits *because they prefer prison life to army service* have been trying desperately to kill Jesus a second time." [The italics are the reviewer's.] Really it seems as if this writer were at times possessed with a spirit of inconsequent denunciation.

It may be supposed that all these peculiarities of style and of tone may be accounted for by the racial temperament, by the political or social background, or even the religious creed of the author. One does not feel that this suggestion is actually relevant. The whole book, aiming as it does at a universal interest, is extremely individual—a confession, a personal exhortation, a desperate effort to be utterly sincere and at all costs convincing. It is indeed a prodigious effort at self-expression, the work of an artist.

Being so, its function is homiletic rather than exegetical. To approach Papini's work as if it were a critical retelling of the Gospel story, to seek to point out the various ways in which his version differs in emphasis from other versions, would appear to be a waste of time. The general effect of the whole is far more important than any shades of opinion expressed in it—more important, even, than the striking defects of the parts. For the general, the cumulative, effect is undoubtedly very great. No excess of rhetoric or tedious simplicity of explanation can altogether mask the earnestness of this poetic soul newly enamoured of goodness. The vitality of the book is remarkable. Even its violence appears well designed to arrest the attention of those who are spiritually sluggish in this melancholy post-war world. In sum, one cannot read this book to the end without obtaining some new and powerful realizations and without being compelled, despite all prepossessions, to recognize fully certain fundamental meanings in the teachings of Jesus.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE BUDGET OF THE UNITED STATES. By Charles G. Dawes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The work of General Dawes as Chief of Supply Procurement of the A. E. F. was fairly epoch-making not so much because it proved the value of coördination—which has long been understood—as because it showed in a new field what could be done with adequate courage and energy, under pressure, in the way of overcoming difficulties that seemed insuperable—the greatest difficulty being a kind of incorrigible sluggishness of the human race with respect to certain forms of coöperation. Whoever has taken to heart the little wisdom with which the world is governed may well feel that we need a new race of heroes to lead us up to a higher level of civilization in the direction of our common affairs. We have got used to accepting a large measure of waste and inefficiency in government with a degree of philosophy that could scarcely be exceeded by an ancient Egyptian living under the Pharaohs. Perhaps men like Dawes and Hoover are forerunners of the new race. However this may be, it seems clear that certain collective stupidities and more or less persistent irrationalities, blocking the wheels of progress—those human shortcomings over which critics such as Wells and Graham Wallas continually mourn—have been energetically attacked by General Dawes and within his sphere of influence measurably overcome. It is not here intended to imply that the former Director of the Budget has been necessarily or always right. His printed records—and very complete records they are—must speak for themselves. But anyone who has read his books describing his several public services must clearly recognize two facts: first that it was with the *essential* difficulties of the situation that General Dawes in each case had to wrestle; and secondly, that there is no harder task in the world than just this kind of wrestling.

General Dawes's achievement in the army made him the one logical appointee to the newly created office of Director of the Budget. Indeed, it is questionable whether, without the man in view, the creation of the office would have seemed at all feasible. He took office in July, 1921. "Nothing," he says, "would have tempted me into public life again except a new and great undertaking with a good chance of success."

According to his custom he kept a journal of his principal activities and policies, and it is this journal, together with official documents, which he now publishes as, in effect, his report to the people of the United States. It is a report very full, detailed, technical—in which, however, all human factors are fully recognized and in which the militant spirit of the man gives life to formal statements and dramatic interest to statistics. Those who wish to know the exact amount of the saving accomplished by the Director of the Budget and his assistants, the items of the account, and the details of the methods by which the saving was made, may be referred to the report itself. The subject which seems most appropriate for consideration here is not what General Dawes has accomplished as a financial and administrative expert, but rather what he appears to have accomplished by the publication of his book.

In the first place he has betrayed the public into reading a kind of literature that is for the most part buried in the calf-bound volumes of government documents—departmental correspondence, statistical reports. If one is not an economist or a banker, one rebels, but one reads! So frank a laying of all the cards on the table, so unaffected an expression of motives, seem to deserve a fair hearing.

In the second place, by dint of candour, bluntness, and reiteration, he has succeeded in heavily impressing upon the minds of his readers certain leading ideas of his. Dozens of times he makes it plain in various connections that the Bureau of the Budget must be an agency "non-partizan, non-political, impartial". With the most unsparing emphasis he shows that nothing can be accomplished without "executive pressure". Executive pressure, exercised impersonally and without too much regard for individual susceptibilities, is the key to the whole problem: there is no pretense that administrative adroitness or persuasion, rather than pressure, was the key. Again, by repeated commendatory and deferential references to the Chief Executive, he builds up an impression of the character of President Harding more favourable than could well be produced by less practical eulogies.

In the third place, he has left a strong impression of his own personality, as a thing incidental to his work; strictly subordinate, it is true, yet not to be concealed—an impression that could scarcely be equalled by any memoirs or any treatise less concrete in its subject matter. Timidity is not one of the traits revealed. "The entire Cabinet believed, in my judgment," he writes in an early chapter, "that whatever rights were given me by the President I would not be timid in exercising, and that was my principal idea in meeting them." Doubtless, the distinction between a Rooseveltian force and breeziness and a Bismarckian brusqueness is not at all times easy to draw, but one is inclined to think that General Dawes has drawn it successfully. The democratic heart warms to a man who gets things done not so much through arbitrary exercises of authority as through authority backed by the whole force of his personality; who makes decisions on his own responsibility, but who is likewise eager to communicate his spirit to others. After an address delivered before the House Committee on Appropriations, General Dawes records: "My arm is still lame twenty-four hours after, from my forcible gesticulations during my speech." This Kerensky-like method of getting things done is, however, accompanied with a great deal of foresight. William James has said that "in all ages those men have been considered most intelligent whose acts were governed by the most distant ends". One thinks of this remark often in connection with General Dawes's insistence that the Bureau of the Budget must be founded on sound principles, must be built to last for all time.

The public wishes to know and has a right to know something of the personality and the problems as well as the work of those who serve it in important offices. General Dawes's method of reporting to the people is so democratic, so immediate in its effects, so obviously proper, that its superiority in many

ways to other methods, such as formal speech-making as well as all forms of indirect publicity, is manifest. It strikes one that the mere publication of a book of this sort is a step toward good government.

THE WESTERN QUESTION IN GREECE AND TURKEY. By Arnold J. Toynbee. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The title of Professor Toynbee's book will perhaps recall to the mind of the reader who catches its full significance the familiar story about the old Indian Chief who once rode into camp in a panic to announce that the *Whites* had broken out. It is easy enough to realize that there is an Eastern question in the West—not so easy to perceive that there is a Western question in the East.

The impartiality of this treatise is not, however, the result of mere ordinary open-mindedness. In the true sense of a somewhat discredited expression, this volume is a philosophic work. One does not mean by this that the author has assumed certain general principles and then written his narrative so as to conform to them. A "philosophy of history" in the sense once popular probably does not exist. But one means that by defining certain large factors, Professor Toynbee has given us a really clear general view of his subject; that he has made a mental picture of the situation which pretty well covers the field and which has at the same time definite edges.

Civilizations, the author points out, are the most real and fundamental forms of human society, and civilizations are true "differentiations of consciousness". Thus, when we talk of races or nations or other groups as if they were fundamental, we are constantly liable to error, and the danger of error is greatest when we apply such conceptions to the relations between Western Europe and the East. The effect of Western diplomacy and of Western ideas—particularly the conception of nationality—upon the East has been disturbing. It has been no less so because the West has neither fully intended nor fully realized it. "This conjunction of great effect on other people's lives with little interest in or intention with regard to them, though it is common enough in human life, is also one of the principal causes of human misfortunes." The particular danger at present arises from the interposition of Greece at the point of contact between Turkey and Europe. For many reasons, some closely connected with our hasty assumptions about nationalities and our disregard of civilizations, while others are concrete and special, this seems to be about the worst possible arrangement.

Within the limits of these general ideas, though not of course as pure deductions from them, Professor Toynbee builds up a detailed and deeply interesting account of recent events and conditions affecting his problem. Everywhere one is guarded from misconception by the penetrating analysis with which the book begins. It seems proper to insist upon the truth that while generalizations in history are peculiarly dangerous, and while mere generality is not

profundity, it is only in the light of very general ideas that a mass of facts such as those dealt with in this book become in the least intelligible. It is not enough, for instance, to know that Greeks and Turks have mutually massacred each other according to their respective opportunities, so that the disgrace of such outrages cannot be justly attached to any one race or nation. Such a statement is no doubt unpartial enough, but the broader unpartiality, the juster view, comes only with the realization that these deplorable occurrences have been largely due to the importation of the Western idea of nationality into a civilization ill adapted to receive it. In Western Anatolia, after the Balkan wars, "a Greek and Turkish population which had lived there side by side, on the whole peaceably for five centuries, have both been seized by fits of homicidal national hatred." Similarly, in the same general region,

> A certain minority of Christian traders and artisans is the necessary complement to a certain majority of Anatolian Moslem peasants, and if this minority emigrated to Greece, or the Moslem majority in Anatolia gave place to a solid Greek population, their occupation would be gone, and they would have to find some other peasant country, like Egypt or Russia, where they could earn their living as a scattered minority once more.

Plainly the vexed question of minorities cannot rightly be regarded as a political question to be solved along Western lines. The real distinction lies not between the several races or "nationalities" occupying territory in the Near East, but between the Near-Eastern civilization and the civilization of Western Europe; and again the very cause of a large part of the mischief proves to be the application to the former of the Western idea of nationality.

Professor Toynbee's specific narrative begins practically with the landing of Greek troops at Smyrna in May, 1919. It is very full and detailed, and is based largely upon personal observation. So thoroughly informed is the author, not only in regard to the deeper causes involved but also with respect to particular policies and the state of public sentiment in the Near-Eastern countries, that seeming political mysteries, like the fall of Venizelos, become through his discussion easy to understand.

NATURE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Norman Foerster. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This collection of essays by Professor Foerster is a better book and a more fully unified discourse than its title might suggest, especially to older readers and to those not especially familiar with the half scientific, half philosophic methods of modern criticism. *Nature in American Literature* is not a book of diffusive sentiments or of indiscriminate admirations. It does not take for granted that since nature worship is a good thing and poetry a good thing, nature worship in poetry must be a superexcellent thing. Those who read this volume will realize afresh that there has been a considerable change in critical attitudes since Stedman wrote his *Poets of America*. Professor Foerster is genuinely critical and his real criticism is not confined to comparisons or to conventional comments on technique.

Broadly speaking, the author appears to have two closely associated aims: to evaluate the extent and correctness of the nature lore and the genuineness of the feeling for nature possessed by the chief American poets and prose writers, and to describe their spiritual attitudes, tracing the growth of the romantic tendency from Cooper, in whom there is no sign of it, down to Burroughs, in whom (in a scientific guise) it is strong.

It is almost amusing to observe the extent to which the modern cult for nature has influenced literary criticism. "How to Know the Birds and the Wild Flowers" has become a recognized part of the modern critic's education, and Macaulay's contempt for poems celebrating the Lesser Celandine is no more. Professor Foerster descends to somewhat minute particulars. He criticizes Thoreau as a field naturalist; he makes lists of the birds and flowers known to the several American poets, and notes the favorites of each. He observes that Lowell used the robin and the swallow frequently in his poetry, "but rarely with enthusiasm"; that he mentions the chickadee only once; that he is inclined to use the rose and the violet as conventional symbols; that the flowers of Emerson's poetry are astonishingly varied, that of the dozen or more insects that one meets in it, the humble bee occurs oftenest, and so on without end. Plainly the modern scientific conscience is here at work in the critical field. It should be said, however, that the gain to criticism in definiteness and concreteness through the employment of such a method is unmistakable (nothing checks imagination, theorizing, and the rhetoric of appreciation better than does reference to natural facts); and that Professor Foerster is quite remarkable in his ability to maintain a liaison between the scientific spirit and the æsthetic. In this phase of his criticism there is real vividness and contagious zest. His more important aim, however, is to trace the growth of the romantic view of nature in our literature—a work which he performs with sympathy yet with uncompromising clearness. Owing, in part, to Puritan influences, the development has been slower in this country than in Europe. Thus Whittier, like Bryant, "looked to the outer and unhuman world, not for his religion, but for an ennobling recreation." Emerson's absorption in nature was not complete, for he consistently stressed "the eternal distinction between the soul and the world". The view that Thoreau is dominantly a disciple of nature is erroneous—he is first of all a disciple of the life within. The influence of Rousseau is, to be sure, apparent in his whole attitude and mode of life. And yet, as Professor Foerster remarks, "What a Puritan turn he gives, in *Walden*, to his Rousseauistic complaint that, while civilization has been making our houses better, she has not made better their occupants! The occupants are not to blame other occupants, but to repent of their ways and resolutely set about improving themselves." In Lowell, one finds a "confusion of mind and heart from which he never extricated himself". In him the Puritan tradition struggles with romantic unrest and with the modern disillusionment which science has fostered. Lowell's object in his intercourse with nature was neither "immersion in nature's spirit", nor "en-

lightenment through reverie"; it was "the thoughtlessness and keen sensuous delight of childhood". Whitman, though he urged the need of a "strong mastership of the general inferior self by the superior self", was romantic so far as he was definitely anything; his "two selves" are not the two selves of dualism. But Whitman's religiousness is a vast confusion of ideas. Comparing him with his predecessors one perceives a great development in the direction of romanticism, but at the same time a retention of really ethical elements. The general wholesomeness of his personality contrasts strikingly with what certain critics allege concerning the heart-destroying effects of the romantic life. John Burroughs found his balance finally in a somewhat inconsistent personal reconciliation of science with religion and literature. He is at bottom one of the saddest and most pessimistic of writers, and yet in harmony with the American tradition he successfully preaches a cheerful optimism.

It should be said that the father of this type of ethical criticism in America is Mr. Paul Elmer More. Whenever one encounters it in books one feels a duty to acknowledge one's personal debt to that amazingly lucid treatise, *The Drift of Romanticism*. As for Professor Foerster, his intellectual vigor makes one feel that his ideas do not need to be sponsored by Mr. More or anyone else. His originality appears not only in his general thought, but in his remarkable ability to recreate the atmosphere of the works he criticizes.

ROMAN BARTHOLOW. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Every poem longer than a sonnet calls for two different kinds of appreciation. In poetry more than in prose we look for masterly expression in all the parts; but, as in prose, we must also have regard to the total effect. The impress of a whole poem may be great even when not one faultless or even especially happy passage can be cited to show that it is more than distorted, over-emphatic prose. This point might be fairly well illustrated by some of Browning's dramatic monologues, and of this same principle Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson's *Roman Bartholow* appears to be a conspicuous illustration.

If one takes the poem apart and looks at the pieces, the only poetic quality one can discover is intellectual vigor in imaginative expression. The author's characteristic intensity, his almost marvelous power of condensation, are here. But the work has so many unbeautiful features that one is repelled. The style is as elliptical, almost, as that of Browning. While there is no muddling of the thought there is a real obscurity, and at times obscurity seems to be mistaken for a virtue. One does not know what ailed Roman Bartholow's soul; one only knows that his life has been somehow blasted. One does not know how the mysterious stranger, Penn-Raven, healed him. One can but dimly conjecture why Bartholow's wife, Gabrielle, does not love him. In short, one cannot wholly acquit Mr. Robinson of securing impressiveness

through a mystery which has no real and definite existence. In its more intimate traits, the style is quite as difficult of appreciation. The phraseology is by turns pseudo-Shakespearian, glaringly commonplace, truly poetic, or endlessly tenuous and abstract. It is pseudo-Shakespearian to refer to Scotch whiskey as "sweet Caledonian poison", and such affectation is hardly to be endured even when the words are put into the mouth of an eccentric character. The other characteristics may be illustrated by a single passage:—

> "Go on", Bartholow said,
> Not having yet possession of an impulse
> More than to listen. He had not foreseen
> A prelude in this key; and while it lasted
> He could see nothing but a shadowy curtain,
> Wheron there was a once-remembered scene
> Drawn ominously and faintly on the cloth
> Of night. A sickness of irresolution,
> Or more of hesitation, overcame him—
> Until he knew again that if he turned
> His eyes too soon, deplorable destruction
> Of one or other might attend his action;
> While if he saw too long the meaningless
> Conceit of moonlight and tranquility
> That humbled him, deplorable survival
> Might by default ensue. "Go on," he said;
> And as he said it he could feel himself
> Inveigled nearer the abysmal verge
> Of indecision, where below him lay
> Unplumbed abasement. Though he might be mad,
> Better be mad with pride alive in him,
> He thought, than be an imbecile without it;
> Or so it was that a vindictive remnant
> Of hitherto subservient cave-man
> Persuaded or enforced him to believe.

Thus is introduced the scene in which Bartholow attempts to strangle Penn-Raven for loving Gabrielle. The too-mannered style, the failure to remain simple and passionate for two lines together, the constant and painfully obvious struggle between the desire to express emotion clearly and the author's kind of psychologizing that can be made poetic only by great bent towards effort—these traits prevent the reader from taking unalloyed enjoyment in any single scene of this poetic drama. One's impression is that Mr. Robinson continually attempts too much. No earthly poet could accomplish all that he tries to do in passages like the one just quoted. "Straining for effect" is not a just expression by which to describe this general fault. Like Cæsar, Mr. Robinson cannot help being ambitious.

Yet when all has been said, one must concede that the cumulative effect of this poem is great. Each development of feeling or character contributes to the next. The poem, despite its curious artificiality, is somehow lifelike and real. A vigor not only intellectual but emotional pervades it. And it is not easy to forget.

Too Much Government; Too Much Taxation. By Charles Norman Fay. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

A more comfortable doctrine than that of *laisser faire* was surely never invented, and it must be admitted that anything more disquieting to a good citizen or more irritating to a good business man than the various evils Mr. Fay complains of would be hard to imagine. That a general simplification is the sole and sufficient remedy for all our troubles, one is not, however, quite prepared to concede. Mr. Fay wants a radical simplification; the elimination of numerous national, state, and municipal activities. The Interstate Commerce Commission, as well as many other boards and commissions, state and national, he regards as futile. The efforts of the Government to regulate business have been, he believes, productive of nothing but evil, and he cites with considerable effect our experiences in the attempted control of sugar and wheat and our still more disastrous experiment with government control of the railroads. The Sherman Anti-Trust Act has benefited no one, he thinks, except the lawyers. The "trusts" are in his opinion beneficial; they do not raise prices, and besides, to abolish national trusts would put us at the mercy of international trusts. Here as elsewhere the best remedy is to let things alone. Labor unions exist that "Gompers and Co. may deliberately work up conspiracy among a few hundred or thousand men who hold strategic jobs—switchmen, or railway shopmen, or coal miners, for instance—to stop vital work all at once, *everywhere*, in order to 'hold up' the community for cash; and yet break no moral statute, even though 'incidental' violence results." All the corrective that is needed is simply for the Government to keep the peace and to protect non-union men in their right to work. In general, the Government should confine itself to the simple duty of keeping the peace and upholding the *status quo*—the less government the better.

Mr. Fay's programme may be briefly summed up as *laisser faire*, plus the commission form of government for smaller cities, plus the short ballot, plus the sales tax. It sounds attractive, but it suggests an odd mingling of progressive tendencies and reaction. This programme is progressive just in those ways in which modern business men are inclined to be progressive and conservative in just those respects in which they are disposed to be conservative. Mr. Fay has given us in this book a good deal of well-informed and straightforward criticism. His proposals are persuasive, as simplicist solutions of vexed problems always are. In considerably more than half of his contentions the author appears to have reason unquestionably on his side. Certainly no one can maintain that he is "all wrong". A somewhat desultory reading of economics leads one, indeed, to the belief that if the evils of *laisser faire* and the evils of too much government could be exactly compared they would be found to be about equal! However this may be, one finds it hard to believe that a revolutionary return to first principles is at all feasible or even desirable. Such a thing has seldom if ever occurred in the history of the world.

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